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The following works are already published, or in preparation; several others are in contemplation, and the Publisher will gladly receive any further suggestions.

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[*Continued at the end.*

Library of Old Authors.

A mans best fortune or his worst's a wife:
Yet I, that knew nor mariage peace nor strife,
Live by a good, by a bad one lost my life.

A wife like her I writ, man scarse can wed:
Of a false friend like mine, man scarse hath read.

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

IN PROSE AND VERSE

OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY, KNT.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

EDITED WITH NOTES, AND A BIOGRAPHICAL

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

ETC. ETC.

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.
1856.

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NEW YORK

CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTION	ix
Life of Sir Thomas Overbury	xxv
The Poem of the Wife	33
CHARACTERS, ETC.	
A good Woman	47
A Very Woman	48
Her Next Part	50
A Dissembler	52
A Courtier	52
A Golden Asse	53
A Flatterer	54
An ignorant Glory-hunter	55
A Timist	56
An Amorist	57
An Affectate Traveller	58
A Wise Man	60
A Noble Spirit	61
An Olde Man	63
A Country Gentleman	64
A fine Gentleman	65
An Elder Brother	67
A Braggadochio Welshman	68
A Pedant	69
A Serving-Man	69
An Host	71

CHARACTERS, ETC. *continued.* P

An Ostler . . . . . .
A good Wife . . . . . .
A Melancholy Man . . . . . .
A Saylor . . . . . .
A Souldier . . . . . .
A Taylor . . . . . .
A Puritane . . . . . .
A Whoore . . . . . .
A very Whore . . . . . .
A meere Common Lawyer . . . . . .
A meere Scholer . . . . . .
A Tinker . . . . . .
An Apparatour . . . . . .
An Almanack-maker . . . . . .
An Hypocrite . . . . . .
A Maquerela . . . . . .
A Chamber-maide 1
A Precisian 1
An Innes of Court Man 1
A meere fellow of an house 1
A worthy Commander in the Warres . . . 1
A vaine-glorious Coward in Command . . . 1
A Pyrate 1
An ordinarie Fencer 1
A Puny-Clarke 1
A Foote-man 1
A Noble and retired House-keeper 1
An Intruder into favour 1
A faire and happy Milk-mayd 1
An arrant Horse-courser 1
A Roaring Boy 1
A Drunken Dutchman resident in England . 1
An Improvident young Gallant 1
A Button-maker of Amsterdam 1
A Distaster of the Time 1
A meere fellow of an house 1

CHARACTERS, ETC. *continued.* Page
A meere Pettyfogger 129
An Ingrosser of Corne 131
A Devillish Usurer 133
A Water-man 135
A Reverend Judge 136
A vertuous Widdow 138
An ordinary Widdow 139
A Quacksalver 141
A canting Rogue 142
A French Cooke 144
A Sexton 145
A Iesuite 146
An excellent Actor 147
A Franklin 149
A Rymer 150
A Covetous man 151
The proud Man 153
A Prison 154
A Prisoner 157
A Creditour 160
A Sargeant 162
His Yeoman 165
A Iaylor 166
What a Character is 168
Newes from Court 171
Answere to the Court Newes 173
Countrey Newes 174
Newes from the verie countrie 176
Answere to the very Countrey Newes . . . 178
Newes to the Universitie 179
Newes from Sea 180
From France 183
From Spaine 184
From Rome 185
From Venice 186
From Germanie 186

CHARACTERS, ETC. *continued.* Page
From the Low-Countries 187
Newes from my Lodging 187
Newes of my morning Worke 189
Newes from the lower end of the Table . . 190
Newes from the Church 193
Newes from the bed 196
Newes from Shipboord 198
Newes from the Chimney-corner 199
The First and Second Part of the Remedy of Love 201
Observations upon the XVII. Provinces as they stood A. D. 1609 221
Crumms fal'n from King James's Table 253
Notes 279

INTRODUCTION.

THE works of Sir Thomas Overbury are now, for the first time, collected into one volume. They consist of his celebrated poem of "The Wife;" "Characters, or Wittie Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons;" a paraphrase of the first and second parts of Ovid's "Remedy of Love;" "Observations in his Travailes upon the State of the XVII Provinces, as they stood, A.D. 1609;" and "Crumms fal'n from King James's Table."

Independently of their particular merit, the works of Overbury possess a certain charm from our recollection of the fate of their unhappy author. As a poet, he was perhaps not remarkable for any particular graces of expression, or smoothness of versification; yet his poem of "The Wife"—no small favourite in its day—contains some pretty passages, and a host of precepts which even the most fastidious

will hardly dispute. It is upon his Characters that Overbury's fame must chiefly rest; and here he displays the fertile and observant powers of his mind, great ingenuity of conceit, and a force of expression rarely equalled by any of the numerous followers of Theophrastus.

Overbury's poem of "The Wife" was written to dissuade the Earl of Somerset from marrying the infamous Countess of Essex. This has been frequently stated, and I am now enabled to give a cotemporary statement in confirmation. Among the notes taken in 1637 "from the mouth of Sir Nicholas Overbury," the father of Sir Thomas, (Add. MS. 15,476 Brit. Mus.) we read "That Sir Thomas wrote his poeme called A Wife to induce Viscount Rochester to make a better choise, then of the divorced Countesse." Le Neve, in his "Cursory Remarks on Some of the Ancient English Poets," speaking of this poem, remarks, "The sentiments, maxims, and observations, with which it abounds, are such as a considerable experience, and a correct judgment on mankind alone could furnish. The topics of jealousy, and of the credit, and behaviour of women are treated with great truth, delicacy and perspicuity. The nice distinctions of moral character, and the pattern of female excellence here drawn, contrasted, as they were, with the heinous and flagrant enormities of the Countess of Essex, rendered this poem

extremely popular, when its ingenious author was no more."

Campbell, the poet, in a prefatory notice prefixed to his Specimens, says, "The compassion of the public for a man of worth, 'whose spirit still walked unrevenged amongst them,' together with the contrast of his ideal Wife with the Countess of Essex, who was his murderess, attached an interest and popularity to his poem, and made it pass through sixteen editions before the year 1653. His 'Characters, or Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons,' is a work of considerable merit; but unfortunately his prose, as well as his verse, has a dryness and quaintness that seems to oppress the natural movement of his thoughts. As a poet he has few imposing attractions: his beauties must be fetched by repeated perusal. They are those of solid reflection, predominating over, but not extinguishing sensibility; and there is danger of the reader neglecting, under the coldness and ruggedness of his manner, the manly but unostentatious moral feeling that is conveyed in his maxims, which are sterling and liberal, if we can only pardon a few obsolete ideas on female education."

With the exception of two small tracts descriptive of the characters of rogues and knaves—"The Fraternitye of Vacabondes," 1565; and "A Caveat for Common Cursetors vulgarely called Vagabones, set

forth by Thomas Harman," 1567—Overbury claims the distinction of being the earliest writer of Characters which this country can boast.

Few works have been more popular than the characters of Overbury and Bishop Earle. Hallam, in his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," (vol. iii. p. 153, edit. 1843) thus sums up his notice of the latter:—"The *Microcosmography* is not an original work in its plan or mode of execution; it is a close imitation of the characters of Sir Thomas Overbury. They both belong to the favourite style of apophthegm, in which every sentence is a point or a witticism. Yet the entire character, so delineated, produces a certain effect; it is a Dutch picture, a Gerard Dow, somewhat too elaborate. Earle has more natural humour than Overbury, and hits his mark more neatly; the other is more satirical, but often abusive and vulgar. The 'Fair and Happy Milkmaid,' often quoted, is the best of his characters. The wit is often trivial and flat; the sentiments have nothing in them general, or worthy of much remembrance; praise is only due to the graphic skill in delineating character. Earle is as clearly the better, as Overbury is the more original writer."

It does not appear that any of Overbury's productions were printed during his lifetime, although it is frequently stated to have been the fact. Wood says that his poem of the "Wife" was "printed

several times at London while the author lived;" but the earliest edition which I can discover, bears the date of 1614: and from the entry in the Stationers' Registers, "13 Dec. 1613," we may safely conclude it to have been the first.*

The poem of "The Wife" must have enjoyed considerable popularity, not only from its numerous editions, but also from the imitations that were successively brought forward. In the same year appeared "The Husband; a poem expressed in a Compleat Man:" in 1616, "A Select Second Husband for Sir Thomas Overburie's Wife, now a matchless Widow," by John Davies of Hereford. In 1619, "The Description of a Good Wife, or a rare one amongst

---

* I am indebted to my friend Mr. W. Chappell, F.S.A., for the following extracts from the Stationers' Registers relative to Overbury:—

13 *Dec.* 1613.

To Laurence Lyle, "A Poeme called A Wife, written by Sir Thomas Overburye."

25 *Nov.* 1615.

To Laurence Lisle, "A Booke called Sir Thomas Overburyes Ghost, contayneing the history of his life and untimely death, by John Ford, gent."

20 *Jan.* 1615-16.

To Laurence Lisle, "The portrature of Sir Thomas Overbury."

28 *Jan.* 1615-16.

To Mr. Barratt and Lau. Lisle, "A Booke of Sir Tho. Overburyes Observations of his travelles in France, Germany & the Lowe Countryes."

Women," by Richard Brathwaite; also "A Happy Husband, or Directions for a Maid to chuse her Mate," by Patrick Hannay. In 1631, we have "Picturæ Loquentes, or Pictures drawne forth in characters; with a Poeme of a Maid," by Wye Saltonstall: and in 1653, "A Wife not ready made, but bespoken," by Robert Aylet.

Shortly after the publication of Overbury's "Wife," and in the same year, appeared a second edition, to which were appended "Many witty characters, and conceited Newes, written by himselfe, and other learned Gentlemen his friends." The "Characters" are twenty-one in number, but it is impossible to say how many came from the pen of Overbury, or to distinguish them from those of the "learned gentlemen" who assisted in the publication.

Edition after edition followed, in quick succession, a list of which I have attempted to draw up. The descriptions are necessarily imperfect, as many of the books I have been unable to see.

1. A Wife, now a Widowe. *London, Imprinted for Laurence L'isle, dwelling at the Tygres head in Pauls Church-yard.* 1614. 8vo.

This publication was the *first* edition of Overbury's celebrated poem. It has not the characters. Copies are preserved in the Bodleian Library, and among Capell's books in Trinity College, Cambridge.

2. A Wife: now the Widdow of Sir Thomas

Overburye. Being a most exquisite and singular Poem of the Choice of a Wife. Whereunto are added many witty Characters, and conceited Newes, written by himselfe and other learned Gentlemen his friends. *London, printed for Lawrence Lisle, and are to bee sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Tigers-head.* 1614. Quarto, pp. 64.

A prose epistle to the reader, dated May 16, 1614, commences this edition, which I conceive to be the second. Next follows "A Morning Sacrifice to the author," in thirty-two lines, subscribed J. S. Lincolniensis, Gentleman, and, "Brief Panegyrickes to the author's praise," by G. R., T. B. and X. Z. Eleven six-line stanzas "On the choice of a Wife" ensue, and the poem then commences. The characters are twenty-one in number. A copy of this edition is preserved in the British Museum.

3. ——— The Third Impression; with Addition of Sundry other new Characters. *London, Printed by Edward Griffin for Lawrence Lisle, &c.* 1614. 4to. 34 leaves.

This edition contains twenty-five "Characters," and eighteen pieces of "News." See Collier's *Bridgewater Catalogue*, p. 223.

4. ——— The Fourth Impression, enlarged with more Characters than any of the former editions. *London, Printed by G. Eld, for Lawrence Lisle, &c.* 1614. 4to.

Contains thirty characters and seventeen pieces of News. On Sign. F 2 "The Character of a Happy

Life, by H. W." (Sir Henry Wotton). This edition is described by T. Park, in a very imperfect notice of Overbury's Works, in the *Censura Literaria*, vol. v. p. 363, edit. 1807. A copy is preserved among Capell's books in Trinity College, Cambridge.

5. ——— The Fifth Impression. *London, Lawrence Lisle*, &c. 8vo. 1614.

I cannot trace a copy of this edition.

6. New and choise Characters of severall Authors: together with that exquisite and unmatcht Poeme, the Wife, written by Syr Thomas Overburie. With the former Characters and Conceited Newes, all in one volume. With many other things added to this Sixt Impression. *London, Printed by Thomas Creede, for Lawrence L'isle, at the Tyger's head in Pauls Church-yard*, 1615, small octavo, pp. 182.

In this sixth edition, appeared the character of a Tinker, an Apparatour, and an Almanack-maker, which were claimed by J. Cocke, as his own productions, in a prefix to Stephens' *Essaies*, 2nd edit. 1615. "Newes from the Countrey," which in this edition is subscribed J. D. was printed as Dr. Donne's in the edition of his Poems in 1669.

7. ——— The Seventh Impression. *London, Lawrence Lisle*, &c. 1616, small octavo, pp. 292.

8. ——— The Eighth Impression. With new Elegies upon his (now known) untimely death. *London, Lawrence Lisle*, &c. 1616, small octavo, pp. 292.

9. Sir Thomas Overbury his Wife. With addition of many new Elegies upon his untimely and much lamented death. As also New Newes, and divers more Characters (never before annexed), written by himselfe and other learned Gentlemen. The ninth impression, augmented. *London, printed by Edward Griffin for Lawrence L'isle,* &c. 1616, small octavo, pp. 292.

This edition was twice printed in the same year.

10. ——— The Tenth Impression. *London, Lawrence Lisle,* &c. 1618, small octavo.

11. Sir Thomas Overbury his Wife. With Additions of New Characters, and many other Wittie Conceits never before Printed. The eleventh Impression. *London, Printed for Lawrence Lisle, and are to be sold by Henry Seile, at the Tigers-head in Pauls Church-yard,* 1622, small octavo.

In the prefatory matter to this edition is a complimentary poem in English, "Ad Comitissam Rutlandiæ," which is not in the preceding ones. The "Witty Conceites," mentioned in the title, consist of "Paradoxes, as they were spoken in a Maske, and presented before his Majesty at Whitehall;" "The Mountebankes Receipts;" and three Mountebank's Songs.

12. ——— The Twelfth Impression. *Dublin,* 1626, small octavo.

This edition, which is mentioned in Harding and Lepard's Catalogue, 1829, p. 420, is of great rarity.

13. ——— The Twelfth Impression.
don, 1627, small octavo.

Called also the *twelfth* impression on the title-
See Harding and Lepard's Catalogue, before
tioned.

14. ——— The Thirteenth Impression.
don, Printed for Robert Allot, and are to bee so
the signe of the Beare in Pauls Church-yard, 1
small octavo.

15. ——— The Fourteenth Impression.
don, Robert Allot, 1630, small octavo.

16. ——— The Fifteenth Impression.
don, R. B. for Robert Allot, &c. 1632, small o
pp. 320.

17. ——— The Sixteenth Impression.
don, Printed by John Haviland for A. Crooke
are to be sold at the signe of the Beare in
Church-yard, 1638, small octavo.

This edition contains the character of "a Du
not in any former impression.

18. ——— The Seventeenth Impre
London, 1655, small octavo.

A copy in the Douce Collection.

19. ——— The Eighteenth Impression.
don, 1664, small octavo.

Called, incorrectly, in the title-page, the *seven*
edition.

In 1673, appeared "The Illustrious Wife,

that excellent Poem, Sir Thomas Overburie's Wife, illustrated by Giles Oldisworth, nephew to the same Sir T. O." I have not been able to find a copy of this rare volume in any collection, public or private. Oldisworth, it is well known, took a deep interest in everything relative to his unfortunate uncle, and his "Illustrations" of his celebrated poem, would doubtless contain some remarks of peculiar importance and value.

In 1756, appeared "The Miscellaneous Works in Verse and Prose of Sir Thomas Overbury, Knt., with Memoir of his Life. The Tenth Edition. *London, Printed for W. Owen, at Homer's Head, near Temple Bar.*" It is a small octavo of 252 pages, exclusive of 23 pages of introductory matter.

The "Miscellaneous Works" is a mere reprint of the volume above described, without any attempt to collect the other writings of the same author. From its being called "the Tenth Edition," it is presumed that its editor was unacquainted with any edition later than the ninth. It is a very imperfect reprint, having only twelve out of the twenty pieces of "Newes" contained in the previous editions, besides many grave and important errors, that could easily, if necessary, be pointed out.

The reprint of Overbury's *Wife and Characters*, in the following pages, is taken from the *ninth* edition, of which, as I have stated, there were two im-

pressions in the same year. They differ only in a few minor points, and in the spelling. The contents of both are precisely the same.

As the present volume is a collection of Overbury's writings, I have taken the liberty to reject some few pieces (evidently foisted in by the publisher) that were not the productions of his muse, nor in character with the rest of the work in which they appear. They consist of "An Elegy on the late Lord William Howard, Baron of Effingham, dead the tenth of December, 1615," written by Bishop Corbet; "An Elegy on the Death of the Lady Rutland," by Francis Beaumont; Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem on "The Character of a Happy Life;" and "Certaine Edicts from a Parliament in Eutopia, written by the Lady Southwell."

It is also necessary to mention the reasons why the "Witty Conceites," added to the eleventh edition, have been rejected. They consist of "Paradoxes, as they were spoken in a Maske, and presented before his Majesty at White-Hall;" "The Mountebanke's Receipts;" and three "Mountebanke's" Songs. They are all connected, and form part of "The Mountebank's Masque," printed by Mr. J. P. Collier, from a MS. in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, in the valuable *Inigo Jones* volume, issued by the Shakespeare Society in 1848. Mr. Collier considers it to be the production of the cele-

brated satirist and dramatist John Marston, and adds, "It is a new discovery, and we impute it to him, not only because his name is on the cover, in a handwriting of the time, although only in pencil, but because it is corrected in several places in his own handwriting, which entirely agrees with other extant specimens. The piece possesses much of the strength, and some of the coarseness, of the popular writer's mind; but it well merited to be brought to light precisely in the shape in which it has descended to us."

The "Mountebank's Masque" had previously appeared in print, although, at the moment of writing, it had escaped the recollection of the learned editor. It forms the second part of the "Gesta Grayorum," as printed in Nichols' "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth" (vol. iii. p. 320, edit. 1823). The first part of the "Gray's Inn Revels, A.D. 1594," is taken from a printed copy. "The second part of the *Gesta Grayorum*," says Nichols, "appears more like a banter on the former part, than an actual Exhibition; and requires some apology for allusions ill-suited to the refinement of the present age. It is taken from a MS. in the Harleian Collection, and is without date; but Henry the Second, Prince of Graya and Purpulia, occurs in the List of Subscribers to *Minshew's Dictionary*, 1617."

"The First and Second Part of The Remedy of Love," is reprinted from an edition "Printed by Nicholas Okes," in 1620, a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum. It is of the utmost possible rarity, and not to be found in any of the libraries of our collectors of old poetry. Lowndes refers to the Museum copy, but misquotes the title "The *Comedy* of Love." Warton (*Hist. of Poet.* iii. 339, note, edit. 1840) speaking of Francis Beaumont, says, "He also translated part of Ovid's 'Remedy of Love;' as did Sir T. Overbury the whole soon afterwards, Lond. 1620, 8vo. But I believe there is a former edition, no date, 8vo."

Sir Thomas Overbury's "Observations in his Travailes," is reprinted from a small quarto pamphlet, "printed 1626." It was licensed, according to the entry in the Stationers' Registers, "28 Jan. 1615-16;" but no copy of that date has come down to us. Wood (*Athenæ Oxon.* ii. 135) says, "This goes under his name, but doubted by some whether he wrote it." The same writer mentions an edition in 1627, and another in 1657. Dr. Bliss informs us that a MS. copy exists in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth (MS. Lambeth, 84,115). It is also to be found in the Harleian "Collection of Voyages and Travels," folio, 1745, and in the seventh volume of the "Harleian Miscellany."

The "Crumms fal'n from King James's Table," is printed from the Harleian MS. No. 7582, fol. 42, where it purports to have been copied from the original, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *own handwriting*. It has appeared in print, but from a different MS., in "The Prince's Cabala, or Mysteries of State. Written by King James the First, and some Noblemen in his Reign, and in Queen Elizabeth's," &c. 12mo. 1715. The editor says in his Preface, "We here present the judicious reader with a choice collection of ingenious sentences, which fell from the table of that learned monarch, King James the First, and *never made publick before*. The substance of them are both Theological and Moral; and being gather'd, as they proceeded from the royal mouth, by that most witty Knight Sir Thomas Overbury, a little before he was poyson'd in the Tower of London, it is not to be doubted but they will escape the censures, frowns and derisions of the criticks."

It only remains to say, that in reprinting the various pieces contained in the following pages, I have adhered to the old spelling; not because there is any value in a philological view attached to it—on the contrary, the same word is frequently spelt three different ways in the course of the same page—but for other reasons which will have more weight. Overbury, in common with almost all the writers of

his period, occasionally uses words and "figures of speech," ill-suited to the refinement of the present age. In reading an old author, in his own *orthography*, we can make every allowance for that which we are apt to forget or overlook in the more modern type and spelling of our own day.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

October 8,
29, *St. Mark's Crescent*,
Regent's Park.

THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

"He cometh upon you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner."
SIR P. SIDNEY'S *Defence of Poesy.*

THE tale of Sir Thomas Overbury is indeed one of fearful mystery. Born with more than ordinary genius, nursed in affluence, the companion of statesmen, and the favourite of princes; yet this man, so highly favoured, so marked for distinction, was doomed to an early death, to suffer lingering tortures, and to die in a loathsome dungeon, surrounded by the ghastly forms of murderers!

Thomas Overbury was born at Compton Scorfen, in the parish of Ilmington in Warwickshire, in 1581.* He was the son of Nicholas Overbury, of Boorton-on-the-hill in Gloucestershire; and, ac-

* At the house of his maternal grandfather, Giles Palmer. It is a tradition in Warwickshire, that he frequently resided at Barton-on-the-Heath, which was purchased by Walter Overbury, younger son of Nicholas, who built the present Manor House there.

cording to Wood,* was "educated partly in grammar learning in those parts." In Michaelmas term, 1595, he became a gentleman commoner of Queen's College, Oxford, and through the aid of a good tutor and severe discipline, made rapid progress in philosophy and logic. In 1598, as a "squire's son," he took the degree of bachelor of arts, and soon after left the university and settled in the Middle Temple. How long he continued in the study of the law, we have not been able to ascertain. The writer of the "Secret History of the Reign of James," MS. in the Harleian library,† says, at the University and the Temple, "he was instructed in all those qualities which became a gentleman; by the entreaty of my Lord Treasurer, Sir Robert Cecil, preferred to honour, found favour extraordinary, yet hindered in his expectations by some of his enemies, and to shift off discontent, forced to travel; therein spent not his time as most do, to loss, but furnished himself with things fitting a statesman, by experience in foreign government, knowledge of the language, passages of employment, external courtship, and good behaviour—things not common to every man." Overbury travelled for some time on the Continent, and on his return home, had the reputation of being an accomplished person, which, as

* Athenæ Oxonienses, ii. 134, edit. Bliss.

† Printed in the second volume of The Autobiography and Correspondence of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, 8vo. 1845. Mr. Halliwell, the editor, observes, "Wilson seems to have been indebted to this MS. in his Life of James, and it is altogether a curious and valuable memorial of the stirring events of the time." It was written before the close of the year 1615.

Wood quaintly expresses it, "the happiness of his pen, both in poetry and prose, doth declare."

The fortunes of Overbury now become mixed up with those of the powerful Earl of Somerset, some of the events of whose early career we must briefly bring before the reader.

Robert Carr was descended from an ancient Scottish family,* and had spent some years in France, acquiring the necessary qualifications of a courtier. Some writers have asserted, that he had been a favourite of King James in Scotland, and at the coronation was made a Knight; but this is not the fact. Sir Robert Carr, who was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation, was afterwards created Earl of Ancram; he was related to Somerset. Robert Carr had certainly been a royal page before the accession of James to the throne of England; he was, however, a mere child at the time, and many years must have elapsed before his re-introduction at court in 1606.

The circumstances attending the establishment of his favour with the king, are graphically described by Sir Anthony Weldon, whose "Court of King James" is worthy of much more credit than is commonly assigned to it.†

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* He was the son of Carr, of Fernihurst, a faithful servant of Queen Mary of Scotland, and frequently mentioned in her letters.

† Wood calls this book "a most notorious libel;" Rapin "a satire;" and Dr. Campbell asserts "that the notions and evidence it contains are of no value at all." Mr. Brewer, the recent editor of Bishop Goodman's Court of King James the First, calls Weldon "an *infamous* writer," and "a *monster of impurity*." But in spite of those learned

"There was there," says the knight, "a young gentleman, master Robert Carre, who had his breeding in France, and was newly returned from travel, a gentleman very handsome and well bred, and one that was observed to spende his time in serious studies, and did accompany himselfe with none but men of such eminences, as by whom he might be bettered. This gentleman, the Scots so wrought it, that they got him a groom's place of the Bedchamber, and was very well pleasing to all. He did more than any other associate himselfe with Sir Thomas Overbury, a man of excellent parts, (but those made him proude, over-valuing himselfe, and

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writers, recent discoveries fully confirm the truth of Weldon's statements.

Sir Anthony Weldon was of ancient family, originally of Weltden, in Northumberland. Hugh Weltden, second son of Simon Weltden, of Weltden, temp. Henry VI., was sewer to Henry VII. His second son Edward was Master of the Household to Henry VIII. and owned the manor of Swanscombe, in Kent, where he settled. His son Anthony was Clerk of the Spicery, and afterwards promoted to be Clerk of the Green Cloth to Queen Elizabeth, in which office he died. His eldest son, Sir Ralph Weldon, died in the same office to King James, 1609, æt. 64; and Sir Ralph's younger brother Anthony, who died 1613, was Clerk of the Kitchen to both Queen Elizabeth and King James, which office he surrendered to his nephew, Sir Anthony, (son of Sir Ralph,) our author, 2nd James. (See his epitaph in Swanscombe Church, printed in Thorpe's Registrum Roffense, p. 1005; and Hasteds Kent, second edition, 8vo. vol. ii. pp. 411, 412.)

These particulars are derived from Sir E. Brydges' Memoirs of the Peers of England, during the Reign of James the First: 8vo. 1802, p. 106. They are not included in Sir W. Scott's notice of the author, prefixed to his reprint of Weldon's Court of King James. (See Secret History of the Court of James the First: 8vo. Edinburgh, 1811, vol. i. p. 301.)

under-valuing others, and was infected with a kind of insolency.) With this gentleman spent he most of his time, and drew the eyes of the court, as well as the affection of his master upon him; yet very few, but such as were the curious observers of those times, could discern the drawing of the king's affection; until upon a coronation day, riding in with the Lord Dingwell to the tilt-yard, his horse fell with him, and brake his legg. He was instantly carried into master Rider's house, at Charing Cross, and the news as instantly carried to the king, having little desire to see the triumph, but much desired to have it ended; and no sooner ended, but the king went instantly to visit him, and after, by his daily visiting and mourning over him, taking all care for his speedy recovery, made the daybreak of his glory appeare, every courtier now concluding him actually a favourite."

The fortunes of Robert Carr rose rapidly from this hour. On Christmas-eve 1607, he was knighted, and sworn a Gentleman of the Bed Chamber. In 1610, he was created Lord Carr, of Bransprath, and Viscount Rochester, and advanced to be Lord High Treasurer of Scotland. Shortly after, he was made a Knight of the Garter. In 1614, he was created Earl of Somerset, and appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Household, and at the death of Salisbury, he became first Minister.

During these successive steps to nobility, Somerset (for we shall now call him by that title) was not neglectful of Overbury, with whom he had formed an acquaintance very early in life. The origin of this friendship is thus related by old Sir Nicholas Over-

bury, (Overbury's father,) who, in 1637, dictated certain things to his grandson, Nicholas Oldisworth, of Borton, relative to his unfortunate son:

"When Sir Tho. Overbury was a little past 20 yeares old, hee and John Guilby, his father's chiefe clerke, were sent (upon a voyage of pleasure) to Edinburgh, with 60*l.* between them. There Thom: mett with Sir Wm Cornwallis, one who knew him in Queene's Colledge at Oxford. S^r^ W^m^ commended him to diverse, and among the rest to Robin Carr, then page to earle of Dunbarre: so they two came along to England together, and were great friends."*

The circumstances respecting Overbury's introduction at court are not recorded, but it was doubtless through the influence of his powerful friend, who is said to have looked upon him as "an oracle of direction." He seems to have been well adapted for success, and to have been of a bold carriage and aspiring temper. Sir Nicholas has recorded of his son, "That when Sir Thomas was made sewer to the King, his Ma^ty^ walking in the privy garden, shewed him to the Queene saying, Looke you, this

* This interesting notice is derived from Additional MS., No. 15,476, in the British Museum. It is entitled "A Booke touching Sir Thomas Overbury who was murthered by Poison in the Tower of London, the 15th day of September, 1613, being the 32nd year of his age." It contains the proceedings of the divorce of the Earl and Countess of Essex; the trials of Weston, Mrs. Turner, Franklin, and Helwysse, or Elwys; the Earl and Countess of Somerset's arraignments; a ballad on the same parties, not fit for publication; and "Notes taken A.D. 1637, from the mouth of Sir Nicholas Overbury, the father of Sir Thomas." It is altogether a most valuable MS., and well deserving of publication.

is my newe sewer; and queene Anne answered, "Tis a prety young fellow."

On the 19th of June, 1608, Overbury received the honour of knighthood at Greenwich, and shortly afterwards his father, who was a Bencher of the Middle Temple, was made one of the Judges of Wales. In the beginning of the following year, Sir Thomas Overbury visited France and the Low Countries, and penned his "Observations upon the state of the Seventeen Provinces," reprinted in the following pages. Shortly after his return he was spoken of as likely to be employed in a diplomatic capacity,* but the appointment did not take place.

Overbury was now looked upon as one of the rising stars of the court, and the wits and poets of the day were anxious to do him homage. Foremost among them was Ben Jonson, who thus epigramatized his friend:—

"TO SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

"So Phœbus make me worthy of his bays,
As but to speak thee, Overbury's praise:
So where thou liv'st, thou mak'st life understood,
Where, what makes other great, doth keep thee good!
I think, the fate of court thy coming crav'd,
That the wit there and manners might be sav'd:
For since, what ignorance, what pride is fled!
And letters, and humanity in the stead!

* The Rev. John Sandford, writing to Sir Thomas Edmondes, (London, March 6, 1610,) says, "The ambassador to be sent from hence is diversly spoken of: some say Sir Henry Wotton, lately arrived in court; others suspect Mr. George Calvert, who came to London on Sunday last; of late Sir Thomas Overbury, a great favourite of Sir Robert Car, hath been mentioned."—The Court and Times of James the First: 8vo. 1849, vol. i. p. 108.

Repent thee not of thy fair precedent,
Could make such men, and such a place repent:
Nor may any fear to lose of their degree,
Who' in such ambition can but follow thee."

In Ben Jonson's "Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden," we have the following entry:—"Overbury was first his [Jonson's] friend, then turn'd his mortall enimie." To which passage the learned editor adds, "When the enmity between Ben Jonson and Sir Thomas Overbury began is nowhere stated; probably anterior to February 1602-3, under which date we meet with the following in Manningham's Diary, (Harl. MSS. 5,353):—"Ben Jonson, the poet, now lives upon one Townesend and scornes the world. So Overbury."* The notice in Manningham's Diary in no way relates to the quarrel between Overbury and Jonson, which must have been of a date long subsequent to 1602-3, at which period Overbury was probably unknown at court. The difference between them was after the date of Jonson's lines, of which Gifford says in a note, "This Epigram was probably written about 1610, when Sir Thomas returned from his travels, and followed the fortunes of Carr with a zeal and integrity worthy of a better fate."†

Again in the same "Conversations," we read, "The Countess of Rutland was nothing inferior to her father, Sir P. Sidney, in poesie. Sir Th: Overburie was in love with her, and caused Ben to

* Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden, January M.DC.XIX. [Edited by David Laing, Esq.] Shakespeare Society, 1842.

† Ben Jonson's Works, vol. viii. p. 224.

read his Wyffe to her, which he, with ane excellent grace, did, and praised the author. That the morne thereafter he discorded with Overburie, who would have him to intend a sute that was unlawful. The lines my Lady keep'd in remembrance, *He comes too near who comes to be denied.*" Here, in all probability, we have the cause of quarrel between Overbury and Jonson. The story, certainly, reflects more credit upon "rare Ben," than it does upon his courtly cotemporary.

Somerset and Overbury were each advancing in court favour and in mutual confidence. "Such," we are told, "was the warmth of their friendship, that they were inseparable. Carr could enter into no scheme, nor pursue any measure without the advice and concurrence of Overbury, nor could Overbury enjoy any felicity but in the company of him he loved; their friendship was the subject of court conversation, and their genius seemed so much alike, that it was reasonable to suppose no breach could ever be produced between them."*

Had Somerset been half as prudent in the choice of his mistress, as he had been in the selection of a friend, how different might have been the *dénouement!* We must now retrace our steps a little, in order to introduce two other characters on the scene.

On the 5th of January, 1606, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex,† was married to Frances Howard,

* Memoir of Overbury in Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. p. 30.

† Afterwards remarkable for his achievements as the general of the parliament army. He was the only son of

daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk; a bridegroom of fourteen to a bride of thirteen. In a letter of the period we have a curious account of the nuptial rejoicings on the occasion. "The bridegroom," says the writer, "carried himself as gravely and gracefully as if he were of his father's age. He had greater gifts given him than my Lord of Montgomery had, his plate being valued at £3000, his jewels, money, and other gifts at £1000 more. But to return to the Mask. Both Inigo [Jones], Ben [Jonson], and the actors, men and women, did their parts with great commentation. The conceit or soul of the mask, was Hymen bringing in a bride, and Juno, Pronuba's priest, a bridegroom, proclaiming that those two should be sacrificed to nuptial union. And here the poet made an apostrophe to the union of the kingdoms; but before the sacrifice could be performed, Ben Jonson turned the globe of the earth, standing behind the altar, and within the concave sat the eight men-maskers, representing the four Humours and the four Affections, who leaped forth and disturbed the sacrifice to union. But amidst their fury, Reason that sat above them all, crowned with burning tapers, came down and silenced them. These eight, together with Reason, their moderator, mounted above their heads, sat somewhat like the ladies in the scallop-shell, the last year. About the globe of earth hovered a middle region of clouds, in the centre of which stood a grand concert of musicians, and upon the canton, or horns, sat the ladies,

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the unhappy favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and was born at Essex-house in the Strand, in 1592.

four at one corner, and four at another, who descended upon the stage, downright perpendicular fashion, like a bucket into a well, but came gently slipping down. These eight, after the sacrifice was ended, represented the eight nuptial powers of *Juno Pronuba*, who came down to confirm the union. The men were clad in crimson and the women in white; they had every one a white plume of the richest herns' feathers, and were so rich in jewels upon their heads, as was most glorious. I think they hired and borrowed all the principal jewels and ropes of pearl, both in court and city. The Spanish ambassador seemed but poor to the meanest of them. They danced all variety of dances, both severally and *promiscue;* and then the women took in men, as, namely, the Prince, who danced with as great perfection, and as settled a majesty, as could be devised. The Spanish ambassador, the Archduke's ambassador, the Duke, &c., and the men, gleaned out of the Queen, the bride and the greatest of the ladies." *

After the ceremony it was thought proper to separate the youthful pair till they had arrived at riper years. The young Earl was sent on his travels, while the bride remained at court with her mother, a lady whose indifferent morals rendered her totally unfit for such a charge. The Countess of Essex was suffered to mix at this early age in all the vanities and temptations of a profligate court; the danger of which measure was heightened by her acknowledged beauty, which soon constituted her the idol of

* Mr. Pory to Sir Robert Cotton, Jan. 1606, in Bishop Goodman's Court of James the First, vol. ii. p. 125.

general admiration, and the object of amorous addresses.

In the mean time, after an absence of three or four years, her husband returned to England, full of natural eagerness to behold the young and beautiful creature whom he was to claim as his wife. But so far was the lady from sharing his anxiety, that she had engaged her affections to another, and regarded with the utmost horror the prospect of passing her days with the homely Essex. Among her admirers she reckoned the favourite Somerset, and Henry the heir to the throne.* The Prince had been from the beginning extremely jealous of the favours which his father had heaped upon his pampered minion, and his antipathy was not diminished, when on their becoming candidates for the favours of the same lady his rival proved successful.†

Essex, discovering that his person and matrimonial claims were treated with disdain, applied to the

* The authors who have asserted the fact of the prince's passion for Lady Essex are Wilson, Sanderson (the writer of Aulicus Coquinariæ) and Sir Simonds D'Ewes. On the other hand Sir Charles Cornwallis, who was the prince's treasurer, assures us, that Henry never showed a particular inclination to any of the ladies of the Court. See Birch's Life of Prince Henry, 8vo. 1760, p. 402.

† A great enmity certainly subsisted between Somerset and the Prince, whatever were the grounds of it. "Some that knew the bickerings between the Prince and the Viscount muttered out dark sentences that durst not look into the light; especially, Sir James Elphington, who, (observing the Prince one day to be discontented with the Viscount) offered to kill him: but the Prince reproved him with a gallant spirit, saying, '*If there were cause he would do it himself.*'"—Wilson's Life and Reign of James I. 1653.

father of his bride to prevail on her to consummate the marriage. But the first principles of virtue in the Countess being undermined, her mind revolted at the idea of retiring with her husband to his seat in the country, or residing with him on conjugal terms.

"A belief in the arts of necromancy is well known to have characterised this age; a creed which had the king himself for its patron, and rooted superstition for its source. Nay, there is little doubt but many practised and studied it from a confidence in its efficacy, and thus had really dealings with the Prince of Darkness, as far as the gross impiety and turpitude of such attempts could place them in connexion with him."

The dilemma in which the Countess was now placed, suggested the idea of applying to some black magician of the day, in order to divert the affection of her husband from her, debilitate his body, and heighten and enflame the illicit passion of Somerset. She found a willing assistant in Anne Turner, "a doctor of physic's widow, a woman whom prodigality and looseness had brought low; yet her pride would make her fly any pitch, rather than fall into the jaws of want."* This woman introduced her to Dr. Forman, of Lambeth, a reputed wizard, one of those

* Mrs. Turner was remarkable for her great beauty, and for the introduction of the "starched yellow ruff." When Coke, the Lord Chief Justice, sentenced her to death for her share in the murder of Overbury, he added the strange order, that "as she was the person who had brought yellow starched ruffs into vogue, she should be hanged in that dress, that the same might end in shame and detestation." Even the hangman who executed this unfortunate woman was decorated with yellow ruffs on the occasion.

singular compounds of science and knavery of whom the age boasted many. After being made acquainted with the nature of the case, the magician commenced his spells, and produced several little waxen images, intended to represent Somerset, the Earl of Essex, and the Countess herself, assuming a power of working upon them by these forms, sympathetically.* He dispensed also his philtrous doses, to be ad-

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There is a wood-cut of Mrs. Turner attached to her dying speech and confession, preserved in the Library of the Antiquarian Society. She was executed at Tyburn, 15th November, 1615, and according to the authority of a bystander (Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 146), died a true penitent. Nicols, in his charming poem of "Overbury's Vision," 1616, thus eulogises her:—

"The roses on her lovely cheeks were dead;
The earth's pale colour had all overspread
Her sometime lively look; and cruel Death,
Coming untimely with his wintry breath,
Blasted the fruit, which, cherry-like, in show,
Upon her dainty lips did whilom grow.
O how the cruel cord did misbecome
Her comely neck! and yet by law's just doom
Had been her death. Those locks, like golden thread,
That used in youth to enshrine her globe-like head,
Hung careless down; and that delightful limb
Her snow-white nimble hand, that used to trim
Those tresses up, now spitefully did tear
And rend the same; nor did she now forbear
To beat that breast of more than lily white
Which sometime was the bed of sweet delight.
From those two springs where joy did whilom dwell,
Grief's pearly drops upon her pale cheek fell."

* The death of Edward VI. was said to have been compassed "by witchcraft and figures of wax." The practice of attempting to destroy the lives of individuals by such processes, was formerly not uncommon. Dobenek, in his "Volksglauben des Deutschen Mittelalters, ii. 20-28, has a curious chapter on this subject. See also Thoms' Anecdotes and Traditions, printed by the Camden Society, 1839.

ministered to the respective parties; and Mrs. Turner having an inclination for Sir Arthur Manwaring, a gentleman of the Prince's household, some of the love-powder was secretly administered by her intervention to him, by the effect of which they believed he was made to ride fifteen miles in a dark night, through a storm of rain and thunder, to visit her. The Countess however was credulous as to the operation of these doses on her own husband, and on Somerset, and observed with admiration their effects, "although," as Mr. Kemp observes, "the licentious passion of the one which she encouraged, and her coldness towards the other, were quite sufficient to fan the lawless flame on one side, and extinguish conjugal affection on the other, without the aid of the Sidrophel of Lambeth."

The Earl of Essex, however, now beginning too plainly to observe the misdirected inclinations of his wife, interfered once more with her father, to point out to her the obedience due to him as a husband, and, fortified by his authority, removed his Countess to his seat at Chartley, in Staffordshire, one hundred miles from the court.

On her arrival there, she affected to be overcome with a deep melancholy, refused all society whatever with the Earl, shut herself up in her chamber with her female attendants, and stirred out only in the dead of the night.

In the mean time, she continued to receive and administer Forman's damnable compositions to her husband, by means of her corrupted agents.* He,

* Simon Forman, the wizard and astrologer, though

wearied at length with her humour, and thinking he had married one either lunatic or possessed of a devil, even let her return to the court, as the sphere most suitable to her phantasies.

"About seven years had elapsed since the representation of the 'Masque of Hymen,' when the attention of the people of England was fixed on a transaction in which the parties were the somewhat incongruous personages of a King, Bishops, Doctors of Civil Law, Matrons, and Midwives. The females of this junto were directed to examine whether the Countess of Essex (the Child-Bride of the Masque of Hymen) appeared to their eyes when disrobed, to be still a virgin; whilst their royal, right-reverend, and learned associates were to decide, according to the verdict of the matrons, whether the lady had shown any adequate cause for divorce. The *union-maker*, King James, not only sanctioned the proceedings, but impatiently urged them on, and dictated their final conclusion.* This was, in effect, that the

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undoubtedly a rogue, was far superior in learning and ingenuity to the rest of his mountebank brotherhood. Notices of him may be seen in Wood's Athenæ Oxon., and in Lilly's Life and Times. See also, The Autobiography and Personal Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, the celebrated Astrologer, 1552—1602, from unpublished MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Edited by J. O. Halliwell. Small 4to.

* Lord Southampton, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated Aug. 6, 1613, says, "Of the nullity I see you have heard as much as I can write; by which you may discern the power of a king with judges; for of those which are now for it, I knew some of them, when I was in England, were vehemently against it, as the Bishops of Ely, [Andrews,] and Coventry, [Neyle.]" "The Archbishop of Canterbury, Abbot," says Weldon, "to his everlasting

supposed marriage, at which the King had presided, was adjudged to be no marriage at all, on the ground, that, although it could not be suggested that the Earl of Essex, now arrived at the age of twenty-one, was incapable of having children by other women, yet that the matrons discovered apparent cause for believing him incapable of having any by his own wife. A contemporary writer alleges, on the authority of the chamberlain who presided at the door of this court of female inquisition, that Miss Mounson, daughter of Sir Thomas Mounson, was substituted for the Countess, and that, with her face thickly veiled, she eluded the detection of her identity, as she braved the searching investigation of her chastity. If we suppose that the Countess of Essex was herself examined, her previous intrigues with Prince Henry, and the anecdote of her glove, which His Highness refused to pick up, because, he said, 'it had been stretched by another;' and her midnight interviews, arranged by Mrs. Turner, in Paternoster-row, which are detailed in the course of the Overbury trials, or are to be found in contemporary histories, give room to suspect that the matrons, who were doubtless carefully selected for the nonce, came resolved not to cast the first stone, whatever revelations might meet their eyes.

"We may not be surprised at means being resorted to for duping or suborning the matrons, when

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fame, mainly opposed all the proceedings, and protested against them, for which he ever after lived in disgrace, excluded from the counsell-table, and dyed in disgrace of the king on Earth, though in favour with the King of kings."

we read how the King prohibited the Judges of the Ecclesiastical Court from giving reasons for their opinions, and endeavoured to overawe the Archbishop of Canterbury by a singular argument *ad verecundiam*, couched in the following terms:—'I will conclude, therefore, that, if a Judge should have a prejudice in respect of persons, it should become you rather to have a *faith implicit* in my judgment, as well in respect of some skill I have in *divinity*, as also that I hope no honest man doubts of the uprightness of my conscience. And the best thankfulness that you, that are so far '*my creature*,' can use towards me, is to reverence and follow my judgment, and not to contradict it, except where you may demonstrate unto me that I am mistaken or wrong informed. And so farewell.—James R.' The royal writer of this letter assumed the character of a divine and a jurist, and trampled on the independence of a high court of justice, whilst he was, in reality, demeaning himself as the founder of a flagrant act of adultery."*

The jury of grave matrons of course returned a verdict favourable to the allegations on which the Countess's suit was founded, and the Commissioners, the Bishops of Winchester, Ely, Coventry, Lichfield, and Rochester, Sir Julius Cæsar, Sir Thomas Parry, and Sir Daniel Dun, signed a sentence of

* The Great Oyer of Poisoning: The Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower of London, and various matters connected therewith, from contemporary MSS. By Andrew Amos, Esq. Lond. 8vo., 1846. This is a volume of great research, embodying a number of valuable papers and documents, unused by the historians of the period.

divorce, in which the sacred name of the Source of all purity and created being was invoked as a sanction to a decree, the details of which are superlatively disgusting.*

It was while these matters were in the course of agitation, that Overbury solemnly and affectionately forewarned his friend against the ruinous course which he was so blindly pursuing. He urged "the marrying the Countess would not only be hurtful to his preferment, but helpful to subvert and overthrow him, and who would (being possessed of so great possibilities as he was, so great honours and large revenues, and daily in expectation of others) cast all away upon a woman, noted for her injury and immodesty, and pull upon himself the hatred and contempt of great personages for so small a matter?" He spoke of the criminal intercourse which had already taken place between them, and added, that as she had already deserted a husband for his sake, she might hereafter be induced to grant the same favours to another. He even went so far as to call her a "strumpet, and her mother and brother bawds." Overbury was well qualified to give his advice on the occasion. He had a perfect knowledge of the lady's character, and had been employed throughout the intrigue; indeed, he is said to have composed many exquisite letters and love-poems for Somerset, which had gone far in raising that excess

* Those who wish to read a "full and particular account" of this transaction, are referred to Truth brought to Light by Time, or A Discourse and Historicall Narration of the first XIIII yeares of King James' Reigne. London, 4to. 1651.

of passion which afterwards led to murder and disgrace.

"The Countess," says the writer of the Secret History of the Reign of King James I., in the Harleian library, (before quoted) "having, ere this borne a deadly hate towards Overbury, because he had oftentimes before dissuaded the Viscount to abstain from her company; yet now, having disclosed unto her his speech, she becomes much more revengeful, especially because he had taxed her with a bad name." The fate of Overbury was from this moment sealed. A deep laid plot was formed to ensnare him, to which, as we shall see, he ultimately fell a victim.

It was proposed to involve Overbury in a quarrel with one of the courtiers, and thus obtain his imprisonment. There were none who would quarrel with him, and the scheme failed. Sir Davie Wood, in some proceeding, had sought Somerset's interest, and he consented, provided Overbury should be a sharer with him; this failed, and Sir Davie imbibed a hatred of Overbury, who he considered was the sole cause of his non-success. The Countess, aware of this ill-feeling, sought, under the promise of one thousand pounds, to induce Wood to effect Overbury's assassination. Sir Davie accepted the terms, but required a surety from Somerset of a pardon from the King for the act; but as that instrument could not be procured, Wood prudently declined proceeding.*

* In a MS. copy of the "Arraignment of the Earl of Somerset," in the State Paper Office, it is mentioned that

"Then," says D'Ewes, "it was advised by the subtle head of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, and Lord Privy Seal, her [the Countess of Somerset's] great uncle, that Viscount Rochester should outwardly reconcile himself to Sir Thomas Overbury, and that some means should be used to send Sir Thomas to the Tower; after which they might at leisure advise what further course to take."

"The plot then must be," says Weldon, "he must be sent a leidger embassadour into France,* which by obeying, they should be rid of so great an eye-sore; by disobeying, he incurred the displeasure of his prince, a contempt that he could not expect less than imprisonment for, and by that means be sequestered from his friend." An interesting account of what followed is given by Sir H. Wotton, in a letter to Sir Edmund Bacon, dated Thursday, St. George's Eve (22nd April,) 1613.

"Yesterday about six o'clock at evening, Sir Thomas Overbury was from the council-chamber conveyed by a clerk of the council and two of the guard to the Tower, and there, by warrant, consigned to the lieutenant as close prisoner: which,

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Sir Davie Wood desired to have an assurance of pardon for assassinating Overbury under the Earl of Somerset's hand, "which being denied him, *he refused to undertake it*, and so the enterprise was quashed." But the printed report states that when the Countess told Sir Davie that the Earl's assurance of pardon could not be got, she further "promised all favour possible to him, and warranted him to go on upon her life."

* Bishop Goodman says, "As I remember, it was not to France, but to some meaner place." (i. 219.) Sir Simonds D'Ewes says, it was proposed to send him "ambassador to Russia." (i. 73.)

both by the suddenness, like a stroke of thunder, and more by the quality and relation of the person, breeding in the beholders (whereof by chance I was one) very much amazement, and being likely in some proportion to breed the like in the hearers, I will adventure, for the satisfying of your thoughts about it, to set down the forerunning and leading causes of this accident, as far as in so short a time I have been able to wade in so deep a water.

"It is conceived that the King hath a good while been much distasted with the said gentleman, even in his own nature, for too stiff a carriage of his fortune; besides that scandalous offence of the Queen at Greenwich, which was never but a palliated cure. Upon which considerations his majesty resolving to sever him from my Lord of Rochester, and to do it not disgracefully nor violently, but in some honourable fashion, commanded not long since the archbishop by way of familiar discourse to propound unto him the embassage of France or of the Archduke's court, whereof the one was shortly to be changed, and the other, at the present, vacant. In which proposition it seemeth, though shadowed under the archbishop's good will, that the King was also contented some little light should be given him of his majesty's inclination unto it, grounded upon his merit. At this the fish did not bite; whereupon the King took a rounder way, commanding my Lord Chancellor and the Earl of Pembroke to propound jointly the same unto him, which the archbishop had before named, as immediately from the King; and to sanction it the more, he had, as I hear, an offer made him of assurance, before his going, of the

place of treasurer of the chamber, which he expecteth after the death of the Lord Stanhope, whom belike the King would have drawn to some reasonable composition. Notwithstanding all these motives and impulses, Sir Thomas Overbury refused to be sent abroad, with such terms as were by the council interpreted pregnant of contempt, in a case where the King had opened his will; which refusal of his, I should for my part esteem an eternal disgrace to our occupation, if withal I did not consider how hard it is to pull one from the bosom of a favourite. Thus you see the point upon which one hath been committed, standing in the second degree of power in the court, and conceiving (as himself told me but two hours before) never better than at the present, of his own fortunes and ends.

"Now in this whole matter there is one main and principal doubt, which doth trouble all understandings; that is, whether this were done *without the participation of my Lord Rochester;* a point necessarily inviting two different consequences. For if it were done without his knowledge, we must expect of himself either a decadence or a ruin; if not, we must then expect a reparation by some other great public satisfaction whereof the world may take as much notice. These clouds a few days will clear. In the mean while, I dare pronounce of Sir Thomas Overbury, that *he shall return no more to this stage*, unless courts be governed every year by a new philosophy, for our old principles will not bear it."*

* Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, ed. 1672, p. 408.

If the author of "Aulicus Coquinariæ,"* can be relied on, Overbury's conduct in this transaction was well calculated to aggravate the King. He says, "It was his (Overbury's) own seeking, as best fitting his excellent parts to present the King's person in embassie to France, which to my knowledge *he accepted*, and seemingly prepared to advance. The same writer furthermore adds, "I know his instructions were drawn, and additionals thereto, *by his own consent*."

The "scandalous affair at Greenwich," to which Wotton alludes in the letter just quoted, is thus related in Bishop Goodman's Court of King James I. "The Queen," he says, "was looking out of her window into the garden, where Somerset and Overbury were walking; and when the Queen saw them, she said, 'There goes Somerset and his governor,' and a little after Overbury did laugh. The Queen conceiving that he had overheard her, thought they had laughed at her, whereupon she complained, and Overbury was committed. But when it did appear unto the Queen that they did not hear her, and that their laughter did proceed from a jest which the King was pleased to use that day at dinner, then the Queen was well satisfied and he was released."

Anne of Denmark, however, never forgave Overbury. Writing to the Earl of Salisbury, she says, in allusion to him:

"My Lord,

The King hath told me that he will advise with

* William Sanderson, author of the Histories of James I. and Charles I. His works are chiefly compilations of little authority. The Aulicus Coquinariæ is an answer to Weldon.

you and some other four or five of the Council *of that fellow*. I can say no more, either to make you understand the matter or my mind, than I said the other day. Only I recommend to your care how public the matter is now, both in court and city, and how far I have reason in that respect, I refer the rest to this bearer, and myself to your love,

ANNA R."

The Earl of Salisbury seems to have acted as a mediator in this affair. In the second volume of Goodman's Court of James, is preserved the following letter from Overbury to the Earl.

"My Honorable Lord,

As your lordship was a judge of mine innocence before, so would I now crave that favour, that your lordship would vouchsafe to be witness of the submission both of myself and cause to the Queen's mercy; which I desire you rather, because as I understand her Majesty is not fully satisfied of the integrity of my intent that way: and to that purpose, if your lordship will grant me access and audience, I shall hold it as a great favour, and ever rest,

Your Lordship's to be commanded,

T. OVERBURY.

London, 11th of September.

Overbury is accused of pride and insolence, and the various records of the time, handed down to us, certainly give some colour to the imputation. At any rate during his short career he had made many enemies. The King, the Queen, the powerful Earl of Somerset, the Countess of Essex, and the various

members of the Howard family were all eager for his downfall.

The last act of the tragedy was now advancing, and Wotton prophesied truly, when he heard of Overbury's committal to the Tower, "*that he should return no more to this stage.*" Sir Simonds D'Ewes, whose contemporary accounts of many of the transactions of this reign, are full of interest, says, "As soon as the Countess of Essex had gotten him [Overbury] cooped up there, she began to plot with Mrs. Anne Turner by what means she might make him away. Sir William Wade, Knight, an honest and upright man, was then Lieutenant of the Tower; during whose continuance in his place, which was but a few days after, he had fair and noble usage. But the Countess's revenge brooking no delay, and finding Sir William Wade's integrity to be corruption-proof, so as remained no hope of making him an instrument of murder, she used means at Court to remove him out of his place; and settled Sir Jervis Elvis, Knight, in his room, upon the 6th day of May next following, being about fifteen days after Sir Thomas Overbury's imprisonment."

The gaoler who had the care of Overbury was next removed, and one Richard Weston, a man well acquainted with the power of drugs, was by the Countess specially commanded to that appointment. The poisoners now commenced their work.

"Upon the 19th day of the same month, Weston, being yet scarcely of two days' standing in his new office, had a little glass full of rosaker sent him, being a water of a yellowish green colour, with which he that very day poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury's broth;

from which time, for the space of three months and six days, he had several poisons administered unto him in tarts, jellies, physic, and almost in everything he took; so as the stronger his body and constitution were, the more horrible were his torments; having sometimes, upon the taking of one only fascinated potion, threescore stools and vomits, and divers of them mixed with blood."

Sir Simonds D'Ewes' account of Overbury's sufferings are confirmed by the following passages in a series of letters written by the unhappy prisoner, some extracts from which are preserved among the Harleian MSS.* The persons herein named were well-known physicians, of whom more anon.

"I have now sent to the leiftennant to desire you (*Mayerus* being absent) to send young *Crag* hither and *Nessmith;* if *Nessmith* be away, send I pray *Crag* and *Allen.*"

"This morning (notwithstanding my fasting till yesterday) I find a great heat continew in all my bodye; and the same desire of drinke and loathing of meat, and my water is strangly high, which I keep till *Mayerus* com."

"I was lett blood wensday x o'clock; to this fryday morning my heat slackens nott, my water remains as high, my thirstines the same; the same loathing of meat, having eat not a bitt since thursday was senight to this howre; the same scworing [sic] and vomitting. Yesternight about eight o'clocke, after Mr. *Mayerus* was gone, I faynted."

* No. 7002, a MS. hitherto unnoticed by all who have written upon the Overbury murder. It would have thrown much light upon the subject of Mr. Amos's third chapter.

"Certainly this gentleman's extreme misery," says D'Ewes, "is scarce to be paralleled by any examples of former ages; being cut off in the midst of his hopes, and in the flower of his youth; betrayed by his friend, and prostituted to the cruelty of his fatal enemy; sent to prison as it were in a jest, and there undergoing many deaths, to satiate the implacable malice of one cruel murderess; debarred from the sight of friends, divines, and physicians, and only cumbered with the daily converse of his treacherous executioner. His own father, not being able to entertain the least speech with him—no, nor so much as to see him, petitioned the King for remedy, from whom he received a gracious answer; but was prevented by Viscount Rochester from ever reaping any good effect by it, or happy issue from it, on whom he yet relied for relief and help: but he that had betrayed the son, did as easily delude the father. Towards this end, to fill his soul yet with greater horror, they conveyed him to a dark and unwholesome prison, where he scarce beheld the light of the sun to refresh him. His youth, indeed, even to the day of his imprisonment, had been spent vainly enough, according to the Court garb; and he now found need of comfort from Heaven, before he had fully studied the way thither: and in this appears the devilish and barbarous fury of his enemies; who by debarring him from the sight and conference of all godly ministers, did, as much as in them lay, endeavour to destroy both his soul and body together."

The poisoners proceeded slowly in their work. The catastrophe being thus delayed, a suspicion was excited in the minds of his employers that Weston

was playing a double part. The Countess sent for him; reviled him for his treachery; and joining with him in the bloody work one James Franklin, an apothecary "then dwelling on the back side of the Exchange," used such arguments as induced him to enter more vigorously on his task. Still the work was unaccomplished. Mayerne, the King's physician, (whom as we have already seen was in attendance upon Overbury) recommended as medical attendant one Paul de Lobell, an apothecary dwelling in Lime-street, near the Tower. This man with less compunction, administered a clyster on Sept. 14th, that ended all anxieties on the part of the persons involved in the guilty transaction. Sir Thomas Overbury, already prostrated by the frequent appliance of the poisons, which Weston affirmed to have been sufficient to destroy twenty other men, was a mass of sores, and reduced to skin and bone. In this wretched condition he expired about five o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, Sept. 15, 1613, and was buried in the body of the choir of the church within the Tower, between three and four P.M. on that day.

"And now the great ones," says Sir Simonds D'Ewes, "thought all future danger to be inhumed with the dead body; and therefore, shortly after, in the year 1614, the Viscount Rochester, then created Earl of Somerset, married the lady Francis Howard; who had been divorced from the Earl of Essex the year before. Sir Jervis Elvis, Mrs. Turner, and Weston, and Franklin, all rested secure to be borne out by Somerset's power, if anything should be questioned; and so were all the actors in the tragedy, the apothecary excepted, that administered the last

fatal glister, all in a moment seized upon as soon as the thing itself was discovered, although Weston presently left the Lieutenant's service after he had despatched the work he had undertaken."

The discovery of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, which gave occasion to Somerset's fall, has been attributed to various persons, D'Ewes and Bishop Goodman coincide. "It came first to light," observes the former, "by a strange accident of Sir Ralph Winwood, Knight, one of the Secretaries of State, his dining with Sir Jervis Elvis, Lieutenant of the said Tower, at a great man's [the Earl of Shrewsbury's] table, not far from White-hall. For that great man, commending the same Sir Jervis to Sir Ralph Winwood as a person in respect of his many good qualities very worthy of his acquaintance, Sir Ralph answered him, that he should willingly embrace his acquaintance, but that he could first wish he had cleared himself of a foul suspicion the world generally conceived of him, touching the death of Sir Thomas Overbury. As soon as Sir Jervis heard that, being very ambitious of the Secretary's friendship, he took occasion to enter into private conference with him, and therein to excuse himself to have been enforced to connive at the said murder, with much abhorring of it. He confessed the whole circumstance of the execution of it in general, and the instruments to have been set on work by Robert Earl of Somerset and his wife. Sir Ralph Winwood, having gained the true discovery of this bloody practice from one of the actors, even beyond his expectation, parted from the Lieutenant of the Tower in a very familiar and friendly manner, as if

he had received good satisfaction by the excuse he had framed for himself, but soon after acquainted the King's Majesty with it."

Wilson's narrative of the discovery of the murder differs from this. He says, "the apothecary's boy, that gave Sir Thomas Overbury the glister, falling sick at Flushing, revealed the whole matter, which Sir Ralph Winwood, by his correspondents, had a full relation of; and a small breach being made, his enemies, like the noise of many waters, rise up against him, following the stream."

Roger Coke in his "Detection of the Court and State of England," published in 1696, gives a minute account of the arrest of Somerset.* He states that the King was at Royston, on a royal progress, and Somerset was with him; and when "the King had been there about a week, next day he designed to proceed to Newmarket, and Somerset to return to London, when Sir Ralph [Winwood] came to Royston, and acquainted the King with what he had discovered about Sir Thomas Overbury's murder. The King was so surprised herewith, that he posted away a messenger to Sir Edward Coke, to apprehend the Earl: I speak this with confidence," exclaims the writer, "because I had it from one of Sir Edward's sons.

"Sir Edward lay then at the Temple, and measured out his time at regular hours, two whereof

* Roger Coke was the grandson of Sir Edward Coke, by his fourth son, through whom the present title to the Holkham property is derived. The author died at the age of seventy-seven, and lived during the latter part of his life within the rules of the Fleet Prison.

were to go to bed at nine o'clock, and in the morning to rise at three. At this time Sir Edward's son, and some others, were in Sir Edward's lodging, but not in bed, when the messenger, about one in the morning, knocked at the door, where the son met him, and knew him: says he, 'I come from the King, and must immediately speak with your father.' 'If you come from ten kings,' he answered, 'you shall not; for I know my father's disposition to be such, that if he be disturbed in his sleep, he will not be fit for any business; but if you will do as we do, you shall be welcome; and about two hours hence my father will rise, and then you may do as you please:' to which he assented.

"At three Sir Edward rung a little bell, to give notice to his servant to come to him: and then the messenger went to him and gave him the King's letter; and Sir Edward immediately made a warrant to apprehend Somerset, and sent to the King that he would wait upon him that day.

"The messenger went back post to Royston, and arrived there about ten in the morning. The King had a loathsome way of lolling his arms about his Favourites' necks, and kissing them; and in this posture the messenger found the King with Somerset, saying, 'When shall I see thee again?' Somerset then designing for London, when he was arrested by Sir Edward's warrant. Somerset exclaimed, that never such an affront was offered to a Peer of England in the presence of the King. 'Nay man,' said the King, 'if Coke sends for *me*, I must go;' and when he was gone, 'Now the Deel go with thee,'

said the King, 'for I will never see thy face any more.'"*

The King's detestable hypocrisy and dissimulation are apparent throughout the whole of this transaction. Sir Edward Coke, arriving the same day at Royston, James expressed the strongest determination to discover and punish the crime, without any respect of persons: he added, that if he pardoned any one of them, he *hoped God's curse might light on him and his posterity*. How little the King respected this solemn imprecation is known by the sequel.

Shortly after Somerset's arrival in London, he was committed to the Tower, to the custody of Sir George More; and his Countess was restrained under charge of Sir William Smyth at the Blackfriars. The accomplices in the murder were first arraigned, and suffered; being Weston, Franklin, Mrs. Turner, and Sir Jervise Elwes.† The latter

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* This singular passage concerning the King's parting with the Earl of Somerset, confirms the statements made by Weldon. But it appears from the documents discovered in the State Paper Office, and printed by Mr. Amos (pp. 38 to 41), that Somerset was not arrested at *Royston* by Sir E. Coke's warrant. He was allowed to come to London, and was arrested shortly afterwards at Whitehall. This however does not impugn the main statements of Coke. Mr. Amos remarks, "When the king parted with Somerset at Royston, he might have kissed him in the way he had been accustomed to do, and might have foreseen that those kisses would not have to be repeated."

† The arraignments, trials, and confessions of all these parties, may be seen in "Truth brought to Light by Time," and in Mr. Amos's "Great Oyer of Poisoning." "However atrocious may have been the conduct of the prisoners," remarks Mr. C. W. Johnson in his Life of Sir

indeed, obtained some pity, as he had been only the passive accomplice of the deed. He was convicted on some few expressions contained in a letter from him to the Earl of Northampton,* and bore in his dying words a strong testimony to the force of conscience. "At my arraignment," said he, "I pleaded hard for my life, and protested mine innocency; but when my own pen came against me, I was not able to speak, but stood as one amazed, or that had no tongue."

The Countess of Somerset was tried on May 24, 1616. She pleaded guilty, but hoped for mercy; and being pregnant, had determined not to perish on the scaffold, but to accomplish her own death by placing a wet towel upon her abdomen, after being delivered of her infant.†

Upon the approach of Somerset's trial, Weldon

Edward Coke, "however clear their guilt, the government so managed the trials, as to render the whole proceeding full of mystery, real or affected,—mystery which all posterior researches have failed to clear away."

* Henry Howard Earl of Northampton, was the second son of the lamented Earl of Surrey. "A long career of folly and artifice was followed by an old age of infamy and crime. He had actually completed his seventieth year, when he became a pander to the dishonour of his own niece in her adulterous intrigue with Somerset." Of his share in the murder of Overbury, not the remotest doubt exists. See Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 481; Wood's Ath. Oxon., and Cotton MS. Titus 6. vii. fol. 465. He died June 15, 1614; had he lived but a few months longer, the gallows most assuredly would have been his doom.

† It is related that when she was committed to the Tower, she passionately entreated the Lieutenant that she might not be imprisoned in the same room in which Overbury had died. Her guilty conscience dreaded to meet the spectre of her victim.

relates that, Sir George More telling him he must go to trial the next day, he exclaimed, "they must carry me in my bed then; for I shall not go to trial, nor dare the King bring me to any!" These words so alarmed the trusty Lieutenant, that late as it was, twelve at night, he took boat and proceeded to Greenwich, where, on his arrival, finding all the household retired to rest, he went to the back stairs, and knocking violently at the door, John Loreston, one of the grooms in waiting, started from his slumber, and demanded who knocked so boisterously at such an hour. *Sir George More.* "I must speak with the King." *Loreston.* "He is quiet" (a Scottish phrase for *asleep.*) *Sir George More.* "You must awake him then, for I have matter of great import for his Majesty's ear." Sir George was accordingly at length introduced into the presence, and the King hearing his relation, exclaimed, "On my soul, More, I know not what to do! Thou art a wise man, help me in this great strait, and thou shalt find thou servest a thankful master." Sir George accordingly returned to the Tower, and told Somerset that he found the King full of grace and mercy towards him, but that he must make his appearance to satisfy the preliminary forms of justice, and he shall then return without further proceedings had. It is added that two servants were kept in readiness by Sir George all the time of Somerset's arraignment, with a view to smother his voice if he uttered anything to impeach the King; in order that he might be taken away from the bar *as one distract:* "and it is not a little remarkable," adds Mr. Kemp, "that the King (in the letters preserved at Losely Hall) dwells

much on the idea of Somerset being mad, if he should say the King had any share in the poisoning."*

The King, says Weldon, on the day of trial sent to every boat he saw, for news how the cause was proceeding, cursing (according to his custom) all those which brought none. At length arrived one with the news of Somerset's condemnation; then this great master of kingcraft became calm. Weldon states all this *on the authority of Sir George More's own relation*, who told him the story, he says, without any injunction of secrecy; an assertion borne out from the indifference with which the services of Sir George More were requited by the King.

Somerset bore his trial bravely. An eye witness observes,—"A thing worthy of note in him was his constancy and undaunted carriage in all the time of his arraignment, which, as it began, so it did continue to the end without any change or alteration."†

Mr. Amos, who prints the Earl's speech from a MS. in the State Paper Office, observes, "that it displays a flow of natural eloquence that might have become a suffering patriot."

As to his criminality, Weldon expresses the fol-

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* The letters of the King to Sir George More, preserved at Losely Hall, are remarkable confirmations of the truth of Weldon's statements. They were published in the year 1835, by Mr. A. J. Kemp, from the originals in the possession of James More Molyneux, Esq.

† A valuable report of the trial of the Earl of Somerset is preserved among the archives of the State Paper Office. It is indorsed in the handwriting of Sir R. Winwood, and differs considerably from the printed report. The latter was evidently *prepared* for the public eye by omissions and emendations. See Mr. Amos's Great Oyer of Poisoning, Section 11, p. 112.

lowing opinion on the subject. "Many believe the Earl of Somerset guilty of Overbury's death, but the most thought him guilty only of the breach of friendship (and that in a high point) by suffering his imprisonment, which was the highway to his murder; and this conjecture I take to be of the soundest opinion."

According to a valuable memoranda in one of the Losely papers, it appears to have been the opinion of the son-in-law of Sir George More (the Lieutenant of the Tower before mentioned) that Somerset was innocent of Overbury's murder; but that he was prosecuted, because "King James was weary of him, and Buckingham had supplied his place." He grounds his opinion upon conversations with the Earl of Somerset's chief servant. The author of the Annals of King James, printed in 1681, writes:—"Some that were then at Somerset's trial, and not partial, conceived in conscience, and as himself says to the King, that he fell rather by want of well defending, than by force of proofs."

The Earl and Countess of Somerset received a pardon from the King, and were released from the Tower in January 1621. The Countess died in obscurity, August 23, 1632, leaving a daughter Ann, who married Lord William Russell, afterwards Duke of Bedford. Somerset survived till July 1645.*

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* Some curious papers have been published in the Archæologia of the Antiquarian Society, from which it appears that James consulted Somerset, long after the trial, concerning the proceedings of Villiers, whose insolence had awakened the jealousy and apprehensions of the

We must now turn to a remarkable fact in connection with Overbury's death. During the time of his imprisonment, from the 9th of May to the 15th of September, he was constantly visited by three physicians—Dr. Mayerne, Dr. Craig, and Sir Robert Killegrew. Now it must strike the reader as not a little singular, if, as Sir F. Bacon in his opening speech on Somerset's trial states, "Weston chased Sir T. Overbury with poison after poison, poison in salt meats, poison in sweet meats, poison in medicines and vomits," that these learned medical men should not have detected the symptoms. It is also worthy of remark, that the King's chief physician Dr. Mayerne, was *not examined at the trial.* Killigrew, and Lobell the apothecary, who were examined, *were not asked if Sir Thomas Overbury exhibited any symptoms of having been poisoned.* It must be borne in mind too, that Lobell was a Frenchman, and that he was placed in immediate attendance upon Overbury by his countryman Dr. Mayerne. The clyster alleged to have contained corrosive sublimate, which was the only imputed cause of Overbury's death, at all proximate to that event in point of time, and which was stated (or rather related to have been stated) by Weston, to have actually killed him, was by the like evidence said to have been administered by Lobell or one of his assistants.

In Bacon's celebrated expostulation with Sir Edward Coke, there is a remarkable passage indicating

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Sovereign who had spoiled him by his unmeasured favour. The papers alluded to were found by Lord Sinclair, of Nesbit House in Berwickshire, when he became possessed of that ancient seat of the Carr family.

that the poisoning of Overbury, was only a detached part of an extensive system of *secret poisoning.* The author of "Truth brought to light by Time," says, "There never was known, in so short a time, so many great men die with suspition of *poyson* and *witchcraft:* for there was first my Lord Treasurer, the Prince, the Lord Harrington and his sonne, Sir Thomas Overbury, Northampton, and besides these, which are no less than sixe, within three years and a half; and the two Monsons, which yet remaine untryed."

Dr. Mayerne had been physician to Henry IV. of France, and was well experienced in the secret state poisonings of the French capital. He was invited over to England by King James in order to be his own physician, and there seems little doubt that he was the prime mover in the secret state poisonings of the *English* capital.*

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* Dr. Theodore Mayerne was born at Geneva in 1573, and had for his godfather the celebrated Theodore Beza. He studied medicine at Heidelberg and Montpellier, at which latter University he took his degree, as doctor of physic, in 1597. He came to England in 1606, and was received into both Universities, and into the College of Physicians. In July 1624 he was honoured by King James with knighthood. On the accession of Charles, he was appointed first physician to him and his queen, and appears to have enjoyed considerable fame and reputation. He is said to have been the first chemist of his time, and one of the earliest practitioners who ventured on the use of mineral medicines. Nevertheless, he seems to have been singularly unfortunate with his patients. John Chamberlain, writing to Sir Dudley Carleton (March 25, 1612), concerning the illness of the Lord Treasurer, adds, "And yet he wants not a whole college of physicians that consult upon him every day, among whom Turquet

If the conduct of King James, in this melancholy transaction, was free from reproach—if he acted

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(Mayerne) takes upon him, and is very confident, though he has failed as often in judgment as any of the rest. His letting blood is generally disallowed, as well by reason as by experience in this case, and in Sir William Cornwallis's, whom, by that means, he despatched very presently." The same, writing to the same, (Nov. 12, 1612) thus speaks of Mayerne's conduct on the last illness of Prince Henry,—" The world here is much dismayed at the loss of so beloved and likely a prince, on such a sudden, and the physicians are much blamed, though, no doubt they did their best. But the greatest fault is laid on Turquet, (Mayerne,) who was so forward to give him a purge the day after he sickened, and so dispersed the disease, as Butler says, into all parts; whereas, if he had tarried till three or four fits or days had been passed, they might the better have judged of the nature of it; or if instead of purging, he had let him blood before it was so much corrupted, there had been more probability. These imputations lie hard upon him, and are the more urged, by reason of a hard censure set forth in print, not long since by the Physicians of Paris against him, wherein they call him *temulentum, indoctum, temerarium, et indignum*, with whom any learned physician should confer or communicate." Again, the same to the same (Oct. 31, 1617), speaking of Secretary Winwood's death, says, " He had all the help that our physicians could afford; but Mayerne never saw him after he had let him blood, for he went straight to the King. Of all men I have no fancy to him; at least-wise, for luck sake; for, by that I have commonly observed, he is commonly unfortunate in any dangerous disease."

In the Diary of Sir Henry Slingsby, of Scriven, Bart., (edited by the Rev. Daniel Parsons, 8vo. Lond. 1836,) is a very interesting notice of Mayerne, introducing us into the physician's study. Sir Henry speaking of his wife's illness, says, " The physick I sent her down from London by ye directions of D^r. Mayerne of whom she had taken physick ye year before: for his custom is to register in a book ye diseases and remedies of all his patients, if they be of difficulties, so y^t sending for his book he finds w^t he

throughout as an innocent spectator of the trials of Overbury's murderers — his ill fortune and bad

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had done to her formerly, and thereupon prescribes ye same; usually I went in a morning for his advise, about 7 of ye clock, where I us'd to find him set in his study, wch was a large room furnish'd wth books and pictures; and as one of ye cheifest he had ye picture of ye head of Hyppocrates y^t^ great physitian; and upon his table he had the proportion of a man in wax, to set forth ye ordure and composure of every part: before his table he had a frame wth shelves, wheron he set some books; and behind this he sat to receive those y^t^ came for his advice, for he seldom went to any, for he was corpulent and unweildy; and y^a^ again he was rich, and ye King's physician, and a Knight, wch made him more costly to deal wth all."

Among Mayerne's Medicinal Counsels and Advices, 1676, are some startling receipts. He gives a gout powder, one of the ingredients of which is *raspings of a human skull unburied;* and again, speaking of the good effects of absorbents, he particularly recommends *human bones* of the same kind with the part affected. "These tokens of superstition," says Aikin in his Biographical Memoirs of Medicine (1780, p. 261), "are not invalidated by a recipe contained in the same book, of an unguent for hypochondriacal persons, which he calls his *balsam of bats.* In the composition of this there enters, adders, bats, sucking whelps, earth-worms, hog's grease, the marrow of a stag, and of the thigh-bone of an ox—ingredients fitter for the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, than a learned physician's prescription."

Mayerne died at Chelsea in the 82nd year of his age, March 15, 1655. It is said that the immediate cause of his death proceeded from the effects of bad wine—which the weakness of old age rendered a *quick poison*, and that he foretold the event to some friends with whom he had been drinking moderately at a tavern in the Strand. He was buried in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields. Many of Mayerne's papers, are in the Ashmolean Library; others are in the British Museum. He left his library to the Royal College of Physicians.

We are glad to hear that his "Ephemerides," or Case books, are to be published by the Camden Society.

management were equally deplorable. But we are not inclined to look upon him as a mere spectator in the affair. He was fully capable of being the principal in all the villany that can be laid to his charge. It may be asked, why did he seek the death of Overbury? It is sufficient to know that he hated him. The Earl of Southampton writing to Sir R. Winwood, on the 4th of August, 1613, observes, "And much ado there hath been to keep Sir T. Overbury from a public censure of banishment and loss of office, such *a rooted hatred lyeth in the King's heart towards him.*" The true cause of this "rooted hatred" is not known. There is a tradition that Overbury was concerned in the murder of Prince Henry, and that his death was only a just retribution.* Some terrible bond of secrecy certainly existed between King James, Somerset, and Overbury, which time has not unravelled, and probably never will.†

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* "The Scots have a constant report amongst them, as I learned from one of them, that Sir Thomas Overbury, seeing divers crossings and oppositions to happen between that peerless Prince and the said Rochester, by whose means only he expected to rise; and fearing it would in the end be a means to ruin Rochester himself, did first give that damnable and fatal advice of removing out of the way and world that royal youth by fascination, and was himself afterwards in fact an instrument for the effecting of it; and therefore, say they in Scotland, it happened by the just judgment of God, afterwards as a punishment upon him that he himself died by poison."—*Sir Simonds D'Ewes' Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 91.

† Historians relate numerous instances of the extent of Somerset's influence with the King; and Mr. Amos remarks, "The records of the State Paper Office supply a variety of particulars to the same effect." The letter from

Much—very much could be said upon the Overbury murder, and documents, *damning* to the King, could, if space permitted, be adduced. But the writer reserves them for an opportunity of entering more fully into the subject.

The character of Mayerne yet remains to be thoroughly investigated, and his connection with the King fully explained. When this has been accomplished it will then probably be found that Dr. Mayerne, the courtly pander to the vices of the great, was the instrument, and James the First, the double-faced, "serpent-tongued," King of England, the murderer!

James to Somerset, printed in Mr. Halliwell's Letters of the Kings of England, vol. ii. p. 126, is perhaps the most extraordinary epistle from a king to a subject on record. As it has been remarked, "it prepares the mind for the darker hints and threatened revelations that followed shortly afterwards."

ERRATA.

Page 1, line 14, for "Griffit" read "Griffin."
Page 54, line 1, for "swallowers" read "swallowes."

HIS

WIFE

WITH

ADDITION OF

many new ELEGIES upon his

vntimely and much lamented death.

AS ALSO

New Newes, and diuers more Characters,

(never before annexed) written by himselfe and other much learned Gentlemen.

The ninth impression augmented.

LONDON,

Printed by *Edward Griffit* for *Laurence Lisle, and are to be sold at his shop at the Tigers Head in Paules Churchyard.* 1616.

TO THE READER.

THE generall acceptance of this matchlesse Poem *the* Wife, (*written by Sir* THOMAS OVERBURIE) *is sufficiently approooved by many, the worth whereof if any other out of malice shall neglect to commend, hee may well* (*if it proceed from nice criticisme*) *bee excluded as a churlish retainer to the* Muses: *if from direct plaine dealing, hee shall bee degraded for insufficiency. For had such a* Poem *beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our easie conservations of wit by printing, they would have committed it to brasse, lest injurious time deprive it of due eternity. If to converse with a creature so amiable as is here described, be thought difficult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added* (*this ninth impression*) *many new* ELEGIES *of his untimely*

death, diverse more CHARACTERS, *and* NEWES, *written by himselfe and others his friends. How-soever, they are now exposed, not onely to the judicious, but to all that carry the least seruple of mother wit about them.*

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui——Mar.

LAU. LISLE.

ELEGIES OF SEVERALL AUTHORS,

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF SIR *THOMAS OVERBURY*,

Poysoned in the Tower.

UPON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF SIR *THOMAS OVERBURIE.*

IT WOULD ease our sorrows, 'twould release our teares,
Could we but heare those high celestiall spheres,
Once tune their motions to a dolefull straine,
In sympathy of what we mortals plaine:
Or see their faire intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke deeds, so strange,
As might force pitty from the heart of hell,
Are hatcht by monsters, which among us dwell.
The stars me thinks, like men inclinde to sleep,
Should through their chrystall casements scarcely peep,
Or at least view us but with halfe an eye,

For feare their chaster influence *might descry*
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltlesse blood,
Blending vile juices to destroy the good.
The sunne should wed his beames to endlesse night,
And in dull darknesse canopy his light,
When from the ranke stewes of adult'rous brests,
Where every base unhallowed project rests,
Is belcht, as in defiance of his shine,
A streame might make even death it selfe to pine.
But these things happen still, but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more lustre did these lamps appeare;
Mercury *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no touch of sorrow feele,
And yet he sees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whose birth his mansion with much honour fill'd.
But let me not mistake those pow'rs above,
Nor tax injuriously those courts of Jove:
Surely, they joy to see these acts reveal'd,
Which in blind silence have beene long conceal'd;
And Vertue now triumphant, whil'st we mourne
To thinke that ere she was foule Vices scorne:
Or that poore Over-buries *bloude was made*
A sacrifice to malice and darke shade.
Weston, *thy hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did sway,*
Which did his life to endlesse sleep convay.
But rest thou where thou art; Ile seeke no glory
By the relation of so sad a story.
If any more were privy to the deed,
And for the crime must be adjudg'd to bleed,
To heaven I pray, with heav'd up hands and eyes,
That as their bodies fall, their soules may rise:

And as those equally turne to one dust,
So these alike may shine among the just,
And there make up one glorious constellation,
Who suffered here in such a differing fashion.

D. T.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE GENERALLY BEWAILED GENTLEMAN, SIR *THOMAS OVERBURIE.*

BUT that w'are bound in Christian piety
To wish Gods will be done; and destiny,
(In all that haps to men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored will;
Me thinks, t' observe how Vertue drawes faint breath,
Subject to slanders, hate, and violent death,
Wise men kept low, others advanc'd to state,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
These mov'd effects, from an unmoved cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heavens fixed laws
Might casuall seem, and each irregular sense
Spurne at just order, blame Gods Providence.
  But what is man, t' expostulate th' intents
Of his high will, or judge of strange events?
The rising sun to mortall sight reveales
This earthly globe; but yet the stars conceales;
So may the sense discover naturall things;
Divine above the reach of humane wings.
  Then not the fate, but Fates bad instrument
Doe I accuse in each sad accident:

Good men must fall: rapes, incests, murders come;
But woe and curses follow them by whom:
God authors all mens actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from dev'lish lust within.
Thou then that suffer'dst by those forms so vile,
From whom those wicked instruments did file
Thy drossie part, to make thy fame shine cleare,
And shrine thy soule in heavens all-glorious sphere;
Who being good, nought lesse to thee befell,
Though it appear'd disguis'd in shape of hell;
Vanish thy bloud and nerves; true life alone
In vertue lives, and true religion,
In both which thou art deathlesse; O behold,
(If thou canst looke so low as earths base mold)
How dreadfull justice (late with lingring foot)
Now comes like whirlewind! how it shakes the root
Of lofty cedars; makes the stately brow
Bend to the foot! how all men see that now
The breath of infamy doth move their sailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loves more hearty gales
Shall still keep wing, untill thy fames extent
Fill ev'ry part of this vast continent.
Then you the *Syre* of this thus murther'd sonne,
Repine not at his fate; since he hath wonne
More honour in his sufferance: and his death
Succeeded by his vertues endlesse breath.
For him, and to his life and deaths example,
Love might erect a statue; Zeale a temple:
On his true worth the Muses might be slaine,
To die his honours web in purest graine.

C. B.

UPON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE AUTHOUR OF THIS INGENIOUS POEM, SIR *THOMAS OVERBURY* KNIGHT

Poysoned in the Tower.

SO many *moones*, so many times goe round,
And rose from *hell*, and *darknes* under ground,
And *yet till now*, *this darkned deed of hell*
Not brought to light? O tardy *Heaven!* yet tell
If *murther* laies him down to sleep with *lust*
Or no? reveale, as *thou* art *truth* and *just*,
The *secrets* of this unjust secure *act*,
And what *our feares* make us suspect, *compact*
With greater deeds of mischiefe: for alone
We thinke not *this*, and doe suspect yet *one*,
To which compar'd, *this*, but a *falling starre;*
That a bright *firmament of fire:* thy care
We see takes *meaner things:* it times the *world*,
The *signes* at random through the *zodiack* hurld,
The *stars* wild wandrings, and the glib quick *hinges*
Which turne both *poles*, and all the *violent changes*
It over-looks, which trouble th' endlesse course
Of the high firmament: *by thy blest force*
Do hory winter-frosts make forests bare,
And straight to groves againe their shades repaire;
By *thee* doth *autumns*, *lyons flaming maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeare sustaine

Her burthened powers : *O being still the same,*
Ruling so much, and under *whom* the frame
Of this vast world weigh'd, all his *orbes* doth guide,
Why are thy cares of men no more applide ?
Or if : why seem'st thou sleeping to the *good*,
And *guarding* to the *ill ?* as if the *brood*
Of best things still, must chance take in command,
And not thy *providence ;* and *her blind hand*
Thy *benefits* erroniously disburse,
Which so let fall, ne're fall but to the *worse ?*
Whence *so great crimes* commit the *greater* sort,
And boldest acts of shame blaze in the *court*,
Where *buffones* worship in their *rise* of *state*
Those filthy *scarahs*, whom they *serve* and *hate.*
Sure things meer *backward, there ; humour* disgrast,
And *vertue* laid by *fraud*, and *poison* waste :
The *adult'rer up like Haman*, and so *sainted :*
And *females modesty* (as *females)* painted,
Lost in all reall worth : what shall we say ?
Things so farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come, wherein another *Phaeton*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine*, had all misse-won
A cleane contrary way : O powerfull *God*,
Right all amisse, and set thy wonted period
Of *goodnesse*, in his place againe : *this deed*
Be *usher* to bring forth the *maske*, and *weed*
Whereunder, blacker things lie hid perhap,
And yet have hope to make a false escape.
Of *this* make knowne, why such an instrument
As *Weston, a poore serving-man*, should rent
The frame of *this sad-good-mans* life : did he

Stand with this *court-bred* learned OVERBURIE,
In strife for an *Ambassadour-ship?* no, no,
His *orbes* held no such *light:* what, did he owe
The *prophet* malice for composing *this*,
This cynosure in neat *poesis*,
How *good*, and *great* men ought, and *all*, to chuse
A *chaste*, *fit noble wife*, and the abuse
Of *strumpets* friendly shadowing in the same,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not unrak't, for which
He dy'de so falsly? *Heaven* we doe beseech
Vnlocke this secret, and bring all to view,
That law may purge the bloud, lust made untrue.

W. S.

AN ELEGIE CONSECRATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE TRULY WORTHY AND LEARNED SIR *THOMAS OVERBURY*, KNIGHT.

HAD not thy wrong like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not bin assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which do in cold bloud fight,
Had come but faintly on; for ever he
That shrines a name within an *elegie*,
(Unlesse some neerer cause doe him aspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *funerall* fire.

Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
  How powerfull is the hand of *murther* now!
Wast not enough to see his deare life bow
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his unspotted *fame?*
O base revenge! more than inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* sometimes would enact
No doome for *paricide*, supposing none
Could ever so offend) the upright *throne*
Of *Justice* salves not: leaving that intent
Without a *name*, without a *punishment.*
Yet through thy wounded *fame*, as thorow these
Glasses which multiply the *species*,
We see thy vertues more; and they become
So many *statues* sleeping on thy *tombe.*
  Wherein confinement new thou shalt endure,
But so, as when to make a pearle more pure,
We give it to a *dove*, in whose womb pent
Some time, we have it forth most orient.
  Such is thy luster now, that venom'd *spight*
With her black soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a course begins to runne
With those that curse the rising of the *sunne.*
The poyson that works upwards now, shall strive
To be thy faire *fames* true *preservative.*
And witchcraft, that can maske the *upper shine*,
With no one cloud shall blind a ray of thine.
  And as the *Hebrewes* in an obscure pit
Their *holy fire* hid, not extinguish'd it,
And after-time, that brake their bondage chaine

Found it to fire their sacrifice againe:
So lay thy *worth* some while, but being found,
The *Muses altars* plentifull crown'd
With sweet perfumes, by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy deare memory.
  Nor have we lost thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canst descend into *oblivion.*
But twice the *sun* went round since thy soule fled,
And only *that time* men shall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou still shalt have
An *antidote* against the silent grave.

W. B. Int. temp.

UPON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF SIR *THOMAS OVERBURIE.*

IF for to live be but a misery,
  If by death good men gaine eternity,
'Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life should be amended:
Yet wert to compasse his insatiate lust,
He this last friendship tendred to thee: trust
Whiles he dishonor'd and defam'd may die,
Justice and Fame, shall crowne thy memorie.

B. G. *medii Temp.*

IN OBITUM INTEMPESTIVUM ET LACHRYMABILEM ILLUSTRISSIMI EQUITIS AURATI, *THO. OVERBURI*, MAGNÆ SPEI ET EXPECTATIONIS VIRI.

HOWEVER windy mischiefe raise up high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre upon us all
A tempest of foule rumours, which descry
Thy hard mis-hap and strange disastrous fall;
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather should have rais'd thee up to stand.

Yet shalt thou here survive in pittying fame,
In thy sweet wife, in these most acute lines,
In well reputed characters of name,
And vertues tombe, which all thine honour shrines:
In spight of envy, or the proudest hate,
That thus hath set opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, sith it fals out so,
That death hath had her will; I now compâre
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a box of precious balme did dare:
With whose perfume, altho it was thus spild,
The house and commers by were better fild.

Cap. *Tho. Gainsford.*

A MEMORIALL, OFFERED TO THAT MAN OF VERTUE, SIR *THO. OVERBURY.*

ONCE dead and twice alive; Death could not frame
A death, whose sting could kill him in his fame.
He might have liv'd, had not the life which gave
Life to his life, betraid him to his grave.
If greatnesse could consist in being good,
His goodnesse did adde titles to his blood.
Onely unhappy in his lives last fate,
In that he liv'd so soone, to dye so late.
Alas, whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When innocence cannot protect the just?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruine, but his friend.
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a breath,
To guerdon poore simplicity with death:
Was never man, that felt the sense of griefe,
So Overburyed in a safe beliefe:
Beliefe? O cruell slaughter! times unbred
Will say, Who dies that is untimely dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace.
In friendship, 'twas but *Overburies* case:
Which shall not more commend his truth than prove
Their guilt, who were his opposites in love.
Rest happy man; and in thy spheare of awe
Behold how Justice swaies the sword of law

To weed out those, whose hands imbrew'd in bloud
Cropt off thy youth, and flower in the bud.
Sleep in thy peace: thus happy hast thou prov'd,
Thou might'st have di'de more knowne, not more
belov'd.

Io. Fo.

UPON SIR *THO. OVERBURIE* THE AUTHOR OF THIS INGENIOUS POEM.

HESPERIDES *(within whose gardens grow*
Apples of gold) may well thy losse deplore:
For in those gardens they could never show
A tree so faire of such a fruitfull store.
Grace was the root, and thou thy selfe the tree,
Sweet counsels were the berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the stocke,
Reason the leafe upon those branches spred,
Under thy shadow did the Muses *flocke,*
And (by thee) as a mantle covered:
But what befell, O, too much out of kind!
For thou wast blasted by a West-on wind.

R. Ca.

OF SIR *THOMAS OVERBURIE* HIS *WIFE* AND *MARRIAGE.*

WHEN I behold this wife of thine so faire,
So far remov'd from vulgar beauties (aire
Being lesse bright and pure) me thinks I see
An uncloth'd soule, by potent alchymy
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou hast made
A wife more innocent than any maide.
Evah's state, before the fall, decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertue's not more cleare.
Such an *idæa* as scarce wishes can
Arrive at, but our hopes must ne're attaine
A soule so far beyond the common make
As scorn'd corporeall joyning. For her sake
(Despairing else contract) thou too turn'st soule;
And to enjoy her faires without controule,
Cast'st off this bodies clog: so must all do,
Cast matter off, who would abstractions woo.
To flie so soone then (soule) wel hast thou done,
For in this life, such beauties are not wone.
But when I call to mind thine unripe fall,
And so sad summons to thy nuptiall,
Either, in her thy bold desires did taste
Forbidden fruit, and have this curse purchast,
Or, having this elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of creation,)

The *faces* their malignant spirits breathe
To punish thine ambitious love with death.
Or, thy much envide choyce hath made the rest
Of concrete relicts, point their aymes infest
To thy confusion. And with them seduc'd
Friendship (displeas'd to see a love produc'd
Lesse carnall than it selfe) with policy
So pure and chaste a love to nullifie.
Yet howsoe'r, their project flies in smoke,
The poyson's cordiall, which they meant should choke:
Their deeds of darknes, like the bridall night,
Have joyn'd spirituall lovers, in despight
Of false attempts: And now the wedding's done;
When in this life such faires had not bin won.

E. G.

TO THE BOOKE.

THOU *wofull widdow, once a happy wife,*
That didst enjoy so sweet a mate:
Who, now bereaved is of life,
Untimely wrought, through inward hate.
O deed most vile, to haste the end
Of him, that was so good a friend!

F. H.

ON THIS EXCELLENT POEM, *THE WIFE.*

LOE here the matchlesse patterne of a wife,
Disciphered in forme of good, and bad:
The bad commends the good, as dark doth light,
Or as a loathed bed a single life;
The good, with wisdome and discretion clad,
With modesty, and faire demeanour dight,
Whose reason doth her will to love invite.

Reason begot, and passion bred her love,
Self-will she shun'd, fitnes the marriage made;
Fitnes doth cherish love, selfe-will debate.
Loe thus, and in this monument of proofe
A perfect wife, a worke nor time can fade,
Nor loose respect betray to mortall fate.
This none can equall; best, but imitate.

R. C.

ON SIR *THOMAS OVERBURIES* POEM, *THE WIFE.*

AM glad yet ere I die, I have found occasion,
Honest and just, without the worlds perswasion,
lattery, or bribery, to commend
ɔman for her goodnesse; and God send

I may find many more: I wish them well;
They are pretty things to play with; when *Eve* fell
She tooke a care that all the women-kind
That were to follow her, should be as blind
As she was wilfull; and till this good wife,
This peece of vertues that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile mothers labour: those stand still
As marginals to point us to our ill,
Came to the worlde, as other creatures doe
That know no God but will; we learn'd to woo;
And if she were but faire, and could but kisse,
Twenty to one we could not chuse amisse;
And as we judge of trees, if straight and tall,
That may be sound, yet never till the fall
Find how the raine hath drill'd them; so till now
We only knew we must love; but not how:
But here we have example, and so rare,
That if we hold but common sense and care,
And steere by this card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly say at his nativity,
That man was seal'd a foole: yet all this good
Given as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and blood,
Some may averre, and strongly, 'twas meere ment
In way of practice, but not president;
Either will make us happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this mystery,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himselfe a partner for his life,
More than a woman, better than a wife.

I. F.

EJUSDEM IN EADEM.

AS from a man the first fraile woman came,
The first that ever made us know our shame,
And find the curse of labour; so againe,
Goodnesse and understanding found a man
To take this shame away; and from him sprung
A peece of excellence without a tongue,
Because it should not wrong us; yet the life
Makes it appeare, a woman and a wife.
And this is shee, if ever woman shall
Doe good hereafter; borne to blesse our fall.

J. F.

ON SIR *THOMAS OVERBURIES* POEM, *THE WIFE.*

WERE every beauty, every severall grace,
Which is in women, in one womans face,
Som courtly gallants might, I think, come to her,
Which would not wed her, tho' they seem'd to woo her.
Settled affections follow not the eye,
Reason and judgement must their course descry.
Pigmalions image, made of marble stone,
Was lik'd of all, belov'd of him alone:

But here's a dame growne husbandlesse of late,
Which not a man but wisheth were his mate.
So faire without, so free from spot within,
That earth seemes here to stand exempt from sin.
  Juno vouchsafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
  I may behold this widdow in my bed.

D. T.

ON THE WIFE.

BEAUTY affords contentment to the eye,
  Riches are meanes to cure a weake estate,
Honour illustrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus, men count it happy fate.
  Vertue they think doth in these emblemes shroud,
  But triall shewes the'are gulled with a cloud.

These are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, gesture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that sets a woman forth:
And in this woman, these have each a place.
  Were all wives such: this age would happy be,
  But happier that of our posteritie.

D. T.

ON THE WIFE.

WELL hast thou said, that women should be such;
And were they that, had but a third as much,
I would be marri'd too, but that I know
Not what she is, but should be, thou dost show:
So let me praise thy worke, and let my life
Be single, or thy widow be my wife.

X. Z.

ON THE WIFE.

THIS perfect creature, to the easterne use
Liv'd, whilst a wife retir'd from common show:
Not that her lover fear'd the least abuse,
But with the wisest knew it fitter so:
Since, falne a widow, and a zealous one,
She would have sacrifiz'de her selfe agen,
But importun'd to life, is now alone
Lov'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wise single men.
Which, to th' adulterous rest, that dare begin
Their us'd temptations, were a mortall sin.

TO THE WIFE.

EXPOS'D to all thou wilt lesse worthy seeme,
I feare: wives common, all men disesteeme,

Yet some things have a diffring fate: some fret.
We doubt in wares which are in corners set:
Hid medals rust, which being us'd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou though more common, than maist seem more
good,
I only wish thou maist be understood.

G. R.

TO THE CLEANE CONTRARY WIFE.

LOOK here: and chide those spirits which maintaine
Their empire, with a strong command in you,
That all good eyes, which do your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them must once sustaine:
O from those evils, which free soules disdaine
To be acquainted with, and but pursue
Worst minds from them (as hatefull as untrue.)
By reading this, for Fames faire sake refraine:
Who would let feed upon her birth, the brood
Of lightnesse, indiscretion, and the shame
Of foule incontinence, when the base blood
Is carelesse onely of an honour'd name?
Be all that gentle are, more high improv'd,
For loose dames are but flatter'd, never lov'd.

W. STRA.

OF THE CHOYCE OF A WIFE.

IF I were to chuse a woman,
As who knowes but I may marry?
I would trust the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miscarry:
For in way of love and glory,
Each tongue best tells his owne story.

First, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would have her childe to such,
Whose free vertuous lives are older
Then antiquity can touch:
For 'tis seldome seene, that bloud
Gives a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient stock may bring
Branches, I confesse, of worth,
Like rich mantles shadowing
Those descents that brought them forth;
Yet such hills, though gilded show,
Soonest feele the age of snow.

Therefore to prevent such care
That repentance soone may bring,
Like marchants, I would choose my ware,
Use-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for state or face,
Buys a horse, to lose a race.

Yet I would have her faire as any,
But her owne not kist away ·
I would have her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
  But descending to the sea,
  Make her set with none but me.

If she be not tall, 'tis better;
For that word, A goodly woman,
Prints it selfe in such a letter,
That it leaves unstudied no man:
  I would have my mistris grow
  Onely tall, to answer No.

Yet I would not have her lose
So much breeding, as to fling
Unbecomming scorne on those
That must worship every thing.
  Let her feare loose lookes to scatter:
  And loose men will feare to flatter.

Children I would have her beare,
More for love of name than bed:
So each child I have is heyre
To another mayden-head;
  For she that in the act's afraid,
  Every night's another maid.

Such a one, as when shee's woo'd,
Blushes not for ill thoughts past;
But so innocently good,
That her dreams are ever chast;
  For that maid that thinks a sin
  Has betraid the fort shee's in.

In my visitation still,
I would have her scatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After protestations teares:
  And who vowes a constant life,
  Crownes a meritorious wife.

When the priest first gives our hands,
I would have her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heaven, like twins, hath planted us,
  That like Aarons *rod, together*
  Both may bud; grow greene, and wither.

AN *ELEGIE* IN PRAISE OF SIR *THOMAS OVERBURIE*, AND HIS *POEM*.

'TIS dangerous to be *good:* well may we praise
  Honesty, or *innocence;* but who can raise
A pow'r, that shall secur't gainst wrongs to come,
When such a *saint* hath suffer'd *martyrdome?*
  Injurious hands, which 'cause they could not get
  The *gemme*, would therefore spoile the *cabinet.*
But though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heaven*, her proper and securer home:
Where 'mongst a quire of *saints*, and *cherubins*,
Of *angels*, *thrones*, and *seraphins*, she sings
Those sacred *Haleluiahs:* heaven may boast
T'have got that angel there which we have lost:

But we shall still complaine, for to us *here*,
A *saint* is more losse than a *throne* is *there*.
That *firmament* of holy *fires* which we
Enjoy'd, whilst thou wert, by enjoying thee,
Lyes now rak't up in *ashes*, as the light
Of day, the sunne once gon, is drownd in night.
But as the *moone*, sometime, the *sunne* being set,
Appeares, and we a new (though lesse) light get;
So though our greatest *lampe* of vertue be,
By cruell fate *extinguished*, in thee,
Yet to adde some fresh *oyle* t'our *snuffe* of life,
Thou hast behind thee, left a matchlesse *wife:*
Who hath (since that sad time her husband di'd)
Beene woo'd by many, for a second bride:
But like a chaste religious widow, she
Having lost her first mate, scornes *bigamie*.

P. B. *medii Temp.*

A *STATUE* ERECTED IN MEMORY OF SIR *THOMAS OVERBURIE* HIS *WIFE*.

VPON a *marble* fram'd by th' cunningst hand,
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a most lovely *virgin* let her stand,
And on her head a crowne of purest gold.
First, let religion in her heart have place, (spring,
As th' ground and fountaine whence all vertues
So that each thought being sanctified by grace:
The punishment t' escape, that's due to sinne.

Let *beauty* (joyn'd with modesty) appeare
Loves object in her face; and chastity
In her faire *eyes*, brighter than chrystall cleare,
Wherein life moves, affections led *thereby*.
In her hands *charity*, and at the right
The holy angels let protecting be:
And at the left Gods mercies shining bright,
Distributing to each necessity.
Let th' earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heavens their influence, and by the same
Unto the blind their sight let her restore;
Strengthning the weak, and raising up the lame.
Under her feet the devill and darknesse set,
Let pride fast bound in chaines behind her lye,
Base self-love, not appeare in place, and let
Foule-lust, and *envy* from her presence flie.
And on her *brest*, in golden letters write—
Heavens best belov'd, earths chiefest delight.

Hee that (in's choice) would meet with such a wife,
Must vow virginity, and single life.

ON SIR *THOMAS OVERBURY* AND HIS *WIFE.*

ALL right, all wrong befals me through a wife,
A bad one gave me death, a good one life.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF SIR *THOMAS OVERBURY*, KNIGHT.

Poysoned in the Tower.

HADST thou like other sirs and knights of worth,
Sickned and dide, bin stretcht-out, and laid-forth,
After thy farewell sermon, taken earth,
And left no deed to praise thee, but thy birth,
Then Overbury, *by a passe of theirs,*
Thou might'st have tyded hence in two houres teares,
Then had we worne the sprigs of memory
No longer than thy friends did rosemary;
Or than the doale was eating for thy sake,
And thou hadst sunke in thine owne wine and cake:
But since it was so ordered and thought fit
By some who knew thy truth, and fear'd thy wit,
Thou shouldst be poison'd; death hath done thee grace,
Ranckt thee above the region of thy place,
For none heares poyson nam'd, but makes reply
What prince was that? what states-man so did die?
In this thou hast out-dyde an elegy,
Which were too narrow for posterity,
And thy strong poyson which did seeme to kill,
Working afresh in some historians quill,
Shall now preserve thee longer ere thou rot,
Than could a poem mixt with antidot;
Nor need'st thou trust a herauld with thy name,
That art the voyce of justice and of fame;

Whilst sinne (detesting her owne conscience) strives
To pay the use and interest of lives.
Enough of ryme, and might it please the law,
Enough of bloud; for naming lives I saw,
He that writes more of thee, must write of more,
Which I affect not, but referre men ore
To Tyburne, by whose art they may define
What life of man is worth in valewing thine.

ON SIR *THOMAS OVERBURY.*

THOUGH dumb, deaf, dead, I cry, I heare, I kill:
Thus growne a politician 'gainst my will.

J. M.

FINIS.

THE METHOD.

First, of Mariage, and the effect thereof; Children. Then of his contrary, Lust; *then for his choyce, first, his opinion negatively, what should not be: the First, causes in it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmative, what should be, of which kind there are foure:* Goodnesse, Knowledge, Discretion, *and as a second thing,* Beauty. *The first only is absolutely good: the other being built upon the first, doe likewise become so. Then the application of that woman by love to himselfe, which makes her a Wife. And lastly, the only condition of a Wife,* Fitnesse.

A WIFE.

EACH woman is a *briefe* of womankind,
And doth in little even as much containe,
As, in one day and night, all life we finde,
Of either, more, is but the same againe:
God fram'd her so, that to her *husband* she,
As *Eve,* should all the *world of woman be.*

So fram'd he *both,* that *neither* power he gave
Use of themselves, but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their face, the *faire* no pleasure have,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our lips in their owne kisse no pleasure finde:
Toward their proper face, our eies are blinde.

So God in *Eve* did *perfect* man, *begun;*
Till then, in vaine much of himselfe he had:
In *Adam*, God created only *one*,
Eve, and the *world to come*, in *Eve* he made.
We are *two halfes:* whiles each from other straies,
Both barren are; *joind, both* their *like* can raise.

At first, both *sexes* were in *man* combinde,
Man a *she-man* did in his body breed;
Adam was *Eves*, *Eve* mother of mankinde,
Eve from *live-flesh*, man did from *dust* proceed.
One, thus made *two*, *mariage* doth re-unite,
And makes them both but one *hermaphrodite.*

Man did but the *well-being* of this life
From *woman* take; her *being* she from *man:*
And therefore *Eve* created was a wife,
And at the end of all her *sex*, began:
Mariage their object is; their *being* then,
And now *perfection*, they receive from *men.*

Mariage; to all whose joyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being parted so,
Wherein the very *act* is chastity,
Whereby *two soules* into one *body* go.
Which makes *two, one;* while here they living be,
And after death in their *posterity.*

God to *each man a private woman* gave,
That in that *center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort* like himselfe might have,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint.*
  Double is womans *use,* part of their end
  Doth on *this age,* part on the next depend.

We fill but *part* of *time,* and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *fresh supply* have lent.
Children are bodies sole *eternity;*
Nature is *Gods, art* is *mans* instrument.
  Now all *mans art* but only dead things makes,
  But herein *man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *lust;* I know 'tis infinite,
It still begins, and addes not more to more:
The *guilt* is everlasting, the *delight,*
This instant doth not feele, of *that* before.
  The *taste* of it is only in the *sense,*
  The *operation* in the *conscience.*

Woman is not *lusts bounds,* but *woman-kinde;*
One is *loves number:* who from that doth fall,
Hath lost his hold, and no *new rest* shall find;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all.
  A *wife* is that *enough; lust* cannot find;
  For *lust* is still with *want,* or *too much, pin'd.*

Bate *lust* the sin, my share is ev'n with his,
For, *not to lust*, and to *enjoy*, is one:
And more or lesse past, *equall* nothing is;
I still have *one*, lust *one at once*, alone:
  And though the woman often changed be,
  Yet he's the same without variety.

Mariage our *lust* (as 'twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the same*, allay,
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie desire*.
My selfe I cannot chuse, *my wife* I may:
  And in the choise of *her*, it much doth lye,
  To mend my selfe in my posterity.

Or rather let me *love*, then *be in love;*
So let me chuse, as *wife* and *friend* to find,
Let me forget her *sex*, when I *approve:*
Beasts likenesse lies in *shape*, but *ours* in *mind:*
  Our *soules no sexes* have, their love is cleane,
  No *sex*, both in the *better part* are *men*.

But physicke for our *lust* their bodies be,
But matter fit to shew our love upon:
But onely *shells* for our *posterity*,
Their soules were giv'n lest men should be alone:
  For, but the *soules interpreters, words be*,
  Without which, *bodies* are no company.

That *goodly frame* we see of flesh and blood,
Their *fashion* is, not *weight;* it is I say
But their *lay-part;* but well digested food;
Tis but 'twixt *dust, and dust, lifes middle way:*
The worth of it is nothing that is *seen,*
But only that it holds a *soule* within.

And all the carnall *beauty* of my wife,
Is but skin-deep, but to *two senses* known;
Short even of pictures, shorter liv'd then life,
And yet the *love* survives, that's built thereon:
For our *imagination* is too high,
For *bodies* when they meet, to satisfie.

All shapes, all colours, are *alike* in *night,*
Nor doth our *touch* distinguish *foule or faire;*
But mans *imagination,* and his *sight,*
And those, but the first weeke; by custome are
Both made alike, which differed at first *view,*
Nor can that difference *absence* much renew.

Nor can that *beauty,* lying in the *face,*
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enjoy'd by us, in an *inferiour place.*
Nor can that *beauty* by *enjoying we*
Make *ours become;* so *our desire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the same.

Birth, lesse then *beauty*, shall my reason blinde,
Her *birth* goes to my *children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *active gentry* finde,
Vertue, then *passive* from her ancestry;
  Rather in *her alive* one vertue see,
  Then all the rest dead in her *pedigree*.

In the degrees, high rather, be she plac't,
Of *nature*, then of *art*, and *policy*:
Gentry is but a *relique* of time past:
And love doth only but the *present* see; [*same*
  Things were first made, then *words*: she were the
  With, or *without*, *that title* or that name.

As for (the oddes of sexes) *portion*,
Nor will I shun it, nor my aime it make;
Birth, *beauty*, *wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All these I would for *good additions* take,
  Not for *good parts*, those *two* are ill combin'd,
  Whom, any *third* thing from *themselves* hath join'd.

Rather then these the object of my *love*,
Let it be *good*; when these with vertue go,
They (in themselves *indifferent*) vertues prove,
For *good* (like fire) turnes all things to be so.
  Gods image in her *soule*, O let me place
  My *love* upon! not *Adams* in her *face*.

Good, is a fairer attribute then *white*,
'Tis the *minds beauty* keeps the *other* sweete;
That's not still one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glasse, nor painting can it counterfeit;
  Nor doth it raise desires, which ever tend
  At once, to their perfection and their end.

By *good* I would have *holy* understood,
So *God* she cannot love, but also *me*,
The law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
Religion even the *thoughts* doth sanctifie:
  As she is *more* a *maid* that ravisht is,
  Then she which only doth but *wish amisse*.

Lust onely by *religion* is withstood,
Lusts object is alive, his strength within;
Morality resists but in *cold blood;*
Respect of *credit* feareth *shame*, not *sin*.
  But no place *darke enough* for such offence
  She findes, that's *watch't*, by her own *conscience*.

Then may I trust her *body* with her *mind*,
And, thereupon secure, need never know
The pangs of *jealousie:* and *love* doth find
More paine to *doubt* her false, then know her so:
  For *patience* is, of evils that are knowne,
  The certaine remedie; but *doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* stirr'd, 'twill never die:
Nor will the griefe more mild by custome prove,
Nor yet *amendment* can it satisfie,
The *anguish* more or lesse, is *as our love;*
  This misery doth *jealousie* ensue,
  That we may prove her *false,* but cannot *true.*

Suspicious may the will of *lust* restraine,
But *good* prevents from having such a *will;*
A *wife* that's *good,* doth *chaste and more* containe,
For *chaste* is but an *abstinence* from ill:
  And in a *wife* that's *bad,* although the *best*
  Of qualities; yet in a *good* the least.

To barre the meanes is *care,* not *jealousie:*
Some *lawfull* things to be avoyded are,
When they *occasion* of *unlawfull* be:
Lust ere it hurts, is best descry'd afarre:
  Lust is a sinne *of two;* he that is sure
  Of *either* part, may be of *both* secure.

Give me next *good,* an *understanding wife,*
By nature *wise,* not *learned* by much art,
Some *knowledge* on her side, will all my life
More scope of conversation impart:
  Besides, her inborne vertue fortifie.
  They are most firmly good, that best know why.

A *passive understanding* to conceive,
And judgement to discerne, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and *pregnant wit* in woman-kinde,
  What it findes malleable, makes fraile,
  And doth not adde more *ballast*, but more saile.

Domesticke charge doth best that *sex* befit,
Contiguous businesse; so to fixe the mind,
That *leisure* space for *fancies* not admit:
Their *leysure* 'tis corrupteth *woman-kind:*
  Else, being plac'd from many vices free,
  They had to heav'n a shorter cut then we.

Bookes are a part of mans prerogative,
In formall inke they *thoughts* and *voyces* hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make *time-present* travell that of *old.*
  Our life, *fame* peeceth longer at the end,
  And *bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

As *good*, and *knowing*, let her be *discreete*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *fashion* bring;
Discretion doth consider what is *fit*,
Goodnesse but what is *lawfull;* but the *thing*,
  Not *circumstances; learning* is and *wit*,
  In men, but *curious folly without it.*

To keepe their name, when 'tis in others hands,
Discretion askes; their *credit* is by farre
More *fraile* than *they:* on likelihoods it stands,
And hard to be disprov'd, *lusts slanders* are.
  Their *carriage*, not their *chastity* alone,
  Must keepe their *name* chaste from *suspition.*

Womans *behaviour* is a surer barre
Then is their *no: that* fairely doth *deny*
Without *denying; thereby* kept they are
Safe ev'n from *hope;* in part to blame is she,
  Which hath *without consent* bin only tride;
  He comes *too neere*, that comes to be *denide.*

Now since a *woman* we to *marry* are,
A *soule* and *body*, not a *soule* alone,
When one is *good*, then be the other *faire;*
Beauty is *health* and *beauty*, both in one;
  Be she so faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
  So faire, as she most *woman* else containe.

So faire at least let me imagine her;
That thought to *me*, is *truth: opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eyes shall I see her but *mine owne.*
  And as my *fancy her* conceives to be,
  Even such my senses both, doe *feele* and *see.*

The *face* we may the seat of *beauty* call,
In it the relish of the rest doth lye,
Nay ev'n a figure of the *mind* withall:
And of the *face*, the *life* moves in the *eye;*
No things else, being *two*, so like we see,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *decent shape*, and *colours* lies.
Colours the *matter* are, and *shape* the *soule;*
The *soule*, which from no single part doth rise,
But from the just proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *spirituall harmony*,
Of every part united in the *eye*.

Love is a kind of *superstition*,
Which feares the idoll which it self hath fram'd:
Lust a desire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the object is inflam'd:
Beauty is loves *object; woman* lust's to gaine
Love, love desires; *lust* onely to *obtaine*.

No circumstance doth *beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *fashion*, native *comelinesse*.
Nay ev'n gets pardon for *deformity*;
Art cannot ought beget, but may increase;
When *nature* had fixt *beauty*, perfect made,
Something she left for *motion* to adde.

But let that *fashion* more to *modesty*
Tend, then *assurance: modesty* doth set
The face in her just place, from *passions* free,
'Tis both the *mindes,* and *bodies beauty met;*
  But *modesty* no vertue can we see;
  That is the faces onely *chastity.*

Where *goodnesse* failes, 'twixt ill and ill *that* stands:
Whence 'tis, that *women* though they weaker be,
And their desire more strong, yet on their hands
The *chastity* of *men* doth often lye:
  Lust would more common be then any one,
  Could it, as other sins, be done *alone.*

All these *good parts* a *perfect woman* make:
Adde *love to me,* they make a *perfect wife:*
Without her *love,* her *beauty* should I take,
As that of *pictures;* dead; *that* gives it life:
  Till then her *beauty* like the sun doth shine
  Alike to all; *that* makes it, only *mine.*

And of that *love,* let *reason father* be,
And *passion mother;* let it from the one
His *being* take, the other his *degree;*
Selfe-love (which second loves are built upon)
  Will make *me* (if not *her*) her love respect;
  No man but favours his owne worths effect.

As *good* and *wise;* so be she *fit* for me,
That is, to *will,* and *not to will,* the same:
My *wife* is my *adopted selfe,* and she
As me, so what I love, to love must frame:
For when by mariage both in one concurre,
Woman converts to man, not man to her.

FINIS.

THE AUTHOURS EPITAPH.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELFE.

THE span of my daies measur'd, here I rest,
That is, my body; but my soule, his guest,
Is hence ascended: whither, neither time,
Nor faith, nor hope, but only love can clime;
Where being now enlightned, she doth know
The truth of all men argue of below:
Onely this dust doth here in pawne remaine,
That, when the world dissolves, she come again.

CHARACTERS.

OR, WITTY DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PROPERTIES OF SUNDRY PERSONS.

A Good Woman.

A GOOD woman is a comfort, like a man. She lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetnesse of disposition, which meets his stoutnesse more pleasingly; so wooll meets iron easier than iron; and turnes resisting into embracing. Her greatest learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *sex*, or on men, without casting the difference. *Dishonesty* never comes neerer than her eares, and then wonder stops it out, and saves vertue the labour. She leaves the neat youth, telling his *lushious* tales, and puts back the *serving-mans* putting forward, with a frown: yet her kindnes is free enough to be seen, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it,

into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behaviour at a certaine, but makes it to her occasion. Shee hath so much knowledge as to love it; and if she have it not at home, she will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent she dares chide her *sex*, though she use it never the worse. She is much within, and frames outward things to her mind, not her mind to them. Shee weares good clothes, but never better; for shee finds no degree beyond *decencie*. Shee hath a content of her owne, and so seekes not an husband, but finds him. She is indeed most, but not much of description, for she is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now she is given fresh and alive to a husband, and she doth nothing more than love him, for she takes him to that purpose. So his good becomes the businesse of her actions, and she doth her selfe kindnesse upon him. After his, her chiefest vertue is a good husband. For *shee is hee*.

A Very Woman.

A *VERY woman*, is a dow-bakt man, or a *she* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes short, *strength* and *understanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *modesty*, that keepes a man from climbing over into her faults.

Shee simpers as if shee had no teeth but lips: and she divides her eyes, and keepes halfe for her selfe, and gives the other to her neat *youth*. Being set downe, she casts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, and is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirst, and it is a part of their mystery not to professe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in private, and stretcheth her upon meat. She is *marriageable* and *foureteene* at once; and after she doth not live, but tarry. She reads over her face every morning, and sometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks she is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and she loves her glasse, and the Knight of the Sun for lying. Shee is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and devices, like the signe of a taverne, to draw *strangers*. If shee shew more, she prevents desire, and by too free giving, leaves no *gift*. Shee may escape from the serving-man, but not from the chamber-maid. She commits with her eares for certaine: after that she may goe for a maid, but she hath beene lyen with in her understanding. Her *philosophy*, is a seeming neglect of those, that bee too good for her. She's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion for wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is still too big for it; yet her *vanity* seldome matcheth her, with one of her own degree, for then shee will beget

another creature a begger; and commonly, if shee marry better she marries worse. She gets much by the simplicity of her sutor, and for a jest, laughs at him without one. Thus she dresses a husband for her selfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the land adjoyning, ye may see it; in a serving-mans fresh *napery*, and his leg steps into an unknowne stocking. I need not speake of his *garters*, the tassell shewes it selfe. If she love, she loves not the man, but the beast of him. She is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans walking consumption: every caudle shee gives him, is a purge. Her chiefe commendation is, she brings a man to repentance.

Her Next Part.

HER lightnesse gets her to swim at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carving;* her neighbors at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose she quencheth her thirst. She travels to and among, and so becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the folly in the country comes in cleane linnen to visit her: she breaks to them her griefe in suger cakes, and receives from their mouths in exchange, many stories that conclude to no purpose. Her eldest son is like her howsoever, and that dis-

praiseth him best: her utmost drift is to turne him foole, which commonly she obtaines at the yeares of discretion. She takes a journey sometimes to her neeces house, but never thinkes beyond *London.* Her *devotion* is good clothes, they carry her to church, expresse their stuffe and fashion, and are silent; if shee bee more devout, shee lifts up a certain number of eyes, in stead of prayers, and takes the sermon, and measures out a nap by it, just as long. She sends religion afore to *sixty*, where she never overtakes it, or drives it before her againe: her most necessary instruments are a *waiting gentle-woman*, and a *chamber-maid;* she weares her gentle-woman still, but most often leaves the other in her chamber window. She hath a little *kennel* in her lap, and she smels the sweeter for it. The utmost reach of her *providence*, is the fatnesse of a capon, and her greatest envy, is the next gentlewomans better gown. Her most commendable skill, is to make her husbands fustian beare her velvet. This she doth many times over, and then is delivered to old age, and a chaire, where every body leaves her.

A Dissembler

IS an essence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appeares. Unto the eye he is pleasing, unto the eare not harsh, but unto the understanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, and his intents give him forme: he dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colors, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the present disposition. He wins not by battery, but undermining, and his racke is smoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his observation. He knowes passion only by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humours of men weaves a net for occasion: the inquisitor must looke thorow his judgement, for to the eye only he is not visible.

A Courtier

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to most men the finest: all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses; but his surest marke is, that he is to

be found only about princes. He smels; and putteth away much of his judgement about the situation of his clothes. Hee knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *marigold*, openeth with the *sun*, and therfore he riseth not before ten of the clock. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. *Occasion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receit of making love. He followes nothing but inconstancie, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loves nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is newes, and his censure like a shot depends upon the charging. He is not, if he be out of court, but fish-like breaths destruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but he mooves by the upper *spheares*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in *Pauls*, with a picke tooth in his hat, a capecloak, and a long stocking.

A Golden Asse

IS a young thing, whose father went to the divell; he is followed like a salt bitch, and limb'd by him that gets up first; his disposition is cut, and knaves rent him like tenter-hooks; hee is as blind as his mother, and

swallowers flatterers for friends. He is high in his owne imagination, but that imagination is as a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally. When hee goes, hee looks who looks: if hee finds not good store of vailers, he comes home stiffe and seer, untill he be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Wheresoever he eates he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his own is exceeding sensible, because it is sensuall; but he cannot exchange a peece of reason, though he can a peece of gold. Hee is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beauty, and more then his beauty; they are his discretion, his countenance, his all. He is now at an end, for he hath had the wolf of vaine-glory, which he fed, untill himselfe became the food.

A Flatterer

IS *the shadow of a foole.* He is a good wood-man, for he singleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is ever of the colour of his patient; and for his sake hee will halt or weare a wrie necke. Hee dispraiseth nothing but poverty, and small drink, and praiseth his grace of making water. He selleth himselfe, with reckoning his great friends, and teacheth the present, how to win his praises by reciting the other gifts: he is

ready for all imployments, but especially before dinner, for his courage and his stomack goe together. Hee will play any upon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counseller, he will serve as a foole. He frequents the court of wards and ordinaries, and fits these guests of *togæ virilis*, with wives or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance and debt-books. In a word, hee is the impression of the last term, and will bee so, untill the comming of a new term or termer.

An ignorant Glory-hunter

IS an *insectum animal;* for he is the maggot of opinion, his behaviour is another thing from himselfe, and is glewed, and but set on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their own words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of those things, where ignorance is the lesser shame. Hee gets the names of good wits, and utters them for his companions. He confesseth vices that he is guiltlesse of, if they be in fashion; and dares not salute a man in old clothes, or out of fashion. There is not a publike assembly without him, and he will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any shew he will be one, though he be but a whiffler, or a torch-bearer; and

beares downe strangers with the story of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all customes, with entituling their beginnings from princes, great souldiers, and strange nations. He dares speake more then he understands, and adventures his words without the releefe of any seconds. He relates battels, and skirmishes, as from an eye-witnesse, when his eyes theevishly beguiled a ballad of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, he will not let himselfe understand himselfe, but hopes fame and opinion will be the readers of his riddles.

A Timist

IS *a noune adjective of the present tense.* He hath no more of a conscience then feare, and his religion is not his but the princes. He reverenceth a courtiers servants servant. Is first his own slave, and then whosoever looketh big; when he gives hee curseth, and when hee sels he worships. He reads the statutes in his chamber, and weares the Bible in the streetes: he never praiseth any but before themselves or friends: and mislikes no great man's actions during his life. His new-yeares gifts are ready at *Alhalomas*, and the sute hee meant to meditate before them. He

pleaseth the children of great men, and promiseth to adopt them; and his courtesie extends it selfe even to the stable. He straines to talke wisely, and his modesty would serve a bride. He is gravity from the head to the foot; but not from the head to the heart: you may find what place he affecteth, for he creeps as neere it as may be, and as passionately courts it; if at any time his hopes are affected, he swelleth with them; and they burst out too good for the vessell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of *fortune*, and studies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amorist

IS a man blasted or planet-strooken, and is the dogge that leads blind *Cupid;* when he is at the best, his fashion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is never without verses and musk comfects, and sighs to the hazzard of his buttons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the livery of his mistris complexion, or to keep *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with passion, and loseth much of his bloud by his weapon; dreames, thence his palenesse. His armes are carelesly used, as if their best use was nothing but embracements. He is untrust, unbutton'd and ungartered, not out of carelesnesse, but care; his far-

thest end being but going to bed. Some times he wraps his petition in neatnesse, but he goeth not alone; for then he makes some other quality moralize his affection, and his trimnesse is the grace of that grace. Her favour lifts him up, as the sun moisture; when she disfavours, unable to hold that happinesse, it falles downe in teares; his fingers are his orators, and hee expresseth much of himselfe upon some instrument. He answers not, or not to the purpose; and no marvell, for he is not at home. Hee scotcheth time with dancing with his mistris, taking up of her glove, and wearing her feather; he is confin'd to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pyde-coat of red and white: shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glasse of lust, and himselfe the traitor to his owne discretion.

An Affectate Traveller

IS a speaking fashion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath seen more then he hath perceived. His attire speakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cries, *Behold me*. He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speakes his own language with shame and lisping: he will choake, rather than confesse *beere* good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine

part of his behaviour. He chuseth rather to be counted a *spie*, then not a *politician:* and maintaines his reputation by naming great men familiarly. Hee chuseth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men singly: his discourse sounds big, but meanes nothing: and his boy is bound to admire him howsoever. He comes still from great personages, but goes with mean. Hee takes occasion to shew jewels given him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martines:* and not long after having with a *mountbanks* method, pronounced them worth thousands, impawneth them for a few shillings. Upon festivall dayes he goes to court, and salutes without resaluting: at night in an ordinary he canvasseth the businesse in hand, and seems as conversant with all intents and plots as if hee begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, first to tell them the ends of all matters of consequence, and then to borrow money of them; he offereth courtesies, to shew them, rather then himselfe, humble. He disdaines all things above his reach, and preferreth all countries before his owne. He imputeth his want and poverty to the ignorance of the time, not his owne unworthinesse: and concludes his discourse with halfe a period, or a word, and leaves the rest to imagination. In a word, his religion is fashion, and both body and soule are governed by fame: he loves most voyces above truth.

A Wise man

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reasonable creature. His disposition alters, he alters not. He hides himselfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be governed by them. He lookes according to nature, so goes his behaviour. His mind enjoyes a continuall smoothnesse; so commeth it, that his consideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends, and to them hee is the mirrour of their actions; by this meanes, his peace commeth not from fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize, but keep his own, and beates off their ill affected humours, no otherwise than if they were flyes. He chuseth not friends by the subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicates, but temperance: and his mind, by giving it preheminence over his body. He understands things, not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse but to provoke him higher. Hee is not subject to casualities; for fortune hath nothing to doe with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but he hath divided his soule from the case of his soule, whose weaknes he assists no otherwise then

commiseratively, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will bee thus: and lives subject neither to time nor his frailties, the servant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit

HATH surveied and fortified his disposition, and converts all occurrents into experience, between which experience and his reason, there is mariage; the issue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and seeth the end before he shoot. Men are the instruments of his art, and there is no man without his use: occasion incites him, none enticeth him: and he mooves by affection, not for affection; he loves glory, scornes shame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one consideration. He cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them; and his eye mounted upon his understanding, seeth them as things underneath. He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend its own imbecility, to shew or suffer. He licenceth not his weaknesse, to weare fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of nature, he is the steeresman of his owne destiny. Truth

is the goddesse, and he takes paines to get her, not to looke like her. Hee knowes the condition of the world, that he must act one thing like another, and then another. To these he carries his desires, and not his desires him, and stickes not fast by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of all things, to have but one center or period, without all distraction, he hasteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not comtemne fortune, but not confesse her. He is no gamester of the world (which onely complaine and praise her) but being only sensible of the honesty of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement or scum. Unto the society of men he is a *sun*, whose clearenesse directs their steps in a regular motion: when he is more particular, he is the wise mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feeles age more by the strength of his soule, then the weaknes of his body; thus feeles he no paine, but esteemes all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and helpe him out of prison.

An Olde man

IS a thing that hath been a man in his daies. Old men are to be known blindfolded: for their talke is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their own times as vehemently, as if they would sell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old customes, even to the eating of red herring, and going wetshod. They call the thumbe under the girdle, gravitie; and because they can hardly smell at all, their posies are under their girdles. They count it an ornament of speech, to close the period with a cough; and it is venerable (they say) to spend time in wiping their driveled beards. Their discourse is unanswerable, by reason of their obstinacy: their speech is much, though little to the purpose. Truths and lyes passe with an equall affirmation: for their memories severall is wonne into one receptacle, and so they come out with one sense. They teach their servants their duties with as much scorne and tyranny, as some people teach their dogs to fetch. Their envy is one of their diseases. They put off and on their clothes, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore custome should. They take a pride in halting and going stiffely, and therefore their staves

are carved and tipped: they trust their attire with much of their gravity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in summer. Their hats are brushed, to draw mens eyes off from their faces; but of all, their *pomanders* are worne to most purpose, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a smell to defend, or a dog to excuse.

A Country Gentleman

IS a thing, out of whose corruption the generation of a justice of peace is produced. He speakes statutes and husbandry well enough, to make his neighbors thinke him a wise man; he is well skilled in *arithmetick* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to save his twopence. His conversation amongst his tenants is desperate; but amongst his equals full of doubt. His travell is seldome farther then the next market towne, and his inquisition is about the price of corne: when he travelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a cousins house of his to save charges; and rewards the servants by taking them by the hand when hee departs. Nothing under a *sub pœna* can draw him to *London:* and when he is there, he sticks fast upon every object, casts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes the prey of every cutpurse. When he comes home, those wonders serve him for his holy-day

talke. If he goe to Court, it is in yellow stockings; and if it be in winter, in a slight tafety cloake, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the usher for his comming into the presence, where he becomes troublesome with the ill managing of his rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one fashion, and the hangers of another. By this time he hath learned to kisse his hand, and make a legge both together, and the names of Lords and Councellors; hee hath thus much toward entertainment and courtesie, but of the last he makes more use; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, he conjures his poore countrimen. But this is not his element, he must home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine Gentleman

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whose bark is more worth then his body. He hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He alloweth of no judge, but the eye; painting, boulstering, and bombasting are his *orators:* by these also he proves his industry: for hee hath purchased legs, haire, beauty, and straightnesse, more than nature left him. He unlockes maiden-heads with his language, and speaks *Euphues*, not so gracefully as heartily. His discourse

makes not his behaviour, but hee buyes it at Court, as countreymen their clothes in Birchin-lane. He is somewhat like the *Salamander*, and lives in the flame of love, which paines he expresseth comically: and nothing grieves him so much, as the want of a poet to make an issue in his love; yet he sighes sweetly, and speakes lamentably: for his breath is perfumed, and his words are wind. He is best in season at Christmas; for the boares head and reveller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality: and lest fidlers should take him unprovided, hee weares pumps in his pocket: and lest he should take fidlers unprovided, he whistles his owne galliard. He is a calender of ten yeares, and mariage rusts him. Afterwards he maintaines himselfe an implement of houshold, by carving and ushering. For all this, he is judiciall only in taylors and barbers, but his opinion is ever ready, and ever idle. If you will know more of his acts, the brokers shop is the witnesse of his valour, where lyes wounded, dead, rent, and out of fashion, many a spruce sute, overthrown by his fantasticknesse.

An Elder Brother

IS a creature borne to the best advantage of things without him; that hath the start at the beginning, but loiters it away before the ending. He lookes like his land, as heavily and durtily, as stubbornly. He dares do any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his fathers life, and minority. The first thing he makes known, is his estate; and the load-stone that drawes him is the upper end of the table. He wooeth by a particular, and his strongest argument is the jointure. His observation is all about the fashion, and hee commends partlets for a rare device. He speakes no language, but smels of dogs, or hawks; and his ambition flies justice-height. He loves to be commended; and he will goe into the kitchin, but heele have it. He loves glorie; but is so lazy, as he is content with flattery. He speakes most of the precedency of age, and protests fortune the greatest vertue. He summoneth the old servants, and tels what strange acts he will doe when he raignes. He verily beleeves house-keepers the best commonwealths men; and therefore studies baking, brewing, greasing, and such as the limbes of goodnesse. He judgeth it no small signe of wisdome to talke much; his tongue therefore goes continually his errand,

but never speeds. If his understanding were not honester then his will, no man should keepe good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to sell all he can to opinion. His pedegree and his fathers seale-ring, are the stilts of his crazed disposition. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, then not to be the best man. His insinuation is the inviting of men to his house; and he thinks it a great modesty to comprehend his cheere under a peece of mutton and a rabbet; if he by this time bee not knowne, he will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to have himselfe concealed, then his land; yet he is (as you see) good for nothing, except to make a stallion to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochio Welshman

AS the oyster that the pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the mind in *potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldnesse. His clothes are in fashion before his body: and hee accounts boldnesse the chiefest vertue; above all men hee loves an herrald, and speaks pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well descended, that call him not cousin; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine worthies. The first note of his familiarity is

the confession of his valour; and so he prevents quarels. He voucheth Welch, a pure and unconquered language, and courts ladies with the story of their chronicle. To conclude, he is precious in his owne conceit, and upon S. *Davies* day without comparison.

A Pedant.

HEE treades in a rule, and one hand scannes verses, and the other holds his scepter. Hee dares not thinke a thought, that the nominative case governs not the verbe; and he never had meaning in his life, for he travelled only for words. His ambition is *criticisme*, and his example *Tully*. Hee values phrases, and elects them by the sound, and the eight parts of speech are his servants. To bee briefe, he is a *heteroclite*, for hee wants the plurall number, having onely the single quality of words.

A Serving-man

IS *a creature, which though he be not drunk, yet is not his owne man.* He tels without asking who ownes him, by the superscription of his livery. His life is for ease and leasure, much about *gentleman-like.* His wealth enough to suffice nature, and sufficient to make him

happy, if he were sure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing, he values himselfe higher or lower, as his master is. Hee hates or loves the men, as his master doth the master. He is commonly proud of his masters horses, or his Christmas: hee sleepes when he is sleepy, is of his religion, only the clocke of his stomack is set to go an houre after his. He seldome breakes his own clothes. He never drinks but double, for he must be pledg'd; nor commonly without some short sentence nothing to the purpose: and seldome abstaines till he comes to a thirst. His discretion is to bee carefull for his masters credit, and his sufficiency to marshall dishes at a table, and to carve well. His neatnesse consists much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, visible bawdy jests; and against his matter faile, he is alway ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the chamber-maid, but often purchaseth his masters daughter, by reason of opportunity, or for want of a better; he alwayes cuckolds himselfe, and never maries but his owne widdow. His master being appeased, he becomes a retainer, and entailes himselfe and his posterity upon his heire-males for ever.

An Host

IS the kernell of a signe: or the signe is the shell, and *mine host* is the snaile. He consists of double beere and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. He entertaines humbly, and gives his guests power, as well of himselfe as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, save in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatnesse, to lay all mislikes upon his servants. His wife is the *cummin seed* of his dove-house; and to be a good guest is a warrant for her liberty. Hee traffiques for guests by mens friends, friends friends, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for he neither eats, drinks, or thinks, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Ostler

IS *a thing that scrubbeth unreasonably his horse, reasonably himselfe.* He consists of travellers, though he be none himselfe. His highest ambition is to be *host*, and the invention of his signe is his greatest wit: for the expressing whereof hee sends away the painters for want of

understanding. He hath certaine charmes for horse mouth, that hee should not eat his hay: a behind your back, he will cozen your horse to face. His curry-combe is one of his best parts, he expresseth much by the gingling: and his mar combe is a spinners card turn'd out of service. E puffes and blowes over your horse, to the hazard o double jugge; and leaves much of the dressing to t proverbe of *Muli mutuo scabient*, One horse ru another. Hee comes to him that cals loudest, i first; hee takes a broken head patiently, but t knave he feeles not. His utmost honesty is good f lowship, and he speakes Northerne, what countr man soever. He hath a pension of ale from t next *smith* and *sadler* for intelligence: he loves see you ride, and holds your stirrop in expectatio

A good Wife

IS a mans best moveable, a scien inco porate with the stocke, bringing swe fruit; one that to her husband is mo then a friend, lesse than trouble: an equall wi him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles she shar alike, nothing pleaseth her that doth not him. S is relative in all; and he without her, but hal himself. She is his absent hands, eyes, eares, a

mouth: his present and absent all. She frames her nature unto his howsoever: the *hiacinth* followes not the *sun* more willingly. Stubbornnesse and obstinacy are hearbs that grow not in her garden. She leaves tattling to the gossips of the town, and is more seene then heard. Her houshold is her charge; her care to that, makes her seldom *non resident.* Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigall. By her discretion she hath children, not wantons; a husband without her, is a misery in mans apparel: none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staffe and a chaire. To conclude, shee is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy Man

IS a strayer from the drove: one that nature made sociable, because shee made him man, and a crazed disposition hath altered. Impleasing to all, as all to him; straggling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's his pleasure. His imagination is never idle, it keeps his mind in a continuall motion, as the poise the clocke: he winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwinds them; *Penelopes* web thrives faster. He'le seldome be found without the shade of some grove, in whose bottome

a river dwels. Hee carries a cloud in his face, never faire weather: his outside is framed to his inside, in that hee keepes a *decorum*, both unseemely. Speake to him; he heares with his eyes, eares follow his mind, and that's not at leysure. He thinkes businesse, but never does any: he is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and fashions his thoughts, as if he meant them to some purpose; but they prove unprofitable, as a peece of wrought timber to no use. His spirits, and the sunne are enemies; the sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and cold: variety of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe, according to the necessities of nature; which makes him sup up a draught of as much aire at once, as would serve at thrice. He denies nature her due in sleep, and over-paies her with watchfulnesse: nothing pleaseth him long, but that which pleaseth his owne fantasies: they are the consuming evils, and evill consumptions that consume him alive. Lastly, he is a man onely in shew, but comes short of the better part; a whole reasonable soule, which is mans chiefe preeminence, and sole marke from creatures sensible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht peece of reason calckt and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled. A fore-wind is the substance of his creed; and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climing: out of which as naturally he feares; for he is ever flying: time and he are every where, ever contending who shall arrive first: he is well winded, for he tires the day, and out-runs darknesse. His life is like a *hawkes*, the best part mewed; and if he live till three coates, is a master. Hee sees Gods wonders in the deep: but so, as rather they appeare his play-fellowes, then stirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can convert him, and then but his upper decke neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes. His sleepes are but repreevals of his dangers, and when he wakes, 'tis but next stage to dying. His wisdome is the coldest part about him, for it ever points to the North: and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every tide ore-flow it. In a storme 'tis disputable, whether the noise be more his, or the elements, and which will first leave scolding; on which side of the ship hee may bee saved best, whether his faith bee

starre-boord faith, or lar-boord; or the helme at that time not all his hope of heaven: his keele is the embleme of his conscience, till it be split he never repents, then no farther than the land allowes him, and his language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new nations: his body and his ship are both one burthen, nor is it knowne who stowes most wine, or rowles most, only the ship is guided, he has no sterne: a barnacle and hee are bred together, both of one nature, and 'tis fear'd one reason: upon any but a wooden horse he cannot ride, and if the wind blow against him, he dare not: he swarves up to his seat as to a saile-yard, and cannot sit unlesse he beare a flag-staffe: if ever he be broken to the saddle, 'tis but a voyage still, for he mis-takes the bridle for a bowlin, and is ever turning his horse-taile: he can pray, but 'tis by rote, not faith, and when he would hee dares not, for his brackish beleefe hath made that *ominous*. A rock or a quicke-sand plucks him before hee bee ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Souldier

IS the husband-man of valour, his sword is his plough, which Honour and *Aqua-vitæ*, two fiery metald jades, are ever drawing. A younger brother best becomes armes,

an elder, the thankes for them; every heat makes him a harvest; and discontents abroad are his sowers: he is actively his princes, but passively his angers servant. He is often a desirer of learning, which once arrived at, proves his strongest armour: he is a lover at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth than makes him seeme a handsome foe, lightly he covets not, lesse is below him: he never truly wants, but in much having, for then his ease and lechery afflict him: the word *peace*, though in prayer, makes him start, and God hee best considers by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the same file with him, and hold him to a man: his honour else, and the desire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the sonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cause is (doubtfull) and that the best devotion keeps best quarter: he seldome sees gray hayres, some none at all, for where the sword failes, there the flesh gives fire: in charity, he goes beyond the clergy, for hee loves his greatest enemy best, much drinking. He seemes a full student, for hee is a great desirer of controversies, he argues sharply, and carries his conclusion in his scabbard; in the first refining of man-kind this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His alay (for else you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of need as cold

diseases. No time to argue, but to execute. Line him with these, and linke him to his squadrons, and hee appeares a most rich chaine for princes.

A Taylor

IS a creature made up out of threds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when hee was rough-cast. The end of his being differeth from that of others, and is not to serve God, but to cover sinne. Other mens pride is his best patron, and their negligence, a maine passage to his profit. He is a thing of more then ordinary judgement: for by vertue of that, hee buyeth land, buildeth houses, and raiseth the low set roofe of his crosse legged fortune. His actions are strong encounters, and for their notoriousnesse alwaies upon record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to resist them. A ten groats fee setteth them on foot, and a brace of officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spanish pike, to the hazzard of many poore Egyptian vermins; and in shew of his valour, scorneth a greater gantlet, then will cover the top of his midle finger. Of all weapons he most affecteth the long *bill;* and this he will manage to the great prejudice of a customers estate. His spirit notwith-

standing is not so much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barks, but when your back is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed snow: *Prometheus* was asleep while it was making. Hee differeth altogether from God; for with him the best peeces are still marked out for damnation, and without hope of recovery shall be cast down into hell. He is partly an alchymist; for hee extracteth his owne apparell out of other mens clothes; and when occasion serveth, making a brokers shop his alembicke; can turne your silkes into gold, and having furnished his necessities, after a month or two, if he be urged unto it, reduce them again to their proper substance. He is in part likewise an arithmetician; cunning enough for multiplication and addition, but cannot abide substraction: *Summa totalis,* is the language of his *Canaan;* and *usque ad ultimum quadrantem,* the period of all his charity. For any skill in *geometry,* I dare not commend him; for hee could never yet find out the dimensions of his owne conscience: notwithstanding he hath many bottomes, it seemeth this is alwaies bottomlesse. He is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of measure. And so with a *Libera nos à malo,* I leave you: promising to amend whatsoever is amisse, at his next setting.

A Puritane

IS a diseas'd peece of *Apocrypha :* bind him to the Bible, and he corrupts the whole text: ignorance and fat feed, are his founders; his nurses, railing, rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blast of wind; for betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, he is ever whistling. Truly whose child he is, is yet unknowne; for willingly his faith allowes no father: onely thus far his pedegree is found, Bragger and he flourisht about a time first; his fiery zeale keepes him continually costive, which withers him into his own translation, and till he eat a schooleman, he is hide-bound; he ever prayes against *non residents*, but is himselfe the greatest discontinuer, for he never keepes neere his text: any thing that the law allowes, but marriage, and March beere, hee murmures at; what it disallowes and holds dangerous, makes him a discipline: where the gate stands open, hee is ever seeking a stile: and where his learning ought to climb, he creeps through: give him advice, you run into *traditions*, and urge a modest course, he cryes out *councels*. His greatest care is to contemne obedience, his last care to serve God handsomely and cleanly. Hee is now become so crosse a kind of teaching, that should the Church

enjoyne cleane shirts, hee were lowsie: more sense then single praiers is not his; nor more in those, then still the same petitions: from which he either feares a learned faith, or doubts God understands not at first hearing. Shew him a ring, hee runs backe like a beare; and hates square dealing as allied to caps: a paire of organs blow him out o'th parish, and are the only glister-pipes to coole him. Where the meat is best, there he confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating: good bits he holds breed good positions, and the Pope hee best concludes against, in plum-broth. He is often drunke, but not as we are, temporally, nor can his sleepe then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very soule reele, and that small beere that should allay him (silence) keepes him more surfeited, and makes his heat breake out in private houses: women and lawyers are his best disciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden doctrine, the other to maintaine forbidden titles, both which he sowes amongst them. Honest he dare not be, for that loves order: yet if he can bee brought to ceremonie, and made but master of it, he is converted.

A Whoore

IS a high-way to the Divell, hee that lookes upon her with desire, begins his voyage: hee that staies to talke with her, mends his pace, and he who enjoyes her, is at his journies end: her body is the tilted lees of pleasure, dasht over with a little decking to hold colour; tast her, she's dead, and falls upon the pallate; the sins of other women shew in landscip, far off and full of shadow, hers in statue, neere hand, and bigger in the life: she prickes betimes, for her stocke is a white thorne, which cut and grafted on, shee growes a medler: her trade is opposite to any other, for shee sets up without credit, and too much custome breakes her; the money that she gets is like a traitors, given only to corrupt her; and what shee gets, serves but to pay diseases. She is ever moor'd in sinne, and ever mending; and after thirty, she is the chirurgions creature: shame and repentance are two strangers to her, and only in an hospitall acquainted. She lives a reprobate, like *Cain*, still branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of justice like a felon. The first yeere of her trade she is an eyesse, scratches and cryes to draw on more affection: the second a soare: the third a ramage whoore: the fourth and fift, she's an intermewer, preies for her

selfe, and ruffles all she reaches; from thence to ten she bears the name of white whoore, and then her bloud forsakes her with salt rheumes, and now she has mewed three coats; now shee growes weary and diseas'd together, favours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and scowres to keepe her coole, yet still she takes in stones, shee fires her selfe else: the next remove is haggard, still more cunning; and if my art deceive me not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled now upon her, and line her perch, or now she mewes her pounces, at all these yeares she flies at fooles and kils too: the next is bussard bawd, and there I leave her.

A very Whore

IS a woman. Shee enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. Shee kisseth open-mouth'd, and spits in the palmes of her hands to make them moist. Her eyes are like free-booters, living upon the spoile of stragglers; and shee baits her desires with a million of prostitute countenances and enticements; in the light she listneth to parlies: but in the darke shee understandeth signes best. Shee will sell her smocke for cuffes, and so her shooes be fine, shee cares not though her stockings want feet.

Her modesty is curiositie, and her smell is one of her best ornaments. Shee passeth not a span bredth. And to have done, she is the cook and the meat, dressing her selfe all day, to be tasted with the better appetite at night.

A meere Common Lawyer

IS the best shadow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. Hee is a *materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by statutes, and hath his motion by the favorable intelligence of the court. His law is alwayes furnisht with a commission to arraigne his conscience: but upon judgement given, he usually sets it at large. Hee thinks no language worth knowing but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that point he hath beene a long time at warres with *Priscian* for a northerne province. He imagines that by super excellency his profession onely is learning, and that it's a prophanation of the temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall arts be there admitted to offer strange incense to her. For indeed he is all for mony. Seven or eight yeares squires him out, some of his nation lesse standing: and ever since the night of his call, he forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *actua* or *potentia*) injoyes his

pickadels. His landresse is then shrewdly troubled in fitting him a ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His love-letters of the last yeare of his gentlemanship are stuft with *discontinuances, remitters,* and *uncore prists:* but now being enabled to speake in proper person, hee talkes of a French-hood, in stead of a joynture, wages his law, and joynes issue. Then he begins to sticke his letters in his ground chamber-window; that so the superscription may make his squire-ship transparent. His herauldry gives him place before the minister, because the law was before the gospell. Next tearme he walkes his hoopsleeve gowne to the hall; there it proclaimes him. He feeds fat in the reading, and till it chances to his turne, dislikes no house order so much, as that the month is so contracted to a fortnight. 'Mongst his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honour for being reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had beene of his own house. For they, poore soules, take law and conscience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learn'd to frame his cases from putting riddles, and imitating *Merlins* prophecies, and to set all the crosse-row together by the eares. Yet his whole law is not able to decide *Lucans* one old controversie 'twixt *Tau* and *Sigma.* He accounts no man of his cap and coat idle, but who trots not the circuit. Hee affects no life or quality for it selfe, but for gaine; and that at least, to the stating him

in a justice of peace-ship, which is the first quickning soule superadded to the elementary and inanimate forme of his new title. His tearmes are his wives vacations. Yet she then may usurpe divers court-daies, and hath her returnes in *mensem*, for writs of entry: often shorter. His vacations are her termers. But in assise time (the circuit being long) he may have a tryall at home against him by *nisi prius*. No way to heaven he thinkes, so wise, as through *Westminster Hall;* and his clarkes commonly through it visit both heaven and hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his journeyes end, although hee looke on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is he wholly destitute of the arts. *Grammar* hee hath enough to make termination of those words which his authority hath endenizon'd. *Rhetoricke* some; but so little, that its thought a concealement. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmeticke* enough for the ordinals of his yeare books: and number-roles: but he goes not to *multiplication;* there's a statute against it. So much *geometrie*, that he can advise in a *perambulatione facienda*, or a *rationalibus divisis*. In *astronomy* and *astrology* he is so far seene, that by the *Dominicall* letter, he knowes the holy dayes, and finds by calculation that *Michaelmas* terme will be long and dirty. Marry hee knowes so much in *musicke*, that he affects only the most and cunningest *discords;* rarely a perfect *concord*, especially song, except *in fine*. His skill

in *perspective* endeavors much to deceive the eye of the law, and gives many false colours. He is specially practised in *necromancy*, (such a kind as is out of the statute of *Primo*) by raising many *dead questions*. What sufficiency he hath in *criticisme*, the foule copies of his *speciall pleas* will tell you.

Many of the same coat, which are much to be honoured, partake of divers of his indifferent qualities: but so, that *discretion*, *vertue*, and sometimes other *good learning*, concurring and distinguishing ornaments to them, make them as a foyle to set their worth on.

A meere Scholer.

A *MEERE scholer is an intelligible asse:* or a silly fellow in blacke, that speaks sentences more familiarly than sense. The antiquity of his University is his creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at foot-ball) an article of his faith: he speakes Latin better then his mother-tongue; and is a stranger in no part of the world, but his owne countrey: he do's usually tell great stories of himselfe to small purpose, for they are commonly ridiculous, be they true or false: his ambition is, that he either is or shall be a graduate: but if ever he get a fellowship, he has then no fellow. In spight of all *logicke* he dare

sweare and maintaine it, that a cuckold and a townes-man are *termini convertibiles*, though his mothers husband be an *alderman:* he was never begotten (as it seems) without much wrangling; for his whole life is spent in *pro* and *contra:* his tongue goes alwaies before his wit, like gentleman-usher, but somewhat faster. That he is a compleat gallant in all points, *cap à pea;* witnesse his horseman-ship and the wearing of his weapons: he is commonly long-winded, able to speake more with ease, then any man can endure to heare with patience. University jests are his universall discourse, and his newes, the demeanor of the proctors: his phrase, the apparell of his mind, is made of divers shreds like a cushion, and when it goes plainest, it hath a rash outside, and fustian linings. The currant of his speech is clos'd with an *ergo;* and what-ever be the question, the truth is on his side. 'Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet hee knowes not that he knowes nothing: he gives directions for husbandry, from *Virgils Georgickes;* for cattell, from his *Bucolicks;* for warlike stratagems, from his *Æneides*, or *Cæsars Commentaries:* hee orders all things by the booke, is skilfull in all trades, and thrives in none: hee is led more by his eares then his understanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and do's therefore confidently beleeve, that *Erra Pater* was

the father of heretiques; *Rodulphus Agricola*, a substantiall farmer; and will not sticke to averre, that *Systema's logicke* doth excell *Keckermans:* his ill lucke is not so much in being a foole, as in being put to such pains to expresse it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much a doe) is artificiall: his poverty is his happinesse, for it makes some men beleeve, that he is none of fortunes favorites. That learning which he hath, was in nonage put in backward like a glister, and 'tis now like ware miss-laid in a pedlers pack; a ha's it, but knowes not where it is. In a word, hee is the *index* of a man, and the title-page of a scholler, or a Puritane in morality; much in profession, nothing in practice.

A Tinker

IS a moveable: for hee hath no abiding place; by his motion hee gathers heat, thence his cholericke nature. He seemes to be very devout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, thereon making necessity a vertue. His house is as ancient as *Tubal Cains*, and so is a runnagate by antiquity: yet he proves himselfe a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he beares all his substance about him. From his art

was musick first invented, and therefore is he alwaies furnisht with a song: to which his hammer keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his musicke most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foule sunne-burnt Queane, that since the terrible statute recanted gypsisme, and is turned pedleresse. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage. His conversation is unreproveable; for hee is ever mending. Hee observes truly the statutes, and therefore he can rather steale then begge, in which hee is unremoveably constant in spight of whips or imprisonment: and so a strong enemy to idlenesse, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three then want worke, and when hee hath done, hee throwes the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient custome, conversing in open fields, and lowly cottages. If he visit cities or townes, tis but to deale upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which with canting proves him a *linguist*. He is entertain'd in every place, but enters no further then the doore, to avoid suspition. Some would take him to be a coward; but beleeve it, he is a lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or foure yards long, fastned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight but with one at once,

and then also hee had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a begger.

An Apparatour

IS a chicke of the egge abuse, hatcht by the warmth of authority: hee is a bird of rapine, and begins to prey and feather together. He croakes like a raven against the death of rich men, and so gets a legacy unbequeath'd: his happines is in the multitude of children, for their increase is his wealth, and to that end, he himselfe yearely addes one. He is a cunning hunter, uncoupling his intelligencing hounds, under hedges, in thickets and corne-fields, who follow the chase to city-suburbs, where often his game is at covert: his quiver hangs by his side, stuft with silver arrowes, which hee shoots against church-gates, and private mens doores, to the hazard of their purses and credit. There went but a paire of sheeres betweene him and the pursivant of hell, for they both delight in sin, grow richer by it, and are by justice appointed to punish it: only the devill is more cunning, for he picks a living out of others gaines. His living lieth in his eye which (like spirits) hee sends through chinkes, and key-holes, to survey the places of dark-

nesse; for which purpose he studieth the optickes, but can discover no colour but black, for the pure white of chastity dazleth his eyes. He is a Catholicke, for he is every where; and with a politicke, for he transforms himselfe into all shapes. He travels on foot to avoid idlenesse, and loves the church entirely, because it is the place of his edification. Hee accounts not all sins mortall: for fornication with him is a veniall sin, and to take bribes, a matter of charity: hee is collector for burnings and losses at sea, and in casting account, can readily substract the lesser from the greater summe. Thus lives he in a golden age, till Death by a processe, summons him to appeare.

An Almanack-maker

IS the worst part of an astronomer: a certaine compact of figures, characters and cyphers: out of which he scores the fortune of a yeare, not so profitably, as doubtfully. He is tenant by custome to the planets, of whom hee holds the 12. houses by lease paroll: to them he paies yearely rent, his studie, and time; yet lets them out againe (with all his heart) for 40*s*. *per annum*. His life is meerely contemplative: for his practice, 'tis worth nothing, at least not worthy of

credit; and if (by chance) he purchase any, he loseth it againe at the yeares end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Ticho Brache* are his patrons, whose volumes hee understands not, but admires; and the rather because they are strangers, and so easier to bee credited, than controuled. His life is upright, for he is alwayes looking upward; yet dares beleeve nothing above *primum mobile*, for 'tis out of the reach of his *Jacobs staffe*. His charity extends no further then to mountebankes and sow-gelders, to whom he bequeathes the seasons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verses in his booke have a worse pace than ever had *Rochester* Hackney: for his prose, 'tis dappled with inke-horne tearmes, and may serve for an almanacke: but for his judging at the uncertainty of weather, any old shepheard shall make a dunce of him. He would be thought the devils intelligencer for stolne goods, if ever he steale out of that quality: as a flie turnes to a maggot, so the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an empericke: his works fly foorth in small volumes, yet not all, for many ride poast to chandlers and tobacco shops in folio. To be briefe, he fals 3. degrees short of his promises; yet is hee the key to unlocke termes, and lawdayes, a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-wayes, and a bayliffe of all marts and faires in England. The rest of him you shall know next yeare; for what hee will be then, he himselfe knowes not.

An Hypocrite

IS a gilded *pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients, *naturall dishonesty*, and *artificiall dissimulation*. *Simple fruit, plant*, or *drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *evill nature* and *false art*, by a monstrous *generation;* and may well bee put into the reckoning of those creatures that God never made. In *church* or *commonwealth* (for in both these this *mongrell-weed* will shoot) it is hard to say whether hee be *physicke* or a *disease:* for he is both in divers respects.

As he is gilt with an outside of *seeming purity*, or as he offereth himselfe to you to be taken downe in a cup or taste of *golden zeale* and *simplicity*, you may call him *physicke*. Nay, and never let *potion* give *patient* good stoole, if being truly tasted and relisht, he be not as lothsome to the stomake of any honest man.

He is also *physicke*, in being as commodious for use, as hee is odious in taste, if the *body* of the *company* into which he is taken, can make true use of him. For the malice of his nature makes him so *informer-like-dangerous*, in taking advantage of any thing done or said: yea, even to the ruine of his makers, if hee may have benefit; that such a crea-

ture in a society makes men as carefull of their speeches and actions, as the sight of a knowne cut-purse in a throng makes them watchfull over their purses and pockets: hee is also in this respect profitable physicke, that his conversation being once truly tasted and discovered, the hatefull foulnes of it will make those that are not fully like him, to purge all such diseases as are ranke in him, out of their own lives; as the sight of some citizens on horse-back, make a judicious man amend his owne faults in horsemanship. If none of these uses can bee made of him, let him not long offend the stomack of your company; your best way is to spue him out. That he is a disease in the body where he liveth, were as strange a thing to doubt, as whether there be knavery in horse-coursers. For if among sheep, the rot; among dogs, the mange; amongst horses, the glaunders; amongst men and women, the Northerne itch, and the French ache be diseases; an hypocrite cannot but be the like in all states and societies that breed him. If hee bee a clergy hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the most part so proper to him, as hee will grudge any man the practice of it but himselfe; like that grave burgesse, who being desired to lend his clothes to represent a part in a comedy, answered: *No by his leave, he would have no body play the foole in his clothes but himselfe.* Hence are his so austere reprehensions

of drinking healths, lascivious talke, usury and unconscionable dealing; when as himself hating the prophane mixture of malt and water, will by his good wil let nothing come within him, but the purity of the grape, when he can get it of anothers cost: but this must not be done neither, without a preface of seeming lothnesse, turning up the eyes, moving the head, laying hand on the brest, and protesting that he would not do it but to strengthen his body, being even consumed with dissembled zeale, and tedious and thanklesse babbling to God and his auditors. And for the other vices, doe but venture the making your selfe private with him, or trusting of him, and if you come off without a savour of the ayre which his soule is infected with, you have great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you shall commonly see carried upon the backe of these two beasts, that live within him, *ignorance* and *imperiousnesse:* and they may well serve to carry other vices, for of themselves they are insupportable. His *ignorance* acquites him of all science, humane or divine, and of all language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy or sincere, but the senselesse collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his enflamed spirit, and the endlesse labours of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words faile, (as they often doe) must be patched up, to accomplish his foure houres in a day

at the least, with long and fervent *hummes*. Any thing else, either for language or matter, he cannot abide, but thus censureth: *Latine*, the language of the *beast; Greeke*, the tongue wherein the heathen poets wrote their fictions; *Hebrew*, the speech of the *Jewes* that crucified Christ: *controversies* doe not edifie; *logicke* and *philosophie*, are the subtilties of *Sathan* to deceive the *simple*. Humane stories *prophane*, and not savouring of the *spirit:* in a word, all decent and sensible forme of speech and perswasion, (though in his owne tongue) vaine *ostentation*. And all this is the burthen of his *ignorance:* saving that sometimes *idlenesse* will put in also to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *beast imperiousnes*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carryeth a burthen, that no cords of *authority*, *spirituall* nor *temporall*, should bind, if it might have the full swinge: no *pilat*, no *prince* should command him: nay, he will command them, and at his pleasure censure them, if they will not suffer their eares to be fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purses to be emptied with the inundations of his unsatiable humour, and their judgements to be blinded with the muffler of his *zealous ignorance*. For this doth he familiarly insult over his *maintainer* that breeds him, his *patron* that feeds him, and in time over all them that will suffer him to set a foot within their doores, or

put a finger in their purses. All this, and much more is in him, that abhorring *degrees* and *Universities*, as reliques of *superstition*, hath leapt from a shopboord, or a cloake-bag, to a deske, or pulpit, and that like a sea-god in a *pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, covered over with the painted-cloth of a pure gowne, and a night-cap; and with a false trumpet of *fained zeale*, draweth after him some poore *nymphs* and *madmen*, that delight more to resort to darke caves and secret places, then to open and publike assemblies. The *lay-hypocrite*, is to the other a *champion*, *disciple*, and *subject*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *subjection* to any *miter*; no, not to any *scepter*, that he will doe to the hooke and crooke of his zeale-blind shepheard. No *Jesuites* demand more blind and absolute obedience from their vassals, no magistrates of the *canting* society, more slavish subjection from the members of that travelling state, then the clerke *hypocrites* expect from these lay pupils. Nay, they must not only be obeyd, fed, and defended, but admired too: and that their lay-followers doe sincerely, as a shirtlesse fellow with a cudgell under his arme doth a face-wringing *ballet-singer*; *a water-bearer* on the floore of a play-house, a wide mouth'd *poet*, that speakes nothing but bladders and bumbast. Otherwise, for life and profession, nature and art, inward

and outward: they agree in all, like *canters* and *gypsies*, they are all zeale, no knowledge: all purity, no humanity: all simplicity, no honesty: and if you never trust them, they will never deceive you.

A Maquerela, in plaine English a Bawde,

IS an old *char-cole*, that hath been burnt her selfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole greene coppice. The burden of her song is like that of *Frier Bacons* head; *time is, time was, and time is past:* in repeating which, she makes a wicked brazen face, and weepes in the cup, to allay the heat of her *aqua vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out; marry her nose, and chin, intend very shortly to be friends, and meet about it. Her yeares are sixty and odde: that she accounts her best time of trading; for a *bawd* is like a medlar, she's not ripe, till she be rotten. Her envy is like that of the devill, to have all faire women like her; and because 'tis impossible they should catch it being so young, she hurries them to it by diseases. Her *parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the deere in it are rascall: yet poore cottagers in the country (that know her but by hearesay) thinke well of her; for what she encloses to day, shee makes *common* to morrow. Her goods and her selfe are

all removed in one sort, only she makes bold to t
the upper hand of them, and to be carted bef
them; the thought of which, makes her she can
endure a posset, because it puts her in mind o
bason. Shee sits continually at a rackt rent; es
cially, if her *landlord* beare office in the pari
for her moveables in the house; (besides her qu
cattell) they are not worth an *inventory*, onely
beds are most commonly in print: shee can es
turne a sempstresse into a waiting gentle-wom
but her wardrobe is most infectious, for it br
them to the *falling-sicknesse:* she hath only
one shew of *temperance:* that let a gentle-man s
for ten pottles of wine in her house, hee shall l
but ten quarts; and if he want it that way, let
pay for't, and take it out in stewd prunes.
justices clark stands many times her very good frie
and works her peace with the justice of *quor*
Nothing joyes her so much, as the comming ove
strangers, nor daunts her so much, as the appro
of Shrove-tuesday. In fine, not to foule more pa
with so foule a subject, he that hath past under h
hath past the *equinoctial;* he that hath scap't h
hath scap't worse then the *calenture.*

A Chamber-maide.

SHE is her mistresses she secretary, and keepes the box of her teeth, her haire, and her painting very private. Her stry is up staires, and down staires like a drawer: by her dry hand you may know she is a sore her. If shee lye at her masters beds feet, she it of the *greene sicknesse* for ever; for she hath ble dreames when she's awake, as if she were led with the *night-mare.* She hath a good g to dwell i'th country, but she holds *London* goodliest forest in *England,* to shelter a great r. She reads *Greenes* works over and over, but carried away with the *Mirror of Knighthood,* is many times resolv'd to runne out of her selfe, become a lady errant. If she catch a clap, she les it so equally betweene the master and the ing-man, as if she had cut out the getting of it thred: only the knave *sumner* makes her bowle y, and over-reach the master. The pedant of house, though hee promise her mariage, cannot w further inward with her, she hath paid for her lulity often, and now growes weary. She likes forme of our mariage very well, in that a woman not tyed to answer to any articles concerning stions of virginity: her mind, her body, and

clothes, are parcels loosely tackt together, and for want of good utterance, she perpetually laughs out her meaning. Her mistris and she helpe to make away *time*, to the idlest purpose that can be, either for love or mony. In briefe, these *chambermaids* are like lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

A Precisian.

TO speake no otherwise of this *varnisht rottennesse*, then in truth and verity hee is, I must define him to be a demure creature, full of orall sanctity, and mentall impiety; a faire object to the eye, but starke naught for the understanding: or else a violent thing, much given to contradiction. He will be sure to be in opposition with the *Papist*, though it be sometimes accompanied with an absurditie; like the ilanders neere adjoyning unto *China*, who salute by puting of their shooes, because the men of *China* doe it by their hats. If at any time he fast, it is upon Sunday, and he is sure to feast upon Friday. Hee can better affoord you ten lies, then one oath; and dare commit any sin gilded with a pretence of sanctity. He will not sticke to commit fornication or adultery, so it be done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can find in his heart to

lye with any whore, save the whore of *Babylon.* To steale he holds it lawfull, so it bee from the wicked and Egyptians. He had rather see *Antichrist,* then a picture in the church window: and chuseth sooner to be false hanged, then see a leg at the name of JESUS, or one stand at the *creede.* He conceives his prayer in the kitchin, rather then in the church; and is of so good discourse, that he dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *ex tempore.* He thinkes every organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather heare one of *Robert Wisdomes Psalms,* then the best *hymne* a *cherubin* can sing. He will not breake wind without an *apology,* or asking forgivenesse, nor kisse a gentle-woman for feare of lusting after her. He hath nicknamed all the prophets and apostles with his sonnes, and begets nothing but *vertues* for daughters. Finally, he is so sure of *his* salvation, that hee will not change places in heaven with the *Virgin Mary,* without boote.

An Innes of Court man.

HEE is distinguished from a scholler by a paire of silke stockings, and a beaver hat, which makes him contemn a scholler as much as a scholler doth a schoolemaster. By that he hath heard one mooting, and seene two playes, he thinkes as basely of the *University,* as a

young *sophister* doth of the *grammar-schoole.* He talkes of the *University,* with that state, as if he were her chancellour; finds fault with alterations, and the fall of *discipline,* with an, *It was not so when I was a student;* although that was within this halfe yeare. He will talke ends of *Latine,* though it be false, with as great confidence, as ever *Cicero* could pronounce an oration, though his best authors for't be *tavernes* and *ordinaries.* He is as farre behinde a *courtier* in his fashion, as a scholer is behind him: and the best grace in his behaviour, is to forget his acquaintance.

He laughes at every man whose band sits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-tie, and he is ashamed to be seene in any mans company that weares not his clothes well. His very essence he placeth in his outside, and his chiefest praier is, that his revenues may hold out for taffata cloakes in the summer, and velvet in the winter. For his recreation, he had rather goe to a citizens wife, then a bawdy house, onely to save charges: and he holds fee-taile to be absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance he offers two quarts of wine, for one he gives. You shall never see him melancholy, but when he wants a new suit, or feares a sergeant: at which times onely, he betakes himselfe to *Ploydon.* By that he hath read *Littleton,* he can call *Solon, Lycurgus,* and *Justinian,* fooles, and dares compare his law to a *Lord Chiefe-Justices.*

A meere fellow of an house.

HE is one whose hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whose mind soares above his purse. If he hath read *Tacitus, Guicchardine,* or *Gallo-Belgicus,* hee contemnes the *late Lord Treasurer,* for all the state-policy he had; and laughs to think what a foole he could make of *Solomon,* if hee were now alive. He never weares new clothes, but against a commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behind the fashion. He hath sworne to see *London* once a yeare, though all his businesse be to see a play, walke a turne in *Pauls,* and observe the fashion. He thinkes it a discredit to be out of debt, which he never likely cleares, without resignation mony. He will not leave his part he hath in the privilege over yong gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the empire of *Germany:* he prayes as heartily for a sealing, as a *cormorant* doth for a deare yeare: yet commonly he spends that revenue before he receives it.

At meales, he sits in as great state over his *penny-commons,* as ever *Vitellius* did at his greatest banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors.*

If he be a leader of a *faction*, he thinks himselfe greater than ever *Cæsar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And he had rather lose an inheritance then an office, when he stands for it.

If he be to travell, he is longer furnishing himselfe for a five miles journey, then a ship is rigging for a seven yeares voyage. He is never more troubled, then when hee is to maintaine talke with a gentle-woman: wherein hee commits more absurdities, than a clown in eating of an egge.

He thinkes himselfe as fine when he is in a cleane band, and a new paire of shooes, as any courtier doth, when he is first in a new-fashion.

Lastly, he is one that respects no man in the *University*, and is respected by no man out of it.

A worthy Commander in the Warres

IS one, that accounts learning the nourishment of military vertue, and laies that as his first foundation. He never bloudies his sword but in heat of battel; and had rather save one of his own souldiers, then kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vaineglorious, and suspected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deserver arrives so timely, that his liberality can never be

said to be gouty-handed. He holds it next his creed, that no coward can be an honest man, and dare die in't. He doth not thinke his body yeelds a more spreading shadow after a victory then before; and when he looks upon his enemies dead body, 'tis with a kind of noble heavines, not insultation; he is so honourably mercifull to women in surprizall, that onely that makes him an excellent courtier. He knowes, the hazard of battels, not the pompe of ceremonies, are souldiers best theaters, and strives to gaine reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatnes of his actions. He is the first in giving the charge, and the last in retiring his foot. Equall toyle hee endures with the common souldier: from his example they all take fire, as one torch lights many. He understands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the first, and least fault being sufficient to ruine an army: faults therefore he pardons none; they that are presidents of disorder, or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *justice.* Besiege him never so strictly, so long as the ayre is not cut from him, his heart faints not. Hee hath learned as well to make use of a victory, as to get it, and in pursuing his enemie like a whirle-wind carries all afore him; being assured, if ever a man will benefit himselfe upon his foe, then is the time, when they have lost force, wisdome, courage, and reputation. The goodnes of his cause is the speciall

motive to his valour; never is he knowne to slight the weak'st enemy that comes arm'd against him in the hand of *justice*. Hasty and overmuch heat he accounts the *step-dame* to all great actions, that will not suffer them to thrive: if he cannot overcome his *enemy* by force, he does it by *time*. If ever he shake hands with war, he can die more calmly then most courtiers, for his continuall dangers have beene as it were so many meditations of death; he thinkes not out of his owne calling, when he accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then best become him when armed *cap à pe*. Hee utters them like the great *Hebrew generall*, on horseback. He casts a smiling contempt upon *calumny*, it meets him as if *glasse* should encounter *adamant*. He thinks warre is never to be given ore, but on one of these three conditions: an assured *peace*, absolute *victory*, or an honest *death*. Lastly, when peace folds him up, his silver head should lean neere the golden scepter, and dye in his *princes* bosome.

A vaine-glorious Coward in Command

S one, that hath bought his place, or come to it by some noble-mans letter: he loves a life dead payes, yet wishes they may rather happen in his company by the scurvy, then

by a battell. View him at a muster, and he goes with such noise, as if his body were the wheele-barrow that carried his judgement rumbling to drill his souldiers. No man can worse define betweene *pride* and noble *courtesie:* he that salutes him not so farre as a pistoll carries levell, gives him the *disgust* or *affront*, chuse you whether. Hee traines by the booke, and reckons so many postures of the pike and musket, as if he were counting at noddy. When he comes at first upon a camisado, he lookes like the foure winds in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the very first on-set, suffers feare and trembling to dresse themselves in his face apparantly. He scornes any man should take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, he hath been so humble-minded, as to let his lieutenant lead his troopes for him. He is so sure arm'd for taking hurt, that he seldome does any: and while he is putting on his armes, he is thinking what summe he can make to satisfie his ransome. He will raile openly against all the great *commanders* of the adverse party; yet in his owne conscience allowes them for better men: such is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities it makes him thinke better of another man then himselfe. The first part of him that is set a running, is his *eye-sight:* when that is once struck with terrour, all the *costive physicke* in the world cannot stay him;

if ever he do any thing beyond his owne heart, 'tis for a *knighthood*, and he is the first kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRULY defined, is a *bold traytor;* for he fortifies a castle against the king. Give him sea-roome in never so small a vessell, and like a witch in a sieve, you would thinke he were going to make merry with the devill. Of all callings his is the most desperate, for he will not leave off his theeving, though he be in a narrow prison, and looke every day (by tempest or fight) for execution. He is one plague the devill hath added, to make the sea more terrible then a storme; and his heart is so hardned in that rugged element, that hee cannot repent, though he view his grave (before him) continually open: he hath so little of his owne, that the house he sleeps in is stoln; all the necessities of life he filches, but one: he cannot steale a sound sleep, for his troubled conscience. Hee is very gentle to those under him, yet his rule is the horriblest tyranny in the world, for he gives licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty, in his own example: what he gets, is small use to him, onely lives by it, (somewhat the longer) to do a little more service to his belly; for he throwes

away his treasure upon the shore in riot, as if he cast it into the sea. He is a *cruell hawke* that flies at all but his owne kind: and as a *whale* never comes a-shore but when shee is wounded; so he very seldome, but for his necessities. Hee is the *merchants book*, that serves onely to reckon up his losses; *a perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *hurican of the sea, and the earth-quake of the exchange.* Yet for all this give him but his pardon, and forgive him restitution, he may live to know the inside of a church, and die on this side Wapping.

An ordinarie Fencer

IS a fellow, that beside shaving of cudgels, hath a good insight into the world, for hee hath long beene beaten to it. Flesh and bloud he is, like other men; but surely nature meant him *stockfish:* his, and a dancing-schoole, are inseparable adjuncts; and are bound, though both stinke of sweat most abominable, neither shall complaine of annoyance: three large bavins set up his trade, with a bench, which (in the vacation of the afternoone) he uses for his day-bed: for a firkin to pisse in, he shall be allowed that, by those make *Allom:* when hee comes on the stage at his prize, he makes a legge seven severall wayes, and

scrambles for mony, as if he had beene borne at the *Bathe* in *Somerset-shire:* at his challenge he shewes his metall; for contrary to all rules of *physick*, he dares bleed, though it be in the dog-dayes: he teaches *devilish* play in's schoole, but when he fights himselfe, hee doth it in the feare of a good christian. He compounds quarrels among his schollers, and when he hath brought the businesse to a good upshot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are seldome above skin-deepe; for an inward bruise, lambstones and sweet-breads are his onely *sperma ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart fasting: strange schoole-masters they are, that every day set a man as far backward as he went forward: and throwing him into a strange posture, teach him to thresh *satisfaction* out of *injury*. One signe of a good nature is, that hee is still open brested to his friends: for his foile, and his doublet, weare not out above two buttons, and resolute hee is, for he so much scorns to take blowes, that he never weares *cuffes;* and he lives better contented with a little, then other men; for if he have two eyes in's head, he thinkes nature hath overdone him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish. Lastly, these fencers are such things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters then onely to read their patent.

A Puny-Clarke.

HEE is tane from *grammar-schoole* halfe codled, and can hardly shake off his dreames of breeching in a twelve month. Hee is a farmers sonne, and his fathers utmost ambition is to make him an *atturney*. He doth itch towards a poet, and greases his breeches extremely with feeding without a napkin. He studies false dice to cheat costermongers, and is most chargeable to the butler of some *Inne of Chancery*, for pissing in their green-pots. Hee eats ginger-bread at a play-house; and is so sawcy, that he ventures fairly for a broken pate at the banquetting house, and hath it. Hee would never come to have any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how hee shall shift another day. Hee prayes hotly against fasting; and so hee may sup well on Friday nights, he cares not though his master be a *Puritane*. He practises to make the words in his *declaration* spread, as a sewer doth the dishes at a niggards table; a clarke of a swooping *dash*, is as commendable as a Flanders horse of a large taile. Though you be never so much delay'd, you must not call his master knave; that makes him goe beyond himselfe, and write a challenge in court-hand; for it may be his own another day. These are some certaine of his

liberall faculties: but in the tearme time, his is a *buckrom bag.* Lastly, which is great pitty never comes to his full growth, with bearing on shoulder the sinfull burthen of his master at sev courts in *Westminster.*

A Foote-man.

LET him bee never so well made, yet legs are not matches, for hee is setting the best foot forward. Hee never be a staid man, for he has had a run head of his own, ever since his child-hood. mother (which out of question, was a light-he wench) knew it, yet let him run his race; think age would reclaime him from his wild courses. is very long winded; and, without doubt, but he hates naturally to serve on horse-backe, he proved an excellent trumpet. He has one happin above all the rest of the servingmen: for wher most over-reaches his master, he is best thought He lives more by his owne heat then the warmt clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the grea fancy to him, when hee is in his close trouses. G hee weares none; which makes him live m upright than any crosse-gartered gentleman-usl 'Tis impossible to draw his picture to the life, ca a man must take it as he's running: only t

horses are usually let bloud on S. *Stevens* day: on S. *Patricks* he takes rest, and is drencht for all the yeare after.

A Noble and retired House-keeper

HIS one whose bounty is limitted by *reason*, not *ostentation:* and to make it last, he deales it discreetly, as wee sow the *furrow*, not by the sacke, but by the handfull. His word and his meaning never shake hands and part, but alway goe together. He can survay good, and love it, and loves to doe it himselfe, for its owne sake, not for thankes. Hee knowes there is no such misery as to outlive good name, nor no such folly as to put it in practice. His mind is so secure, that *thunder* rockes him asleepe, which breakes other mens slumbers. *Nobility* lightens in his eyes; and in his face and gesture is painted, *The God of Hospitality*. His great houses beare in their front more durance, then state; unlesse this adde the greater state to them, that they promise to out-last much of our new phantasticall building. His *heart* never growes old, no more then his *memory:* whether at his booke or on horsebacke, hee passeth his time in such noble exercise, a man cannot say, any time is lost by him: nor hath he onely *yeares*, to approve he hath lived till he be old, but *vertues*. His thoughts

have a high *aime*, though their dwelling bee in the *vale of an humble heart*, whence as by an *engine* (that raises water to fall, that it may rise the higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *adamant* serves not for all seas, but his doth; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and found all her *quicke-sands*. He hath this hand over *Fortune*, that her injuries, how violent or sudden soever, they do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to live or die, he can doe both nobly: if to fall, his descent is brest to brest with vertue; and even then, like the *sunne* neere his set, hee shewes unto the world his *cleerest countenance*.

An Intruder into favour

IS one, that builds his reputation on others infamy: for slander is most commonly his morning prayer. His passions are guided by *pride*, and followed by *injustice*. An inflexible anger against some poore sutor, he falsly cals a *couragious constancie*, and thinkes the best part of gravity to consist in a ruffled forehead. He is the most slavishly submisse, though envious to those that are in better place then himselfe; and knowes the art of words so well, that (for shrowding dishonesty under a faire pretext) he seems to preserve

mud in chrystall. Like a man of a kind nature, he is the first good to himselfe; in the next file, to his French taylor, that gives him all his perfection: for indeed, like an *estridge*, or *bird of paradise*, his feathers are more worth then his body. If ever he doe good deed (which is very seldome) his owne mouth is the *chronicle* of it, lest it should die forgotten. His whole body goes all upon *srewes*, and his face is the *vice* that moves them. If his *patron* be given to musicke, he opens his chops, and *sings*, or with a wrie necke, fals to tuning his instrument: if that faile, he takes the height of his lord with a hawking pole. He followes the mans fortune, not the man: seeking thereby to increase his owne. He pretends he is most undeservedly envied, and cries out, remembering the game, *chesse*, that a pawne before a king is most playd on. Debts hee owes none, but shrewd turns, and those he payes ere he be sued. He is a flattering *glasse* to conceale age, and wrinkles. He is *mountaines monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, gives you backe his face; but come once to the top, he holds his nose up into the wind, and shewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter, shewes on him, as if the sunne shone in a puddle; for he is a small wine that will not last; and when he is falling, hee goes of himselfe faster than misery can drive him.

A faire and happy Milk-mayd

IS a countrey wench, that is so farre from making her selfe beautifull by art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face-physicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *dumbe orator* to commend vertue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her selfe) is farre better then out sides *of tissew:* for though she be not arrayed in the spoile of the *silke-worme,* shee is deckt in *innocency,* a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoile both her *complexion* and *conditions;* nature hath taught her, too *immoderate sleepe is rust to the soule:* she rises therefore with *chaunticleare,* her dames cock, and at night makes the *lamb* her *courfew.* In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seemes that so sweet a milk-presse makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came *almond glove* or *aromatique oyntment* on her palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kisse her feet when shee reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which sents all the yeare long of *June,* like a new made

hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pitty: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of fortune.* She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems *ignorance* will not suffer her to doe ill, being her mind is to doe well. She bestowes her yeares wages at next faire; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery i'th' world, like decencie. The *garden* and *bee-hive* are all her *physick* and *chyrurgery,* and she lives the longer for't. She dares goe alone, and unfold sheepe i'th' night, and feares no manner of ill, because she meanes none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old *songs, honest thoughts,* and *prayers,* but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that shee dare tell them; only a Fridaies dream is all her *superstition:* that she conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the *spring-time,* to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheet.

An arrant Horse-courser

HATH the trick to blow up horse-flesh, as the butcher doth veale, which shall wash out again in twice riding twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The trade of spurre-making had decayed long since, but for this ungodly tyre-man. He is curst all over the foure ancient high-wayes of England; none but the blind men that sell switches i'th' road are beholding to him. His stable is fill'd with so many diseases, one would thinke most part about Smithfield were an hospitall for horses, or a slaughter-house for the common-hunt. Let him furnish you with a hackney, 'tis as much as if the kings warrant overtooke you within ten miles to stay your journey. And though a man cannot say, he couzens you directly; yet any ostler within ten miles, should he be brought upon his book-oath, will affirme he hath laid a bayt for you. Resolve when you first stretch your selfe in the stirrops, you are put as it were upon some usurer, that will never beare with you past his day. He were good to make one that had the collick alight often, and (if example will cause him) make urine; let him onely for that say, *Gra' mercy horse.* For his sale of horses, hee hath false covers for all manner of diseases, onely comes short of one thing (which he despaires not utterly to

bring to perfection) to make a horse goe on a wodden leg and two crutches. For powdring his eares with quicksilver, and giving him suppositories of live eeles he's expert. All the while you are a cheapning, he fears you will not bite; but hee laughs in his sleeve, when he hath coozened you in earnest. Frenchmen are his best chapmen, he keeps amblers for them on purpose, and knowes he can deceive them very easily. Hee is so constant to his trade, that while hee is awake, he tires any man he talkes with, and when he's asleep, he dreams very fearfully of the paving of Smithfield, for hee knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy.

THIS life is a meere counterfet patent: which neverthelesse makes many a countrey justice tremble. *Don Quixotes water-mills* are still scotch bagpipes to him. He sends challenges by word of mouth: for he protests (as he is a gentleman and a brother of the sword) he can neither write nor read. He hath runne through divers parcels of land, and great houses, beside both the counters. If any private quarrell happen among our great courtiers, he proclaimes the *businesse*, that's the word, the *businesse*; as if the united forces

of the *Romish Catholickes* were making up for *Germany*. He cheats young guls that are newly come to towne; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he answers him in his owne profession, that a *woodcocke* must be pluckt ere he be drest. He is a *supervisor* to brothels, and in them is a more unlawfull reformer of vice, then prentices on Shrove-tuesday. He loves his friend, as a councellor at law loves the velvet breeches he was first made barester in, he'll be sure to weare him thredbare ere he forsake him. He sleepes with a tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his first praier i' th' morning is, he may remember whom he fell out with over night. *Souldier* he is none, for he cannot distinguish 'tweene *onion-seed* and *gunpowder:* if he have worne it in his hollow tooth for the toothach, and so come to the knowlege of it, that's all. The tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an estate at will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords have but foure quarter-dayes; but he three hundred and odde. He keepes very good *company;* yet is a man of no *reckoning:* and when he goes not drunk to bed, he is very sick next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I have heard of some (that have scap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies;* only to deterre man from taking *tobacco*.

A Drunken Dutchman resident in England,

IS but a quarter-master with his wife, Hee stinkes of butter, as if hee were anointed all over for the itch. Let him come over never so leane, and plant him but one moneth neere the brew-houses in S. *Catherines*, and he'l bee puft up to your hand like a bloat herring. Of all places of pleasure, he loves a common garden, and (with the swine of the parish) had need bee ringed for rooting. Next to these he effects lotteries naturally; and bequeaths the best prize in his will aforehand; when his hopes fall, he's blanke. They swarme in great tenements like flies: sixe households will live in a garret. He was wont (onely to make us fooles) to buy the fox-skin for three pence, and sell the taile for a shilling. Now his new trade of brewing strong-waters makes a number of mad-men. He loves a Welshman extremely for his diet and orthography; that is, for plurality of consonants, and cheese. Like a horse, he's onely guided by the mouth: when he's drunke, you may thrust your hand into him like an eeleskin, and strip him, his inside outwards. He hoordes up faire gold, and pretends 'tis to seethe in his wives broth for a consumption, and loves the memory of

King *Henry* the 8. most especially for his old Soveraignes. He saies we are unwise to lament the decay of timber in England: for all manner of buildings or fortification whatsoever, he desires no other thing in the world, than barrels and hop-poles. To conclude, the only two plagues he trembles at, is small beere, and the Spanish Inquisition.

A PHANTASTIQUE.

An Improvident young Gallant.

THERE is a confederacy between him and his clothes, to be made a puppy: view him well, and you'll say his gentry sits as ill upon him, as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to send money to, than the devill hath to send his spirits; and to furnish each mistresse, would make him run besides his wits, if he had any to lose. He accounts bashfulnesse the wickedst thing in the world; and therefore studies impudence. If all men were of his mind, all honesty would be out of fashion: he withers his clothes on a stage, as a sale-man is forc't to doe his sutes in Birchin-lane; and when the

play is done, if you marke his rising, 'tis with a kind of walking epilogue between the two candles, to know if his suit may passe for currant: hee studies by the discretion of his barber, to frizle like a baboone: three such would keep three the nimblest barbers in the town, from ever having leisure to weare net-garters: for when they have to doe with him, they have many irons in th' fire. He is travelled, but to little purpose; only went over for a squirt, and came back againe, yet never the more mended in his conditions, 'cause he carried himselfe along with him: a scholler he pretends himselfe and saies he hath sweat for it: but the truth is, he knowes *Cornelius* far better than *Tacitus:* his ordinary sports are cock-fights: but the most frequent, horse-races, from whence hee comes home dry-foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her calfe, he goes downe into the country, where hee is brought to milke and white cheese like the *Switzers.*

A Button-maker of Amsterdam

IS one that is fled over from his *conscience;* and left his wife and children upon the parish. For his knowledge, he is meerely a *horne-book* without a *christ-crosse* afore it: and his zeale consists much in hanging his bible in a

Dutch button: he coozens men in the purity of his clothes: and 'twas his only joy when he was on this side, to be in prison: hee cries out, 'Tis impossible for any man to be damn'd, that lives in his religion, and his equivocation is true: as long as a man lives in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the question. Of all feasts in the yeare, he accounts S. *Georges* feast the prophanest, because of S. *Georges* crosse, yet somtimes he doth *sacrifice* to his own belly; provided, that hee put off the wake of his owne nativity, or wedding, till *Good Friday.* If there be a great feast in the towne, though most of the wicked (as he cals them) be there, he will be sure to bee a guest, and to out-eat six of the fattest *Burgers:* he thinks, though hee may not pray with a *Jew,* he may eat with a *Jew:* he winkes when he prayes, and thinkes he knowes the way so now to heaven, that hee can find it blindfold. Latine he accounts the language of the *beast* with seven heads; and when hee speakes of his owne countrey, cries, he is fled out of *Babel.* Lastly, his devotion is *obstinacy;* the only solace of his heart, *contradiction;* and his maine end, *hypocrisie.*

A Distaster of the Time

IS a *winter grashopper* all the yeare long that looks back upon *harvest,* with a leane paire of cheekes, never sets forward to meet it: his malice sucks up the greatest part of his owne venome, and therewith impoisoneth himselfe: and this sicknesse rises rather of *selfe-opinion, or over-great expectation;* so in the conceit of his own over-worthinesse, like a *coistrell,* he strives to fill himselfe with wind, and flies against it. Any mans advancement is the most capitall offence that can be to his malice: yet this envy, like *Phalaris Bull,* makes that a torment, first for himselfe, he prepared for others: he is a *day-bed for the devill* to slumber on; his bloud is of a yellowish colour; like those that have beene bitten by *vipers;* and his gaule flowes as thick in him as oyle in a poyson'd stomack. He infects all society, as thunder sowres wine: war or peace, dearth or plenty, makes him equally discontented. And where hee finds no cause to tax the state, he descends to raile against the rate of salt-butter. His wishes are *whirlewinds;* which breath'd forth, returne into himselfe, and make him a most giddy and tottering vessell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, he doth but walk in his sleep, for his visitation is directed to none; his

businesse is nothing. He is often dumb-mad, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of discontent, though he can be of all religions; therefore truly of none. Thus by unnaturalizing himselfe, some would thinke him a very dangerous fellow to the state, but he is not greatly to be fear'd: for this dejection of his, is only like a rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his begging.

A meere fellow of an House

EXAMINES all mens carriage but his own; and is so kind-natured to himselfe, he finds fault with all mens but his owne. He weares his apparell much after the fashion; his meanes will not suffer him come too nigh: they afford him *mockvelvet*, or *satinisco;* but not without the colleges next leases acquaintance: his inside is of the selfe-same fashion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glasse of selfe-liking, there *Crœsus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *pedant* in shew, though his title be *tutor;* and his *pupils*, in broader phrase, are *schoole-boyes*. On these he spends the false gallop of his tongue; and with senselesse discourse towes them along, not out of ignorance. He shewes them the rind, conceales the

sap: by this meanes he keeps them the longer, himselfe the better. He hath learnt to cough, and spit, and blow his nose at every period, to recover his memory: and studies chiefely to set his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His religion lies in waite for the inclination of his patron; neither ebs nor flowes, but just standing water, betweene *Protestant* and *Puritane.* His dreames are of plurality of benefices and non-residency; and when he rises, acts a long grace to his looking glasse. Against he comes to be some great mans chaplaine, he hath a habit of boldnesse, though a very coward. He speakes swords, fights, *ergo's:* his pace on foot is a measure; on horse-back a gallop: for his legs are his owne, though horse and spurres are borrowed. He hath lesse use then possession of books. He is not so proud, but he will call the meanest author by his name: nor so unskilled in the herauldry of a study, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowship, and begins another.

A meere Pettyfogger

IS *one of Sampson's foxes;* he sets men together by the eares, more shamefully then *pillories;* and in a long vacation his sport is to goe a fishing *with the penall statutes.*

He cannot erre before judgment, and then you see it, only *writs of error* are the *tariers* that keepe his *client* undoing somewhat the longer. He is a vestryman in his parish, and easily sets his neighbour at variance with the *vicar*, when his wicked *counsell* on both sides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *fencer*, whereby they get blowes, he money. His honesty and learning bring him to *under-shriveship*, which having thrice runne through, he doe's not feare the *lieutenant* o'th' shire: nay more, he feares not God. *Cowardise* holds him a good commonwealths man; his pen is the plough, and parchment the soyle, whence he reapes both coyne and curses. Hee is an *earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to have halfe in the county break their bonds, were the only liberty of conscience. He would wish (though he be a *brownist*) no neighbour of his should pay his tithes duly, if such suits held continuall plea at *Westminster*. He cannot away with the reverend service in our church, because it ends with *The peace of God*. He loves blowes extremely, and hath his *chirurgians* bill of all rates, from head to foot, to incense the fury: he would not give away his yearely beatings for a good peece of mony. He makes his will in forme of a law case, full of quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing else, yet) for the vexation of law, may have cause to remember

him. And if he thought the ghosts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of popery) sure he would hide some single money in *Westminster-hall,* that his spirit might haunt there. Only with this, I will pitch him o're the bar, and leave him, that his fingers itch after a bribe, ever since his first practising of court-hand.

An Ingrosser of Corne.

THERE is no vermine in the land like him, he slanders both heaven and earth with pretended dearths, when there's no cause of scarcity. His hoording in a deere yeare, is like *Erisicthons* bowels in *Ovid: Quodque urbibus esse; quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit uni.* Hee prayes daily for more inclosures, and knowes no reason in his religion, why we should call our forefathers dayes, *the time of ignorance,* but onely because they sold wheate for twelve pence a bushell. He wishes that *Danske* were at the *Moloccos;* and had rather be certaine of some forraine invasion, then of the setting up of the stilyard. When his barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy halfe a bushell i'th' market to serve his houshold: and winnowes his corne in the night, lest, as the chaffe throwne upon the water,

shew'd plenty in Egypt; so his (carried by the wind) should proclaime his abundance. No painting pleases him so well, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the seven leane kine, that ate up the fat ones; that he has in his parlour, which he will describe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a smothered prayer for the like scarcity. He cannot away with tobacco; for he is perswaded (and not much amisse) that 'tis a sparer of bread-corne; which he could find in's heart to transport without licence: but weighing the penalty, he growes mealy-mouth'd, and dares not. Sweet smels he cannot abide; wishes that the pure aire were generally corrupted: nay, that the spring had lost her fragrancy for ever, or we our superfluous sense of smelling, (as he tearmes it) that his corne might not be found musty. The poore he accounts the justices intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complaines of our negligence of discovering new parts of the world, onely to rid them from our climate. His sone, by a certaine kind of instinct, he binds prentice to a taylor, who all the terme of his indenture, hath a deare yeare in's belly, and ravins bread extremely: when he comes to be a freeman (if it be a dearth) he marries him to a bakers daughter.

A Devillish Usurer

IS sowed as *cummin* or *hemp-seed*, with curses; and he thinkes he thrives the better. He is far better read in the *pœnall statutes*, then the Bible; and his evill angell perswades him, he shall sooner bee saved by them. He can bee no mans friend; for all men he hath most interest in, hee undoes: and a double-dealer hee is certainly; for by his good will, he ever takes the forfeit. He puts his mony to the unnatural act of generation; and his scriv'ner is the supervisor bawd to't. Good deeds hee loves none, but seal'd and delivered: nor doth he wish any thing to thrive in the country, but bee-hives; for they make him wax rich. He hates all but law-latine, yet thinks he might be drawne to love a scholler, could hee reduce the yeare to a shorter compasse, that his use-money might come in the faster. He seemes to be the sonne of a jaylor, for all his estate is in most heavy and cruell bonds. Hee doth not give, but sell daies of payment, and those at the rate of a mans undoing: he doth onely feare the day of judgement should fall sooner, then the paiment of some great sum of money due to him: he removes his lodging when a subsidie comes; and if he be found out, and pay it, he grumbles treason; but 'tis

in such a deformed silence, as witches raise their spirits in. Gravity he pretends in all things, but in his private whore; for he will not in a hundred pound take one light sixe pence; and it seemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe;* for you must not tell him of a *Spaniard.* He is a man of no conscience; for (like the *Jakes-farmer* that swounded with going into Bucklersbury) hee falls into a cold sweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his religion, we are in the right for every thing, if that were abolisht: hee hides his mony as if hee thought to find it againe at the last day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead prescription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a question: yet should hee live to be hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, the very hangman would pity his case. The table he keepes is able to starve twenty tall men; his servants have not their living, but their dying from him, and that's of hunger. A spare diet he commends in all men, but himselfe: he comes to cathedrals only for love of the singing-boyes, because they looke hungry. He likes our religion best, because 'tis best cheape; yet would faine allow of purgatory, cause 'twas of his trade, and brought in so much money: his heart goes with the same snaphance his purse doth, 'tis seldome open to any man: friendship he accounts but a word without any signification; nay, he loves

all the world so little, that, and it were possible, he would make himselfe his owne executor: for certaine, he is made administrator to his owne good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dyes long afore him; but he is so far from being at the charge of a funerall for it, that he lets it stinke above ground. In conclusion, for neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious lawyer. And for his death, 'tis either surfet, the pox, or despaire; for seldome such as he die of Gods making, as honest men should doe.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to speak well of himselfe; for alwaies he names himselfe, *the first man.* If he had betane himselfe to some richer trade, he could not have choos'd but done well: for in this (though it be a meane one) he is still plying it, and putting himselfe forward. He is evermore telling strange newes, most commonly lyes. If he be a sculler, aske him if he be married, he'l equivocate and sweare he's a single man. Little trust is to be given to him, for he thinks that day he does best, when he fetches most men over. His daily labour teaches him the art of dissembling: for like a fellow that rides to the pil-

lory, he goes not that way he lookes: he keeps such a bawling at *Westminster*, that if the lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would be tane with him. When he is upon the water, he is fare-company: when he comes ashore, he mutinies, and contrary to all other trades, is most surly to gentlemen, when they tender payment: the play-houses only keep him sober; and as it doth many other gallants, make him an after-noones man. London-bridge is the most terrible eye-sore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great presse*, makes him flye from the river; nor any thing, but a great *frost*, can teach him any good manners.

A Reverend Judge

IS one that desires to have his greatnes, only measur'd by his goodnes: his care is to appeare such to the people, as hee would have them be; and to be himselfe such as he appeares; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, and be another: he knowes that the hill of greatnesse yeelds a most delightfull prospect; but withall, that it is most subject to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *tragedies*, sit and censure the actions of those in authority: he squares his own therefore, that they may farre be above their

pitty: he wishes fewer laws, so they were better observ'd: and for those are mulctuary, he understands their institution not to be like briers or springes, to catch every thing they lay hold of; but like seamarkes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to avoid the shipwrack of ignorant passengers: he hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor despaire of preferment can draw him to such an exigent: hee thinks himselfe then most honourably seated, when hee gives mercy the upper hand: he rather strives to purchase good name, then land; and of all rich stuffes forbidden by the statute, loathes to have his followers weare their clothes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there he delivers his mind plainely, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein dissembling ought to have lesse credit, then in a Princes Councell. Thus honor keeps peace with him to the grave, and doth not (as with many) there forsake him, and goe back with the Heralds: but fairely sits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent common-wealths men.

A vertuous Widdow

IS the palme-tree, that thrives not after the supplanting of her husband. For her childrens sake she first marries, for she married that she might have children, and for their sakes she marries no more. She is like the purest gold, only imployed for princes medals, shee never receives but one mans impression; the large joynture moves her not, titles of honour cannot sway her. To change her name, were (she thinkes) to commit a sinne should make her asham'd of her husbands calling. She thinks she hath travel'd all the world in one man; the rest of her time therefore she directs to heaven. Her maine superstition is, she thinks her husbands ghost would walk, should she not performe his will: she would doe it, were there no prerogative court. She gives much to pious uses, without any hope to merit by them: and as one diamond fashions another, so is she wrought into workes of charity, with the dust or ashes of her husband. She lives to see her selfe full of time; being so necessary for earth, God cals her not to heaven, till shee be very aged: and even then, though her naturall strength faile her, she stands like an ancient *pyramid;* which the lesse it grows to mans eye, the neerer it reaches to heaven. This

latter chastity of hers, is more grave and reverend, than that ere shee was maried; for in it, is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor jealousie. She ought to be a mirrour for our yongest dames to dresse themselves by, when she is fullest of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neere her; for in suffering the losse of her husband, she accounts all the rest trifles. She hath laid his dead body in the worthiest monument that can be: she hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, she is a relique, that without any superstition in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reverenc't.

An ordinary Widdow

IS like the heraulds hearse-cloth; she serves to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her husband begins in teares; and the end of her teares begins in a husband. Shee uses to cunning women to know how many husbands she shall have, and never marries without the consent of six midwives. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her suitors; and by them she gaines: for one serves to draw on another, and with one at last she shoots out another, as boyes doe pellets in elderne guns. She commends to them a single life, as horse-coursers doe their

jades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest of the guard, but knighthood makes her draw in a weaker bow. Her servants or kinsfolke, are the trumpeters that summon any to this combat; by them she gaines much credit, but loseth it againe in the old proverbe: *fama est mendax.* If she live to be thrice married, she seldome failes to coozen her second husbands creditors. A churchman she dare not venture upon; for she hath heard widowes complain of dilapidations: nor a souldier, though he have candle-rents in the citie, for his estate may be subject to fire: very seldome a lawyer, without he shewes his exceeding great practice, and can make her case the better: but a knight with the old rent may do much, for a great comming in is all in all with a widow: ever provided, that most part of her plate and jewels (before the wedding) lye conceal'd with her scrivener. Thus like a too-ripe apple, she falls off her selfe: but he that hath her, is lord but of a filthy purchase, for the title is crack't. Lastly, while she is a widdow, observe her, she is no morning woman: the evening, a good fire, and sacke, may make her listen to a husband: and if ever she be made sure, 'tis upon a full stomack to bed-ward.

A Quacksalver

IS a mountebank of a larger bill then a taylor; if he can but come by names enow of diseases to stuffe it with, 'tis all the skill he studies for. He tooke his first being from a cunning woman, and stole this black art from her, while hee made her sea-coale fire. All the diseases ever sin brought upon man, doth he pretend to be a curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is corn-cutting. A great plague makes him, what with rayling against such, as leave their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly breaking cake-bread, with the fish-wives at funerals, he utters a most abominable deale of musty *carduus-water*, and the conduits cry out, all the learned doctors may cast their caps at him. He parts stakes with some apothecary in the suburbs, at whose house he lies: and though he be never so familiar with his wife, the apothecary dares not (for the richest horne in his shop) displease him. All the midwives in the towne are his intelligencers: but nurses and young merchants wives (that would faine conceive with child) these are his idolaters. He is a more unjust bone-setter, then a dice-maker; hath put out more eyes then the small pox; made more deafe then the *cataracts* of *Nilus;* lamed more then the gout: shrunk

more sinews then one that makes bowstrings, and kild more idly then tobacco. A magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to love a good horse well, would not suffer him to be a farrier: his discourse is vomit, and his ignorance, the strongest purgation in the world: to one that would be speedily cured, he hath more delayes and doubles, then a hare, or a law-suit: he seekes to set us at variance with nature, and rather then he shall want diseases, hee'l beget them. His especiall practice (as I said afore) is upon women; labours to make their minds sick, ere their bodies feele it, and then there's work for the dog-leach. He pretends the cure of madmen; and sure he gets most by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Lastly, he is such a juggler with urinals, so dangerously unskilfull, that if ever the city will have recourse to him for diseases that need purgation, let them employ him in scouring *Moore-ditch*.

A canting Rogue.

THIS not unlikely but he was begot by some intelligencer under a hedge; for his mind is wholly given to travell. Hee is not troubled with making of joyntures: he can divorce himselfe without the fee of a proctor, nor

feares hee the cruelty of over-seers of his will. Hee leaves his children all the world to cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His language is a constant tongue; the Northerne speech differs from the South, Welsh from the Cornish: but canting is generall, nor ever could be altered by conquest of the *Saxon, Dane,* or *Norman.* He will not beg out of his limit though hee starve; nor breake his oath if hee sweare by his *Salomon,* though you hang him: and hee payes his custome as truly to his grand rogue, as tribute is paid to the great Turke. The March sunne breeds agues in others, but hee adores it like the *Indians;* for then begins his progresse after a hard winter. Ostlers cannot indure him, for hee is of the infantry, and serves best on foot. He offends not the statute against the excesse of apparell, for hee will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary pennance. Forty of them lye in a barne together, yet are never sued upon the statute of inmates. If hee were learned, no man could make a better description of *England;* for hee hath travel'd it over and over. Lastly, he brags, that his great houses are repaired to his hands, when churches goe to ruine: and those are prisons.

A French Cooke.

HE learnt his trade in a towne of garrison neere famish't, where hee practised to make a little goe farre; some drive it from more antiquity, and say, *Adam* (when he pickt sallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the palate; and though his command lie in the kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet shall you find him a very sawcy companion. Ever since the wars in *Naples*, he hath so minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his nation should keepe a perpetuall dyet. The servingmen call him the last relique of popery, that makes men fast against their conscience. He can be truly said to be no mans fellow but his masters: for the rest of his servants are starved by him. He is the prime cause why noblemen build their houses so great: for the smalnesse of their kitchin, makes the house the bigger: and the lord calls him his alchymist that can extract gold out of hearbs, roots, mushroomes, or any thing: that which he dresses, we may rather call a drinking, then a meale; yet he is so full of variety, that he brags, and truly, that hee gives you but a taste of what he can doe: he dare not for his life come among the butchers; for sure they would quarter and bake him after the English fashion;

hee's such an enemy to beefe and mutton. To conclude, hee were only fit to make a funerall feast, where men should eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all proverbs, hee cannot endure to heare that which sayes, We ought to live by the quick, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time be confinde to the church-yard; at least within five foot on't: for at every church stile, commonly ther's an ale-house: where let him be found never so idle pated, hee is still a grave drunkard. He breaks his fast heartilest while hee is making a grave, and sayes, the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to bee a sloven, yet hee loves cleane linnen extremely, and for that reason takes an order that fine holland sheetes be not made wormes meat. Like a nation called the *Cusani*, hee weepes when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reason; he gets by burials, not christnings: he will hold argument in a taverne over sack, till the diall and himselfe be both at a stand: he never observes any time but sermon time, and there hee sleepes by the houre-glasse. The rope-maker payes him a pension,

and hee payes tribute to the physitian; for the physitian makes worke for the sexton, as the ropemaker for the hangman. Lastly, hee wishes the dog-dayes would last all yeere long: and a great plague is his yeere of jubilee.

A Iesuite

IS a larger spoone for a traytour to feed with the devill, then any other order: unclaspe him, and hee's a gray wolfe, with a golden starre in the forehead: so superstitiously he followes the pope, that he forsakes Christ, in not giving *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heavenly; but in meddling with state-businesse, he seemes to mix heaven and earth together. His best elements, are confession and penance: by the first, he finds out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his seminary. He sprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spanish* souldier; and though he were found out long since the invention of the canon, 'tis thought hee hath not done lesse mischiefe. He is a false key to open princes cabinets, and pry into their counsels; and where the popes excommunication thunders, he holds it no more sinne the decrowning of kings, than our Puritanes doe the suppression of bishops. His order is

full of irregularitie and disobedience: ambitious above all measure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he rejected the name of Jesuite, and would be call'd disciple. In *Rome*, and other countries that give him freedome, he weares a maske upon his heart; in *England* he shifts it, and puts it upon his face. No place in our climate hides him so securely as a ladies chamber: the modesty of the *pursevant* hath only forborne the bed, and so mist him. There is no disease in Christendome, that may so properly be call'd *The kings evill.* To conclude, would you know him beyond sea? In his seminary, hee's a fox; but in the inquisition, a lyon rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHATSOEVER is commendable to the grave orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, hee charmes our attention: sit in a full theater, and you will thinke you see so many lines drawne from the circumference of so many eares, whiles the *actor* is the *center*. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous, she is often seene in the same scene with him, but neither on stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, tis not lower then the prompter; not lowder then the foile and target. By his action

hee fortifies morall precepts with examples; for what wee see him personate, we thinke truly done before us: a man of a deepe thought might apprehend, the ghost of our ancient *heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at several times) for many of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent player, or his playing an exquisite painter. Hee addes grace to the poets labours: for what in the poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musick. He entertaines us in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most unfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of hawkes and chase of wilde beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some thinke this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men have beene of his occupation: and indeed, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others essentially: this day one playes a monarch, the next a private person. Here one acts a tyrant, on the morrow an exile: a parasite this man to night, to morrow a precisian, and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kinde is the strongest motive of affection that can be: for when hee dyes, wee cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would doe gold in the oare; I should not mind the drosse, but the purity of the metall.

A Franklin.

HIS outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give armes (with the best gentlemen) and ne're see the herauld. There is no truer servant in the house then himselfe. Though he be master, he sayes not to his servants, Goe to field, but, Let us goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandrie. Hee is taught by nature to bee contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and rayment: hee is pleas'd with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. He is nere knowne to goe to law; understanding, to bee law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it: and that such men sleepe as unquietly, as if their pillowes were stuft with lawyers pen-knives. When he builds, no poore tenants cottage hinders his prospect: they are indeed his almes-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription: he never sits up late, but when he hunts the badger, the vow'd foe of his lambs: nor uses hee any cruelty, but when hee hunts the hare, nor subtilty, but when he setteth snares for the snite, or pit-falls for the black-bird; nor

oppression, but when in the moneth of July, he goes to the next river, and sheares his sheepe. He allowes of honest pastime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead any thing bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the church-yard after evensong. Rocke Munday, and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakefull ketches on Christmas Eve, the hoky, or seed cake, these he yeerely keepes, yet holds them no reliques of popery. He is not so inquisitive after newes derived from the privie closet, when the finding an eiery of hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good straine, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable. Hee is lord paramount within himselfe, though hee hold by never so meane a tenure; and dyes the more contentedly (though he leave his heire young) in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him; hee cares not when his end comes, hee needs not feare his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whose face is hatcht all over with impudence, and should hee bee hang'd or pilloried, tis armed for it. Hee is a juggler with words, yet practises the art of most uncleanely conveyance. He doth boggle very

often; and because himselfe winks at it, thinks tis not perceived: the maine thing that ever he did, was the tune hee sang to. There is nothing in the earth so pittifull, no not an ape-carrier, hee is not worth thinking of, and therefore I must leave him as nature left him; a dunghill not well laid together.

A Covetous man.

THIS man would love honour and adore God, if there were an L more in his name: Hee hath coffind up his soule in his chests before his body; hee could wish he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger, on condition he had his chymicall quality. At the grant of a new subsidy he would gladly hang himselfe, were it not for the charge of buying a rope, and begins to take money upon use, when he heares of a privy seale. His morning prayer is to over-looke his baggs, whose every parcell begets his adoration. Then to his studies, which are how to cousen this tenant, begger that widow, or to undoe some orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well knowne dayes of payment con'd by heart; and if he ever pray, it is, some one may breake his day, that the beloved forfeiture may be obtained. His use is doubled, and no one sixpence begot or borne, but presently by an untimely thrift

it is getting more. His chimney must not be acquainted with fire, for feare of mischance, but if extremitie of cold pinch him, hee gets him heat with looking on, and sometime removing his aged wood-pile, which he meanes to leave to many descents, till it hath out-lived all the woods of that countrey. He never spends candle but at Christmas (when he has them for new-yeeres gifts) in hope that his servants will breake glasses for want of light, which they doubly pay for in their wages. His actions are guilty of more crimes then other mens thoughts, and he conceives no sin which hee dare not act save only lust, from which he abstaines for feare hee should be charged with keeping bastards: once a yeere he feasts, the reliques of which meale shall serve him the next quarter. In his talke hee railes against eating of breake-fasts, drinking betwixt meales, and sweares he is impoverished with paying of tythes. He had rather have the frame of the world fall, then the price of corne. If he chance to travel, he curses his fortune that his place binds him to ride, and his faithfull cloak-bag is sure to take care for his provision. His nights are as troublesome as his daies, every rat awakes him out of his unquiet sleeps. If he have a daughter to marry, he wishes he were in Hungary, or might follow the custom of that country, that all her portion might be a wedding gown. If he fall sicke, he had rather dye a thousand deaths,

then pay for any physick: and if he might have his choice, he would not goe to heaven but on condition he may put money to use there. In fine, he lives a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaves a heap of pelfe (which so many carefull hands had scraped together) to haste after him to hell, and by the way it lodges in a lawyers purse.

The proud Man

IS one in whom pride is a quality that condemnes every one besides his master, who when hee weares new clothes, thinks himselfe wrong'd, if they bee not observ'd, imitated, and his discretion in the choice of his fashion and stuffe applauded: when he vouchsafes to blesse the ayre with his presence, hee goes as neere the wall as his sattin suit will give him leave, and every passenger he viewes under the eye-browes, to observe whether he vailes his bonnet low enough, which hee returnes with an imperious nod: he never salutes first, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attire he is effeminate, every haire knows his owne station; which if it chance to loose, it is checkt in againe with his pocket combe. He had rather have the whole commonwealth out of order, then the least member of his muchato, and chooses rather to lose

his patrimony, then to have his band ruffled; at a feast if hee be not placed in the highest seat, hee eats nothing, howsoever, hee drinks to no man, talks with no man for feare of familiarity. He professeth to keep his stomack for the *pheasant* or the *quaile*, and when they come, he can eat little, hee hath been so cloyed with them that yeare, although they be the first he saw. In his discourse he talks of none but Privy Councellors, and is as prone to be-lye their acquaintance, as he is a ladies favors: if he have but twelve-pence in's purse, he will give it for the best room in a play-house. He goes to sermons, only to shew his gay clothes, and if on other inferiour daies he chance to meet his friend, hee is sorry he sees him not in his best suit.

A Prison.

IT should be Christs hospitall: for most of your wealthy citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly be so, because so few in it are kept upon almes. Charities house and this, are built many miles asunder. One thing notwithstanding is here praise worthy, for men in this persecution cannot chuse but prove good Christians, in that they are a kind of martyrs, and suffer for the truth. And yet it is so cursed a peece

of land, that the sonne is ashamed to be his fathers heire in it. It is an infected pest-house all the yeare long: the plague-sores of the law, are the diseases here wholely reigning. The surgeons are atturnies and pettifoggers, who kill more then they cure. *Lord have mercy upon us*, may well stand over these doores, for debt is a most dangerous and catching city pestilence. Some take this place for the walks in Moore-fields, (by reason the madmen are so neere) but the crosses here and there are not alike. No, it is not halfe so sweet an ayre, for it is the dunghill of the law, upon which is thrown the ruines of gentry, and the nasty heaps of voluntary decayed bankrupts, by which means it comes to bee a perfect medall of the iron age, sithence nothing but gingling of keyes, rattling of shackles, bolts and grates are here to be heard. It is the horse of Troy, in whose womb are shut up all the mad Greeks that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (unlesse in prisoners bellies) is here truly to bee proved. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it selfe, for the arrantest coward breathing, being posted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable stomack. Does any man desire to learne musick? every man here sings *Lachrymæ* at first sight, and is hardly out; hee runnes division upon every note; and yet (to their commendations bee it spoken) none of them (for all that division) doe trouble the Church. They

are no Anabaptists; if you aske under what horizon this climate lyes, the *Bermudas* and it are both under one and the same height. And wheras some suppose that this Iland (like that) is haunted with divels, it is not so: for those divels (so talked of, and feared) are none else but hoggish jaylors. Hither you need not sayle, for it is a ship of it selfe: the masters side is the upper deck. They in the common jayle lye under hatches, and helpe to ballast it. Intricate cases are the tacklings, executions the anchors, capiasses the cables, chancery-bils the huge sayles, a long terme the mast, law the helme, a judge the pylot, a councel the purser, an atturney the boatswain, his fleeting clark the swabber, bonds the waves, out-lawries gusts, the verdicts of juries rough winds, extents the rocks that split all in peeces. Or if it be not a ship, yet this and a ship differ not much in the building; the one is a mooving misery, the other a standing. The first is seated on a spring, the second on piles. Either this place is an embleme of a bawdy-house, or a bawdy-house of it; for nothing is to be seene (in any roome) but scurvy beds and bare walls. But (not so much to dishonor it) it is an university of poore schollers, in which three arts are chiefely studied: to pray, to curse, and to write letters.

A Prisoner

IS one that hath beene a monied man, and is still a very close fellow; whosoever is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they shall find him as fast a friend as any in England: he is a sure man, and you know where to find him. The corruption of a bankerupt, is commonly the generation of this creature: hee dwels on the back side of the world, or in the suburbs of society, and lives in a tenement which he is sure none will goe about to take over his head. To a man that walkes abroad, he is one of the *antipodes*, that goes on the top of the world; and this under it. At his first comming in, hee is a *peece* of *new coyne*, all sharking old prisoners lye sucking at his purse. An old man and *he* are much alike, neither of them both goe farre. They are still angry, and peevish, and they sleepe little. Hee was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confusion of languages is onely in his mouth. All the vacations, he speakes as good English, as any man in England; in *tearme times* he breaks out of that and hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *racking trot* of *issues*, *billes*, *replications*, *rejoynders*, *demurres*, *querelles*, *subpenæ's*, *&c.* able to fright a simple countrey fellow, and make him beleeve he conjures. Whatsoever

his complexion was before, it *turnes* (in this place) to *choler* or deepe *melancholy*, so that hee needs every houre to take physick to loose his body, for that (like his estate) is very *foule* and *corrupt*, and extremely *hard bound*. The taking of an *execution* off his stomack, gives him five or sixe stooles, and leaves his body very soluble. The *withdrawing* of an action, is a *vomit*. Hee is no sound man, and yet an utter Barrester (nay, a sergeant of the case) will feed heartily upon him, hee is very good picking meat for a lawyer. The barber surgeons may (if they will) beg him for an *anatomie* after hee hath suffered execution; an excellent lecture may bee made upon his body: hee is a kind of dead carkasse, *creditors*, *lawyers*, and *jaylors* devoure it: *creditors* peck out his eyes with his owne teares, *lawyers* flay off his owne skinne, and lappe him in parchment, and *jaylors* are the *promethean vultures* that gnaw his very heart. Hee is a bond-slave to the law, and (albeit he were a shop-keeper in *London*) yet he cannot with safe conscience write himselfe a *freeman*. His *religion* is of five or six colours; this day he prayes that God may turne the hearts of his creditors: and to morrow he curseth the hour that ever he saw them. His *apparell* is dawb'd commonly with statute lace, the *suit* it selfe of *durance*, and the *hose* full of long *paines*. He hath many other lasting suits, which he himselfe is

never able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life, is like that of the *Sun* (marry not halfe so glorious.) It begins in *Aries*, and ends in *Pisces*. Both *head* and *feet* are (all the yeare long) in troublesome and laborious *motions*, and *Westminster Hall* is his *spheare*. Hee lives betweenne the two *tropiques*, (*Cancer* and *Capricorne*) and by that means is in double danger (of crabbed creditors) for his *purse*, and *hornes* for his *head*, if his wives heeles bee light. If hee be a *gentleman*, he alters his *armes* so soone as he comes in. Few (heere) carry *fields* or *argent*, but whatsoever they bare before, here they give onely *sables*. Whiles he lies by it, he's travelling ore the *Alps*, and the hearts of his creditors are the snows that lye unmelted in the middle of Sommer. He is an *almanack* out of date: none of his daies speake of faire weather. Of all the files of men, hee marcheth in the last, and comes limping, for he is shot, and is no man of this world, unlesse he be fetcht off nobly. He hath lost his way, and being benighted, strayed into a wood full of *wolves*, and nothing so hard as to *get away*, without being devoured. Hee that walkes from six to six in *Pauls*, goes still but a quoites cast before this man.

A Creditour

IS a fellow that torments men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Deucalions* sons begotten of a stone. The marble images in the Temple Church, that lye crosse-legg'd, doe much resemble *him*, saving that *this* is a little more *crosse*. Hee weares a forfeited bond under that part of his girdle where his *thumb* stickes, with as much pride as a *Welchman* does a *leek* on S. *Davids* day, and quarrels more and longer about it. He is a *catchpoles* mornings draught: for the newes that such a gallant's come yesternight to towne, drawes out of him both muscadel and mony too. He saies the *Lords pruier backwards*, or (to speake better of him) he hath a *pater noster* by himself, and that *particle, Forgive us our debts, as we forgive others*, &c. he either quite leaves out, or els leaps over it. It is a dangerous rub in the alley of his conscience. He is the *bloud-hound* of the *law*, and hunts *counter*, very swiftly and with great judgement. He hath a *quicke sent* to smell out his game, and a good *deepe mouth* to pursue it, yet never opens till he bites, and bites not till hee *killes*, or at least drawes *bloud*, and then hee *pincheth* most *doggedly*. Hee is a lawyers moyle, and the onely beast upon which he *ambles* so often to *Westminster*.

And a lawyer is his God *Almighty*, in *him* only he trusts, to *him* he flyes in all his troubles, from *him* he seekes succour; to *him* he prayes, that hee may by his meanes overcome his enemies: *him* does hee worship both in the *temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by *him* and good *Angels*, to prosper in all his *actions*. A scrivener is his *farriar*, and helps to recover all his diseased and maimed obligations. Every tearme he sets up a *tenters* in Westminster Hall, upon which he rackes and stretches gentlemen like English *broadcloth*, beyond the staple of the wooll, till the threds cracke, and that causeth them with the least wet to shrink, and presently to weare *bare:* marrie hee handles a citizen (at least if himselfe be one) like a peece of *Spanish cloth*, gives him onely a touch, and straines him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *break of himselfe*, and then he can cut nothing out of him but shreds. To the one, he comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blacke* and *bloudy flag*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (upon the parley) rather then faile, he takes ten groats i'th' pound for his *ransom*, and so lets him *march* away with *bag* and *baggage*. From the beginning of *Hilary* to th' end of *Michaelmas*, his purse is full of *quicksilver*, and that sets him running from *sun-rise* to *sun-set* up *Fleet street*, and so to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Westminster*, then back to one *court*, after that to another; then to

atturney, then to a *consellour*, and in every of these places, he melts some of his *fat* (his money.) In the vacation he goes to grasse, and gets up his *flesh* againe, which he bates as you have heard. If he were to bee hang'd, unlesse he could be sav'd by his book, hee cannot for his heart call for a *Psalme* of *mercy*. He is a *knave-trap-baited* with parchment and wax; the fearefull *mice* he catches, are debters, with whom *scratching atturneyes* (like cats) play a good while, and then *mouze* them. The *belly* is an *unsatiable creditor*, but *man* worse.

A Sargeant

WAS once taken (when he *bare office* in his parish) for an honest man. The spawn of a *decaied shop-keeper* begets this *fry;* out of that *dunghill* is this *serpents egge* hatched. It is a divell made somtimes out of one of the twelve companies, and does but study the part and rehearse on earth, to be perfect when he comes to act it in hell: that is his stage. The hangman and he are *twinnes;* onely the *hangman* is the elder brother, and hee dying without issue (as commonly hee does, for none but a *rope-makers* widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habit* is a long *gowne*, made at first to cover his

knavery, but that *growing* too monstrous, hee now goes in buffe: his conscience and that, being both *cut* out of one hide, and are of one toughnesse. The *countergate* is his *kennell*, the *whole city* his *Paris garden*, the misery of poore men (but especially of bad livers) are the offalles on which he feeds. The devill cals him his *white sonne;* he is so like him, that hee is the worse for it, and hee takes after his father; for the one *torments bodies*, as fast as the other *tortures soules*. *Money* is the *crust* he leaps at: *crie, a ducke, a ducke*, and hee plunges not in so eagerly as at *this*. The *dogs chaps water* to fetch nothing else: he hath his name for the same quality; for *sergeant*, is *quasi see argent*, looke you *rogues* here is mony. Hee goes *muffled* like a theefe, and carries still the marks of one, for he *steales* upon a man *cowardly*, *plucks* him by the throat, makes him *stand*, and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theefe is more *valiant* and more *honest*. His walkes in terme time are up *Fleet-street*, at the end of terme up Holeborne, and so to Tyburne, the gallowes are his purlues, in which the *hang-man* and *hee* are the *quarter rangers*, the one *turnes* off, and the other *cuts downe*. All the vacation hee lies imboag'de behinde the lattice of some blinde, drunken, bawdy ale-house, and if he spie his prey, out he leapes, like a free-booter, and rifles; or like a *ban-dog* worries. No officer to the citie, keepes

his oath so *uprightly;* he never is forsworne, for hee sweares to be *true varlet* to the city, and he continues so to his dying day. *Mace,* which is so comfortable to the stomacke in all kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to mortall poyson. This raven pecks not out mens eyes as others doe, all his spite is at their shoulders, and you were better to have the *night-mare* ride you, then this *incubus.* When any of the furies of hell die, this *cacodæmon* hath the reversion of his place. He will venture as desperately upon the *Pox* as any *roaring boy* of them all. For when hee arrests a *whore,* himselfe puts her in common baile at his owne perill, and shee paies him soundly for his labour; upon one of the sheriffes custards hee is not so greedy, nor so sharpe set, as at such a stew-pot. The city is (by the custome) to feed him with good meat, as they send dead horses to their hounds, onely too keepe them both in good heart, for not onely those *curs* at the *dog-house,* but these within the walls, are to serve in their places, in their severall huntings. He is a citizens birdlime, and where he holds, he hangs.

His Yeoman.

IS the *hanger* that a *sergeant* weares by his side, it is a false die of the same *bale*, but not the same *cut*, for it runnes some-what *higher*, and does more mischiefe. It is a *tumbler* to drive in the *conies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut up a man without *tearing*, but by a pattern. One *terme* fleshes him, or a *Fleet-street breake fast*. The *devill* is but his father in *law*, and yet for the love hee beares him, he will leave him as much as if he were his owne child. And for that cause (in stead of prayers) he does every morning at the *counter-gate* aske him *blessing*, and thrives the better in his *actions* all the day after. This is the hook that hangs under water to choake the *fish*, and his sergeant is the *quill* above water, which pops downe so soone as ever the *bait* is swallowed. It is indeed an *otter*, and the more terrible destroyer of the two. This *counter-rat* hath a taile as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more sharp, and he more hungry, because he does but snap, and hath not his full *halfe-share* of the booty. The eye of this wolfe is as quicke in his head, as a *cut-purses* in a throng, and as nimble is hee at his businesse, as an *hang-man* at an *execution*. His *office* is as the dogs to worrie the sheepe

first, or drive them to the shambles; the butcher that cuts his throat, steps out afterwards, and that's his *sargeant*. His living lies within the city, but his *conscience* lies *buried* in one of the holes of a *counter*. This eele is bred too, out of the mud of a bankerupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript up, or else a sudden stab sends him of his last errant. Hee will very greedily take a cut with a sword, and sucke more silver out of the wound than his *surgeon* shall. His beginning is detestable, his courses desperate, and his end damnable.

A Iaylor.

IS a creature mistaken in the making, for hee should bee a tyger, but the shape being thought too terrible, it is covered; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fiercenesse, currishnesse, and ravening. Of that red earth, of which man was fashioned, this peece was the basest; of the rubbish which was left, and throwne by, came a jaylor, or if God had something els to doe then to regard such trash, his descent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for then hee comes of the race of those angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heaven, whither he never (or very hardly) returnes. Of all his bunches of keyes, not one hath wards to open that doore; for a

jaylors soule stands not upon those two pillars that support heaven, (*justice* and *mercy:*) it rather sits upon those two foot-stooles of hell, *wrong* and *cruelty*. Hee is a judges slave, a prisoner 's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. Hee is the *hang-man* of the law (with a lame hand) and if the law gave him all his limbs perfect, he would strike those, on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting against a debtor, hee is a creditors second; but observes not the lawes of the *duello*, for his play is foule, and on all base advantages. His conscience and his shackles hang up together, and are made very neere of the same mettle, saving that the one is harder then the other, and hath one property above iron, for that never melts. He distils money out of poore mens teares, and growes fat by their curses. No man comming to the practicall part of hell, can discharge it better, because here he do's nothing but study the theoricke of it. His house is the picture of hell in little, and the originall of the letters patents of his office, stands exemplified there. A chamber of lowsie beds, is better worth to him than the best acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almost impossible) viz: to save all his prisoners that none ever escape, and to be saved himselfe. His eares are stopt to the cries of others, and Gods to his: and good reason, for lay the life of a man in

one scale, and his fees on the other, hee will loose the first, to find the second. He must looke for no mercy (if hee desires justice to be done to him) for he shewes none, and I thinke he cares the lesse, because he knowes heaven hath no need of such tenants, the doores there want no porters, for they stand ever open. If it were possible for all creatures in the world to sleepe every night, he onely and a tyrant cannot. That blessing is taken from them, and this curse comes in the stead, to be ever in feare, and ever hated: what estate can be worse?

What a Character is.

IF I must speake the schoole-masters language, I will confesse that character comes of this infinitive moode χαράξω which signifieth to ingrave, or make a deepe impression. And for that cause, a letter (as A. B.) is called a character.

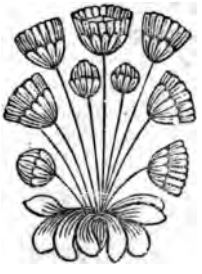
Those elements which wee learne first, leaving a strong seale in our memories.

Character is also taken for an Ægyptian hieroglyphicke, for an imprese, or short embleme; in little comprehending much.

To square out a character by our English levell,

it is a picture (reall or personall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one shadowing.

It is a quicke and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musicall close: it is wits descant on any plaine song.



NEWES FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR, OLD TRUTH, UNDER A SUPPOSALL OF NOVELTIE.

Occasioned by divers Essaies, and private passages of Wit, betweene sundrie Gentlemen upon that subject.

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere that there are as great miseries beyond happinesse, as a this side it, as *being in love.* That truth is every mans by assenting. That time makes every thing aged, and yet it selfe was never but a minute old. That, next sleep, the greatest devourer of time is businesse: the greatest stretcher of it, *passion:* the truest measure of it, *contemplation.* To be saved, alwayes is the best plot: and vertue alwayes cleares her way as she goes. *Vice* is ever behind-hand with it selfe. That *wit* and a *woman* are two fraile things, and both the

frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increast mankind then the end. That the madnesse of love is to be sicke of one part, and cured by another. The madnesse of jealousie, that it is so diligent, and yet it hopes to lose his labour. That all women for the bodily part, are but the same meaning put in divers words. That the difference in the sense is their understanding. That the wisdome of *action* is *discretion;* the knowledge of *contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of *action* is men. That the first considers what should be, the latter makes use of what is. That every man is weake in his owne humours. That every man a little beyond himselfe, is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatnesse is comparison. That God made one world of *substances;* man hath made another of *art* and *opinion.* That money is nothing but a thing which *art* hath turned up *trumpe.* That custome is the soule of circumstances. That custome hath so far prevailed, that *truth* is now the greatest newes.

Sir *T. Over.*

Answere to the Court Newes.

THAT *happinesse* and *miserie* are *antipodes.* That *goodnesse* is not *felicitie,* but the rode thither. That mans strength is but a vicissitude of falling and rising. That onely to refraine ill, is to be ill still. That the plot of salvation was laid before the plot of *Paradise.* That enjoying is the preparative to contemning. That hee that seekes opinion beyond merit, goes just so farre back. That no man can obtaine his desires, nor in the world hath not to his measure. That to study, men are more profitable then bookes. That mens loves are their afflictions. That titles of honour, are rattles to still ambition. That to bee a king, is *Fames butte,* and *Feares quiver.* That the soules of women and lovers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their senses. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wisdome the woofe of the cloth; so that womens soules were never made up. That envie knowes what it will not confesse. That *goodnesse* is like the art *prospective:* one point center, begetting infinite rayes. That man, woman, and the devill, are the three degrees of comparison. That this newes holds number, but not weight, by which couple all things receive forme.

Countrey Newes.

THAT there is most heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is measured by the acre. That poverty is the greatest dishonesty. That the pitty of *alasse poore soule,* is for the most part mistaken. That rost beefe is the best smell. That a justice of peace is the best relique of idolatry. That the allegory of justice drawne blind, is turned the wrong way. That not to live too heavenly is accounted great wrong. That wisdome descends in a race. That wee love names better then persons. That to hold in knights service, is a slippery service. That a papist is a new word for a traitor. That the duty of religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is lost in the want of humility. That the puritane persecution is as a cloud that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *English* and *Scots* to be the *kings* countrymen, thrust the honour on the *Welsh.* That a courtier never attaines his selfe-knowledge, but by report. That his best embleme is a hearne-dog. That many great men are so proud, that they know not their owne fathers. That love is the taile worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne first fame. That to remember, to know, and to understand, are three degrees not understood. That countrey ambition is

no vice, for there is nothing above a man. That fighting is a serving-mans valor: martyrdome their masters. That to live long, is to fill up the dayes we live. That the zeale of some mens religion reflects from their friends. That the pleasure of vice is indulgence of the present, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodnesse is from within, the externall is policie. That good and ill is the crosse and pile in the ayme of life. That the soule is the lamp of the body, reason of the soule, religion of reason, faith of religion, Christ of faith. That circumstances are the atomies of policie, censure the being, action the life, but successe the ornament. That authority presseth downe with weight, and is thought violence: policie trips up the heeles, and is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow passage, he that is first out, finds ease, hee in the middle worst hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmost that drives both out afore him, though not suffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That heaven is the easiest purchase, for wee are the richer for the disbursing. That liberality should have no object but the poore, if our minds were rich. That the mystery of greatnesse is to keepe the inferiour ignorant of it. That all this is no newes to a better wit. *That the city cares not what the countrey thinkes.* Sir *T. R.*

Newes from the verie countrie.

THAT it is a frippery of courtiers, marchants, and others, which have beene in fashion, and are very neere worn out. That justices of peace have the selling of underwoods, but the lords have the great fals. The jesuits are like apricockes, heretofore, heere and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deare; now you may have them for nothing in every cottage. That every great vice is a pike in a pond, that devours vertues and lesse vices. That it is wholsomest getting a stomacke by walking on your owne ground; and the thriftiest laying of it at anothers table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and heere have the liberty of the house. That *atheists* in affliction, like blind beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two such acres in all the countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Westminster Hall.* That only Christmasse Lords know their ends. That women are not so tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well upon beds, as plashed against walls. That our carts are never worse imployed, then when they are waighted on by coaches. That sentences in authors, like haires in horse tailes, concurre in one root of beauty and

strength; but being pluckt out one by one, serve only for springes and snares. That both want and abundance, equally advance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and stones are both good casting for an hawke. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because we doe not all eat therof. That our best three-pilde mischiefe comes from beyond the sea, and rides post through the countrey, but his errand is to court. That next to no wife and children, your owne are the best pastime, anothers wife and your children worse, your wife and anothers children worst. That states-men hunt their fortunes, and are often at default. Favorites course her, and are ever in view. That intemperance is not so unwholsome here; for none ever saw sparrow sicke of the pox. That here is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is because here are no secrets. That court-motions are up and downe, ours circular, theirs like squibs cannot stay at the highest, nor returne to the place which they rose from, but vanish and weare out in the way: ours like milwheeles, busie without changing place; they have peremptory fortunes, we vicissitudes.

I. D.

Answere to the very Countrey Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the cooke of time, and made dresser of his owne fatting. That the five senses are cinque-ports for temptation, the traffique sinne, the lieutenant *Sathan*, the custome-tribute, soules. That the citizens of the high court, grow rich by simplicity; but those of *London*, by simple craft. That life, death, and time, doe with short cudgels dance the *matachine*. That those which dwell under the *zona torrida*, are troubled with more damps, than those of *frigida*. That *policie* and *superstition* hath of late her masque rent from her face, and shee is found with a wrie mouth and a stinking breath, and those that courted her hotly, hate her now in the same degree or beyond. That Nature too much loving her own, becomes unnaturall and foolish. That the soule in some is like an egge, hatched by a young pullet, who often rigging from her nest, makes hot and cold beget rottennesse, which her wanton youth will not beleeve, till the faire shell being broken, the stinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That those are the wise ones, that hold the superficies of vertue, to support her contrary, all-sufficient. That clemency within and without is the nurse of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into

the countrey, and time present dwels at court. That I living neere the church-yard, where many are buried of the pest, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will disperse further into the kingdome.

A. S.

Newes to the Universitie.

A MEERE scholler is but a live book. Actions doth expresse knowledge better then words; so much of the soule is lost as the body cannot utter. To teach, should rather be an effect, then the purpose of learning. Age decayes nature, perfects art: therefore the glory of youth, is strength; of the gray head, wisdome; yet most condemne the follies of their owne infancie, runne after those of the worlds, and in reverence of antiquity will beare an old error against a new truth. *Logicke* is the *heraldrie* of arts, the array of judgement, none it selfe, nor any science without it: where it and learning meete not, must be either a skilfull ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Understanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Discretion containes *rhetoricke;* the next way to learne good words, is to learne sense; the newest *philosophie* is soundest, the eldest *divinitie: astronomie* begins in nature, ends in magick. There is no honesty

of the body without health, which no man hath had since *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the first mother of sicknesse, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kind in the world can perish without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like states) for particular interest: so in arts which are but translations of nature, there is no sound position in any one, which, imagine false, there may not from it bee drawne strong conclusions, to disprove all the rest. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controverted. The soule and body of the first man, were made fit to bee immortall together: we cannot live to the one, but wee must die to the other. A man and a Christian are two creatures. Our perfection in this world is vertue, in the next, knowledge; when we shall read the glory of God in his owne face.

Newes from Sea.

THAT the best pleasure is to have no object of pleasure, and uniformity is a better prospect then variety. That putting to sea is change of life, but not of condition, where risings and fals, calmes, and crosse-gales are yours, in order and turne; fore-winds but by chance. That it is the worst wind, to have no wind, and that

your smooth-fac'd courtier, deading your course by a calme, gives greater impediment, then an open enemies crosse-gale. That levity is a vertue, for many are held up by it. That it's nothing so intricate and infinite to rigge a ship, as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That to pumpe the one, and shreeve the other, is alike noysome. That small faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes unfound; and that to punish and not prevent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leave the leake open. That it is best striking saile before a storme, and necessariest in it. That a little time in our life is best, as the shortest cut to our haven is the happiest voyage. That to him that hath no haven, no wind is friendly; and yet it is better to have no haven, then some kind of one. That expedition is every where to bee bribed but at sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke upon the water; and that the sound of commodity drowns the noise of a storme, especially of an absent one. That I have once in my life out-gone night at sea, but never darknesse; and that I shall never wonder to see a hard world, because I have lived to see the sunne a bankrupt, being ready to starve for cold in his perpetuall presence. That a mans companions are (like ships) to bee kept in distance, for falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will close. That the fairest field for a running head is

the sea, where he may run himselfe out of bre
and his humour out of him. That I could carry
much further, and yet leave more before then
hind, and all will be but *via navis,* without print
tracke, for so is morall instruction to youths wat
humour. That though a ship under saile be a g
sight, yet it is better to see her moor'd in the hav
That I care not what become of this fraile barke
my flesh, so I save the passenger. And here I c
anchor.

W. S.

FORREN NEWES OF THE YEERE 1616.

From France.

IT is delivered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their wines: those that beeing new, are hard and harsh, prove best: the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling downe a mountaine; a while it beares all before it: have but that whiles patience, you may passe it drie-foot. That a penetrating judgement may enter into a mans mind by his bodies gate: if this appeare affected, apish and unstable; a wonder if that be settled.

That vaine glory, new fashions, and the *French* disease, are upon termes of quitting their countries allegeance, to be made free denisons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmity have their

scarres, which cannot be so well closed to the sight, but they will lye open to the memory. That a princes pleasurable vices, ushered by authority, and waited on by connivence, sooner punish themselves by the subjects imitation, then they can bee reformed by remonstrance or correction: so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that give them. That kings heare truth oftner for the tellers, then their owne advantage.

From Spaine.

THAT the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of most, feares most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men despise them, then that they do not feare them. That greatnesse is fruitfull enough, when other helps faile, to beget on it selfe destruction. That it is a grosse flattering of tired cruelty, to honest it with the title of clemency. That to eat much at other mens cost, and little at his owne, is the wholesomest and most nourishing diet, both in court and country. That those are aptest to domineere over others, who by suffering indignities, have learned to offer them. That ambition like a silly dove flies up to fall downe, it minds not whence it came, but whither it will. That even galley-slaves, setting light by their captivity, find

freedome in bondage. That to be slow in military businesse, is to be so courteous, as to give the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatnesse, more feare then hurt.

From Rome.

THAT the venereall (called veniall) sin, its to passe in the rank of cardinall vertues; and that those should bee held henceforth his Holinesse beneficiall friends, that sinne upon hope of pardon. That where vice is a state-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Jewes and curtezans there, are as beasts that men feed, to feed on. That for an Englishman to abide at *Rome*, is not so dangerous as report makes it; since it skilles not where we live, so we take heed how we live. That greatnesse comes not down by the way it went up, there being often found a small distance between the highest and the lowest fortunes. That rackt authority is oft lesse at home then abroad regarded, while things that seeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then at hand feared.

From Venice.

THAT the most profitable banke, is the true use of a mans selfe, whiles such as grow mouldy in idlenesse, make their houses their tombs, and die before their death. That many dangerous spirits lie buried in their wants, which had they meanes to their minds, would dare as much as those that with their better fortunes overtop them. That professed curtezans, if they be any way good, it is because they are openly bad. That frugality is the richest treasure of an estate, where men feed for hunger, cloath for cold and modesty, and spend for honour, charity, and safety.

From Germanie.

THAT the infectious vice of drunken-good-fellowship, is like to stick by that nation as long as the multitude of offenders so benums the sense of offending, as that a common blot is held no staine. That discretions must be taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwise, shall both prove his own too light, and fall short of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-cast of every slight danger, seldome gives either faithfull or fruitfull counsell. That the empire of *Germanie*, is not more great then that over a mans selfe.

From the Low-Countries.

THAT one of the surest grounds of a mans liberty is, not to give another power over it. That the most dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemy, is desperation, while forcing him to set light by his owne life, thou makest him master of thine. That neglected danger lights soonest and heaviest. That they are wisest, who in the likelihood of good, provide for ill. That since pity dwels at the next doore to misery, he liveth most at ease, that is neighboured with envie. That the evill fortune of the warres, as well as the good, is variable.

Newes from my Lodging.

THAT the best prospect is to looke inward. That it is, quieter sleeping in a good conscience, then a whole skin. That a soule in a fat body lies soft, and is loth to rise. That he must rise betimes who would cosen the devil. That *flattery* is increased from a pillow under the elbow, to a bed under the whole body. That *policie* is the unsleeping night of reason. That he who sleepes in the cradle of security, sinnes soundly without starting. That guilt is the flea of the con-

science. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd chamber in private, is nothing so convenient as a hang'd traitour in publike. That the religion of *papistry*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life of most women is walking in their sleep, and they talke their dreames. That chambering is counted a civiller quality, then playing at tables in the hall, though serving-men use both. That the best bedfellow for all times in the yeare, is a good bed without a fellow. That he who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempest within. That he who will rise, must first lye downe and take humility in his way. That sleep is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twylight of life and death. That in sleep we kindly shake death by the hand; but when we are awaked, we will not know him. That often sleepings are so many trials to dye, that at last we may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their chamber: and that I have none secret enough to tempt a strangers curiosity, or a servants discovery.

God give you good morrow.

B. R.

Newes of my morning Worke.

THAT to bee good; the way is to bee most alone, or the best accompanied. That the way to heaven is mistaken for the most melancholy walke. That the most feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods displeasure. That a court-friend seldome goes further then the first degree of charitie. That the devill is the perfectest courtier. That innocencie was first cousin to man, now guiltinesse hath the neerest alliance. That sleepe is deaths leiger-ambassadour. That time can never bee spent: we passe by it, and cannot returne. That none can bee sure of more time then an instant. That sinne makes worke for repentance, or the devill. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That every ones memory is divided into two parts: the part losing all, is the sea, the keeping part is land. That honesty in the court lives in persecution, like Protestants in Spain. That predestination and constancy are alike uncertaine to be judged of. That reason makes love the serving-man. That vertues favour is better then a kings favourite. That being sick, begins a suit to God; being well, possesseth it. That health is the coach which carries to heaven, sicknesse the post horse. That worldly delights to one in extreme

sicknesse, is like a high candle to a blind man. That absence doth sharpen love, presence strengthens it, that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burnes cleare: that love often breakes friendship, that ever increaseth love. That constancy of women, and love in men, is alike rare. That art is truths juggler. That falsehood playes a larger part in the world then truth. That blind zeale, and lame knowledge, are alike apt to ill. That fortune is humblest where most contemned. That no porter but resolution keepes feare out of minds. That the face of goodnesse without a body, is the worst wickednesse. That womans fortunes aspire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit, is the worst *hermaphrodite.* That a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himselfe by being in acquaintance. That the worst part of ignorance, is making good and ill seeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Mist. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is said among the folk here, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his fast in this world: if in his youth, hee hath left us at dinner. That it is bedtime with a man at three-score and ten: and hee that lives to a hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile

after supper. That the humble-minded man makes the lowest curtesie. That grace before meat, is our election, before we were: grace after meat our salvation when we are gone. The soule that halts betweene two opinions, falls betweene two stooles. That a foole at the upper end of the table, is the bread before the salt. Hee that hates to bee reprooved, sits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapest sawce, and nature the cheapest guest. The sensible man and the silent woman, are the best discoursers. Repentance without amendment, is but the shifting of a foule trencher. Hee that tels a lie to save his credit, wipes his mouth with his sleeve to spare his napkin. The tongue of a jester is the fiddle that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a foole carves a piece of his heart to every man that sits next him. A silent man is a covered messe. The contented man onely is his owne carver. Hee that hath many friends, eats too much salt with his meat. That wit without discretion, cuts other men meat and his owne fingers. That the soule of a cholericke man sits ever by the fire-side. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of adversitie. The epicure puts his money into his belly, and the miser his belly into his purse. That the best company makes the upper end of the table, and not the salt-celler. The superfluitie of a mans possessions, is the broken meat that should remaine

to the poore. That the envious keepes his knife in his hand, and swallowes his meat whole. A rich foole among the wise, is a gilt empty bowle amongst the thirstie. Ignorance is an insensible hunger. The water of life is the best wine. Hee that robs mee of my invention, bids himselfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcome when hee is gone. The vaine-glorious man pisseth more then he drinkes. That no man can drinke an health out of the cup of blessing. To surfet upon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. Hee that's overcome of any passion, is dry drunk. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith then the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for a heavy soule to leane on. He that sinnes that he may repent, surfets that he may take physick. He that riseth without thanksgiving, goes away and owes for his ordinary. He that begins to repent when he is old, never washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courses: child-hood, youth, and old age. That to sup well, is to live well: and that's the way to sleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore,

Good night to you here,
and good morrow hereafter.

I. C.

Newes from the Church.

IT was thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a ›sse course that lye downe there. That those that ll not rise, their soules must, and carry their bodies judgement. That wee have spent one inheritance 'eady, and are prodigall of this. That there is hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; ; next is of justice. That Christ when hee went ay, left good seed in his Church; and when he nes againe, hee shall finde Christians, but not th. That the devill hath got upon us, the same y that he did at the first, by drawing shadowes er substances, as he did the body over the soule. iat *Protestants* weare the name of Christ for a arme, as *Papists* doe the crosse. That States use the clergie live by it, the people follow it, more a streame, then one by one. That all are reli- ›us rather then some. That every one lookes to ›ther, but not to himselfe. That they goe so by ongs to heaven, that it is to bee feared they take broader way. That the church is in the world, e a ship in the sea; the elect in the church, like *ias* amongst the mariners. That to mend this, is cheate the devill, to turne man the right side

outward, and set the soule foremost againe. That the soule may be too ranke too, if wee looke not to it: and so a *Puritaine* oftentimes meetes a *Papist* in superstition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it bee thought otherwise. That some, out of a good meaning, have fallen this way into a vice. That these faults are more subtill; and therefore lesse perceived, and lesse to bee blamed; but as dangerous as the other, if they take head. That the rule is in all things, the body and the soule must goe together, but the better before. That wee have contended so long about the body of religion, that some men thought it was dead. That so *Atheists* are come into the church, and that it will bee as hard to cast them out, as devils. That those which have thus broken the peace of *Ierusalem*, are obliged to satisfaction; and those which first gave them cause of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good composition. That a pure *bishop* is the best government, if the pride on both sides would let them know it. That all controversies, for the most part, leave the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the church hath this good by them, they cleanse the way for others, but not for themselves. That sincerity, in the cause of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, have made the world mad. That wee have a shorter

cut to it; and a surer way than *Drake* had over the world, if wee could find it out. That every man is a briefe of the whole; and as he is so, he is greater then a king. That every king is a briefe of his land, and hee hath a *patterne* of the government of it alwaies about him. That as the honour that hee gives unto his nobles and counsellors is a charge; so is that which God gives him. That as he requires an account, so he must give. That he is the image of God in his kingdome, as man is in the world. That therefore the subjects owe him obedience, as the creatures doe man. That those that will not obey, are neither good subjects, nor good men. That to obey well, is as great a thing as to governe, and more mens duties. That those that thinke not so, know not the Christians part, which is to suffer. That though states be naught, if they professe religion, they may deliver many men safe to heaven, though they goe not themselves, and so they are like bad ministers. That this is Gods use of both, and of the world too, to convey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the church hath but the same use, and the elect are the church themselves. That they are the temple of the Holy Ghost, and therefore ought to pluck down their idols, and set up God there. That the idols of these times, are covetousnesse, pride, gluttony, wantonnesse, heresies, and such like admiration and serving of our selves.

That wee must make all time an occasion of amendment, because the devill makes it an occasion to tempt. That he is a spirit, and therefore is cunninger then we. That there is no way to resist him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his master. That this is the gift of God, which hee giveth to all that are his. That it is increased by the word, and held by humility and prayer. That faith is the effect of it, and workes the assurance. That thus the understanding and will, which is the whole soule of man, is made up againe, and sanctifies the body. That so we are the members of Christ. That our head is in heaven, as a pawne, that where he is, wee shall bee. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the science of soules, and God the teacher.

Newes from the bed.

THAT the bed is the best rendevou of mankind, and the most necessary ornament of a chamber. That souldiers are good antiquaries in keeping the old fashion; for the first bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his best counseller. That *Adam* lay in state, when the heaven was his canopie. That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eve* lay without sheetes. That they were either very innocent, verie ignorant, or very impudent, they were not ashamed the heavens should

see them lie without a coverlet. That it is likely *Eve* studied astronomie, which makes the posterity of her sex ever since to lie on their backes. That the circumference of the bed is nothing so wide as the convex of the heavens, yet it containes a whole world. That the five senses are the greatest sleepers. That a slothfull man is but a reasonable dormouse. That the soule ever awakes to watch the body. That a jealous man sleepes dog-sleepe. That sleepe makes no difference betweene a wise man and a foole. That for all times sleepe is the best bedfellow. That the devill and mischiefe ever awake. That love is a dreame. That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleasing dreames, farthest off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more custome then all the world beside. That if dreames and wishes had beene all true, there had not beene since poperie, one maide to make a nun of. That the secure man sleepes soundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building churches, but starts to thinke the ungodlier courtier will pull them downe againe. That sleepers were never dangerous in a state. That there is a naturall reason, why popish priests chuse the bed to confesse their women upon, for they hold it necessarie, that humiliation should follow shrift. That if the bed should speake all it knowes, it would put many to the blush. That it is fit the bed should know more then paper. R. S.

Newes from Shipboord.

THAT repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That hee that lives without religion, sayles without a compasse. That the wantonnesse of a peaceable common-wealth, is like the playing of the porpesse before a storme. That the foole is sea-sick in a calme, but the wise mans stomack endures all weathers. That passions in a foole, are ordinance broken loose in a storme, that alter their property of offending others, and ruine himselfe. That good fortunes are a soft quicksand, adversity a rock; both equally dangerous. That vertue is in poverty a ready riggd ship, that lies wind-bound. That good fashion in a man, is like the pilot in a ship, that doth most with least force. That a fooles tongue is like the buye of an anchor, you shall finde his heart by it wheresoever it lyes. Wisdome makes use of the crosses of this world, as a skilfull pilot of rocks for sea-markes to saile by.

H. R.

Newes from the Chimney-corner.

THAT wit is brush-wood, judgement timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yeelds the durablest heat, and both meeting makes the best fire. That bawdes and atturneyes are andirons that uphold their clyents, till they burne each other to ashes: they receive warmth by these; these by them their destruction. That a wise rich man is like the backe or stocke of the chimney, and his wealth the fire; he receives it not for his owne need, but to reflect the heat to others good. That house-keeping in England is falne from a great fire in a hot summers day, to boughs in the chimney all winter long. That mans reason in matter of faith is fire, in the first degree of his ascent flame, next smoake, and then nothing. A young fellow falne in love with a whore, is said to be falne asleepe in the chimney corner. He that leaves his friend for his wench, forsakes his bed to set up and watch a coale. That the covetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That choler is an ill guest, that pisses in the chimney for want of a chamber-pot. That chaste beauty is like the bellowes, whose breath is cold, yet makes others burne. That he that expounds the Scriptures upon the warrant of his owne spirit only, layes the brands together with-

out tongs, and is sure (at least) to burne his owne fingers. That the lover keeps a great fire in's house all the yeare long. That devotion, like fire in frostie weather, burnes hottest in affliction. That such fryers as flye the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in winter to spare fire-wood. That a covetous man is a dog in a wheele, that toiles to roast meat for other mens eating. That pagans worshipping the sunne, are said to hold their hands to the glo-worme in stead of a coale for heat. That a wise mans heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coales (his passions) from burning the house. That good deeds, in this life, are coales raked up in embers, to make a fire next day.

THE
'IRST AND SE-
cond part of

The Remedy of Loue:

Vritten by Sir THOMAS OVERBVRY
Knight.

LONDON,
nted by *Nicholas Okes*, and are to be ſold by
Iohn VVels at his ſhop in Fetter-lane and
in the Temple.
1620.

TO THE WORTHY GENTLEMAN, AND HIS MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER JOHN ONLEY.

SIR, in this my love is showne to you, since I give you the Remedy of Love, a receipe never before ministred by any but Ovid, one well skild in the cause, therefore should better gesse at the Remedy: many others, perhaps, in this world, with your selfe, which cry with our Poet,

. . . Oh nature too unkind,
That made no medcine for a love-sick mind,

Here may have remedy: (it is an infection reignes) but if your selfe or any other finde remedy in this my remedy, I (not physition like) looke but for thankes, and I appeale to all lovers for the patronizing of this little pamphlet: Thus wishing you in all your desires remedy, I rest

Yours I. W.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE.

WHEN Love did reade the Title of my booke,
He fear'd least some had armes against him tooke;
Suspect mee not for such a wicked thought,
Under thy colours which so oft have fought.
Some youths are oft in love, but I am ever;
And now to do the same I do persever.
I meane not to blot out what I have taught,
Nor to unwinde the web that I have wrought.
If any love, and is with love repaide,
Blest be his state! he needeth not my aide:
But if he reape scorne where he love hath sowne,
Of such it is that I take charge alone.
Why should love any unto hanging force?
When as even hate can drive them to no worse?
Why by their own hands should it cause men perish,
When it is peace alone that love doth cherish?
Il'e ease you now which taught to love before,

The same hand which did wound shall heale the sore,
The same earth, poyson'd flowres, and healthsome
breeds,
The rose is often neighbour unto weeds.
To men and women both, I physicke give,
Else I but halfe the sicke world should relieve.
If any for that sexe unfitting are,
Yet they by mens example may beware:
Had wicked Scylla this my counsell read,
The golden haire had stuck to *Nisus* head.
Take heed, when thou dost first to like begin,
Thrust not love out, but let him not come in.
By running farre, brookes runne with greater force,
'Tis easier to hold in, then stop thy horse.
Delay, addes strength and faster hold imparts:
Delay, the blades of corne, to eares converts.
The tree which now is father to a shade,
And often head against the winde hath made,
I could at first have pluckt up with my hand,
Though the sunnes prospect now it dares withstand.
Then passions, ere they fortifie, remove,
" In short time, liking groweth to be love:"
Be provident, and so prevent thy sorrow,
Who will not do't to day, cannot to morrow.
The river which now multipli'd doth swell,
Is in his cradle but a little well.
Oft, that which when 'tis done is but a skarre,
Becomes a wound while we the cure deferre.

But in thy heart if love be firmely seated,
And hath such roote as cannot be defeated;
Although it had at first, I did not take you,
At point of death 'twere cruell to forsake you.
That fire which water never can asswage,
For want of stuffe at length must end his rage.
Whiles love is in his furious heate give place,
Delay, what counsell cannot, brings to passe.
At first his minde impatient and sore,
Doth physicke, more then the disease abhorre.
  Who but a foole, a mother will forbid,
Her sonne new dead, some briny drops to shed:
When she a while hath spoke her griefe in teares,
With patience then, of patience she heares.
Out of due season who so physicke gi's,
Though it cause health, yet hath he done amisse,
And friendly counsell urged out of date,
Doth fret the sore, and cause the hearers hate.
  But when loves anger seemeth to appease,
By all meanes labour to shunne idlenes:
This brings him first, this staies him and no other,
This is to *Cupid* both his nurse and mother.
Barre idlenesse, loves arrowes blunt will turne,
And the anflaming fire want power to burne.
" Love nere doth better entertainment finde,
Then in a desolate and empty minde."
Sloth is loves bawde, if thou wilt leave wooing,
Let still thy body, or thy minde be doing.

Full happinesse nere stop'd with rub of chance,
Ease uncontroul'd, long sleepes and dalliance,
Do wound the minde, though never pierce the skin,
And through that wound love slily creepeth in.
Then either unto bookes go make thy mone,
So shalt thou have most company alone.
Or else unto the doubtfull warres go range,
Ready, thy selfe, for honour to exchange.
The *Parthian*, that valiant *run-away*,
To yeeld new cause of triumph doth assay.
Ægystus was a letcher, and why so?
The cause was he had nothing else to do.
When all the youths of *Greece* for *Troy* were bound,
And with a wall of men enclos'd it round,
Ægystus would not from his home remove,
Where he did nothing, but that nothing love.
  If these faile, to the country then repaire,
For any care extinguisheth this care:
There maist thou see the oxe, the yoke obey,
And though the earth, ploughs eating throgh their
  way:
To whom thou maist set corne to use, and see
For every corne, spring up a little tree.
The sunne being midwife, thou shalt oft finde there,
Trees bearing far more fruite then they can beare.
And how the silver brookes are riding post,
Till in some river they themselves have lost.
There maist thou see goates skale the highest hill,

That they their bellies and their dugges may fill.
And harmelesse sheepe, to whom was no defence,
By nature ever given, but innocence.
There maist thou learne to graffe, and then note how,
The old tree nurseth the adopted bough;
And of his sap doth him allowance rate,
Though his fruite from him do degenerate.
There maist thou see the hare tred many a ring,
The hounds into a laborinth to bring:
Untill he (having long his death delaide)
By his owne steps be to the dogs betraide.
Of fishing use, so thou the fish shalt see,
Punish'd to death for their credulity.
Do this, that thou maist weary be at night,
So sleepe in spight of thoughts shall close thy sight.
Let not thy memory things past repeate,
'Tis easier oft to learne then to forget.
Therefore keepe distance, and thy love forsake,
This to effect some journey undertake:
I know thou wilt wish raine, and faine delay,
And oft thy doubtfull foote stand at a stay:
But how much more it greives thee to be gone,
So much the more remember to go on.
Name not the miles nor once look backwards home,
The *Parthian* by flight doth overcome.

Some say my rules are hard, I do confesse it,
I needs must hurt the wound because I dresse it.
Wilt thou bide for thy bodies health vexation?

Which straight decayes without foods reparation?
And wilt not thou do this thy minde to mend?
Thy better halfe which did from heaven descend?
For your more comfort, this one proofe I say,
" 'Tis harder farre to part then stay away."
For custome with the hardest things that are,
Will make us in short time familiar.

If thou be once abroad there long abide,
Least comming home into relaps thou slide:
Then will thine absence bring thee to worse plight,
As fasting breeds a greater appetite.

Thinke not by witchcraft to fright love away,
Pluto himselfe hath bene in love they say,
Circe us'de this, the wandring knight to stirre,
Yet many miles were twixt his love and her.

But he that is so vex'd, that would esteeme,
All paines but cheape, his freedome to redeeme:
Let him alone summe up his mistresse crimes,
Thinke how much she hath cost thee many times:
Thinke how she usde to sweare, and kindely speake,
And (faithlesse) streight her word and oath to breake:
And thinke, the same night that she thee denies,
That (greedy) with some servingman she lies.
Urge this, thy matter never will be spent,
For sorrow will make any eloquent.

I was in love my selfe the other day,
And she ungratefull would not love repay.
Then grew I the physitian and the sicke,

And did my selfe recover by this tricke.
I sayd she was not fair when I did eye her,
Yet to confesse the truth I did belie her:
I blam'd her leg and foote when I stood by her,
Yet to confesse the truth I did belie her:
Yet I at length (for many times I said it)
Gainst my owne knowledge to my selfe gave credite.
  Still neere to vertue, vices bordring lie,
For on both sides of her they seated be:
Then the good parts thou in thy mistresse know'st,
To one of those two vices, see thou bow'st.
Account the fat as swolne, the browne as blacke,
If she be slender, say, she flesh doth lacke:
If she be merry, sweare that she is light,
If modest, thinke it is for lacke of wit.
  This done, thy mistresse, be she not too coy,
Wherein she hath no gift nor grace, employ:
If she sing harsh, intreate her still to sing,
Hath she fat fingers? then a lute her bring:
If she stride wide, then get her forth to walke,
If speake she ill, then give her cause to talke.
If she dance hobling, let her not sit still,
And make her laugh if that her teeth be ill:
Sometimes into her chamber earely presse,
Before at all points she herselfe can dresse:
That which is *Venus* image when 'tis done,
Was (while 'twas making) but a rugged stone.
With cloathes and tires our judgements bribed bee,

And woman is least part of what we see.
But least thou too much trust this rule, beware,
For many (like truth) fairest, naked are.
Yet venture in, for there is often found,
The stuffe, whereof their painting they compound:
And boxes, which unto their cheekes give colour,
And water that doth wash their faces fouler.

THE SECOND PART OF THE REMEDY OF LOVE.

HITHERTO have I breath'd, now will I bring,
My ranging course into a shorter ring.
When that night comes, (which many nights hath lost thee,
And much sweete bitter expectation cost thee,)
Whilst thou art heavy, and thy spirits downe,
And foolishly wise, by repentance growne;
Then let thine eyes her body note, till they
Do something finde amisse, and thereon stay.
Some may perchance, these precepts, trifles call,
Who is not help'd by any may by all.
For all I cannot fit instructions finde,
Because no two are like in face and minde.
The same that one doth not mislike at all,

A great deformity, some others call.
As that nice youth, that did his love with-draw,
Because his mistresse he at privy saw.
Thy love in jeast, that so can whole become,
When *Cupid* shootes at such he drawes not home.
  Strive thou to be in love with two together,
So shall thy love be violent in neither:
For when thy minde by halfes doth doubtfull stray,
One love doth take the others force away.
The selfe-same strength, united is more strong,
Then when to two, it parted, doth belong.
Great rivers being peece-meale oft divided,
Do shrink at length to brooks that may be strided.
This trick hath many help'd, therefore we see,
Women for spite terme it inconstancie.
The old love, by succession out is drove,
In *Helen, Paris* lost *Œnone's* love.
Shee which hath many sonnes, makes not such mone,
As she which looseth all her sonnes in one.
The fastest love a second love undoes,
For in a crosse-way love himselfe doth loose.
  Although thy heart with fire like *Ætna* flame,
Let not thy mistresse once perceive the same:
Smother thy passions, and let not thy face,
Tell thy mindes secrets, while she is in place:
Thy heart being stormy, let thy face be cleere,
Nor let loves fire by smoake of sighs appeare.
Dissemble long, till thy dissembling breed,

Such use, as thou art out of love indeed.
I have, from drinking, so myselfe to keepe,
Laine on a bed and winck'd myselfe asleepe.
Oft have I seene youths faine themselves in love,
Till taken at their words they so did prove.
  If she appoint thee any time to come,
And comming thither find'st her not at home,
Do not make sonnets at her chamber dore,
Nor thy repulse as a mischance deplore;
Nor to her, when thou meetest her againe,
Of thine owne wrongs or her untruth complaine.
For, to be patient, time will easy make it,
If thou have patience but to undertake it.
  He that from farre his mistresse doth admire,
And dares not hope of his having desire:
His wound, a cure, uncurable will prove,
For what we thinke forbidden, most we love.
Distrust not then, till thou heare her reply,
"Who asketh faintly, teacheth to deny."
If all these faile, this next will helpe impart,
And love of others to selfe-love convert.
  Since thoughts of love no longer us possesse,
Then while we live in health and happinesse,
Let him that is indebted thinke alone,
That while he thinkes his day drawes neerer on:
Whom a hard father from his will doth let,
Let him before him still his father set.
Let him which will a wife with nothing take,

Thinke from preferment she will keepe him backe:
None need this physicke of physitions borrow,
For none but hath some cause for feare or sorrow.
Let him that deeply loves and is forgone,
(Like an ill-doer) feare to be alone.
Use not to silent groves alone to shrinke,
Nothing love more upholdeth then to thinke:
Then will thy minde thy mistresse picture take,
For mem'ry all things past doth present make.
Then like *Pigmalion* we an image frame,
And fall in love devoutly with the same.
Therefore, then night, lesse dangerous is the day,
Because then, thoughts newborne, talk sends away.
Then shalt thou finde how much a friend is worth,
Into whose breast thou maist thy griefe poure forth.
Phillis alone frequented th'rivers side,
Clowded with shade of trees, till there she di'd.
Who loves must lovers company refuse,
For love is as infectious as newes.
By looking on sore eyes, we sore eyes get,
And fire doth alwaies on the next house set.
Did not infection to next neighbours flie,
Diseases would with their first owners die.
A wound new heal'd will soone break out againe,
Therefore from seeing of thy love refraine:
Nor will this serve, but thou must shun her kin,
And even the house which she abideth in;
Let not her nurse or chamber-maide once move thee

Though they protest, how much their mistresse loves
thee,
Nor into any question of her breake,
Nor of her talk (though thou against her speake).
He that sayes oft that he is not in love,
By repetition doth himselfe disprove.
I would not wish thy love in hatred end,
Let her that was thy love, be still thy friend.
But when yee needs must meet, then shew thy spirit,
Thinke how she loves some fellow of lesse merite,
Make not thy selfe against thou seest her fine,
For this is doubtlesse, of some love, a signe.
The reason is (as I myselfe have tride)
Why many men so long in love abide:
Because if they some kinder looke obtaine,
They forth-with thinke they are belov'd againe.
" To our owne flattery soone we credite give,
" And what we would have true we soone beleeve."
So they like gamesters leese on more and more,
Lest they should loose that little lost before.
But trust not thou their words, and though they swear,
Yet womens oathes are oather of atheists here.
Nor as a signe of griefe their weeping take,
But thinke, their eyes, use soluble doth make.
Bee still and sullen, beare a grudge in minde,
Nor tell the cause least she excuses finde:
He that beginneth with his love to chide,
That man is willing to be satisfide.

ty is nothing worth, for if we love,
fowl'st she in our judgement faire will prove:
efore the onely meanes by which to try them,
en to judge when fairer do stand by them:
erre their faces and with all their minde,
seeth onely with his eyes is blinde.
parison, the touchstone is, whereby,
rom the good the better do descry.
but a trifle which I meane to speake,
yet, loves strength, this trifle oft doth breake.
etters written from thy mistresse, burne:
reliques, lovers mindes do backwards turne.
gh thou canst not behold them while they flame,
loves last funerall fire, do thinke the same.
ke heed least thou into the place resort,
h hath bene accessary to your sport:
not the ashes which do fire conceale,
touch the wound which is about to heale.
ve cannot be maintain'd with povertie,
yot doth with riches best agree.
ur and titles, though nor felt nor seene,
chiefest cause of love to some have bene.
uent not plaies, for whiles we others love,
cted, we ourselves do parties prove.
my proofe, musicke and dancing flie,
nusicke, trees and stones did mollifie:
fishes too though they themselves be dumbe,
eare *Arions* harpe did gladly come.

And dancing doth in some more passions raise,
Then reason pacifies in many daies.
These melt the minde and soft our hearts do make,
And thereby loves impression apt to take.
  Touch not the poets which of love do sing,
They us to love by imitation bring,
Whiles we in them do others love behold,
Change but the names the tale of us is told.
What man (but some stiffe clowne) but soone will
    prove
By reading of such bookes, in love with love?
Barre them I say, because in them is found,
A certaine musicke and a wanton sound.
Unlesse I by *Apollo* be misled,
Tis a mutation which most love hath bred.
  Much easinesse doth cloy, and most we set,
By that which we with doubt from others get:
Then frame this selfe made rivall, but surmise,
That cold in middle of her bed she lies.
Atrides could lye dull by *Helens* side,
And was content at *Creet* from her to bide.
Untill by *Paris* she from him was rented,
Then was his love by others love augmented.
  Lastly, I must some meates forbid the sicke,
That I in all may be physition like:
Use not on sweete and juicy meates to feede,
Of such, the fulnesse, doth lusts hunger breede:
And stuff'd with such, we any do admire,

When all their beauty lies in our desire.
But wine is more provoking farre then meat,
This heates our bloud and it on rage doth set.
This drownes our minde and makes it sence obey,
" Loves wings being wet he cannot flye away."

Sir THOMAS OVERBVRY

HIS

OBSERVATIONS

IN HIS TRAVAILES

VPON THE STATE OF

THE XVII. PROVINCES

AS THEY STOOD

ANNO DOM. 1609.

The Treatie of Peace being then on foote.

Printed. M.DC. XXVI.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY'S

Observations in his Travels upon the State of the
17. *Provinces as they stood Anno Dom.*
1609. *the Treaty of Peace being*
then on foote.

AND FIRST OF THE PROVINCES UNITED.

ALL things concurred for the rising and maintenance of this state; the disposition of the people, beeing, as mutenous, so industrious and frugall; the nature of the countrey, every where fortifiable with water, the scituation of it, having behinde them the Baltique Sea, which yeelds them all materials for ships, and many other commodities, and for men, hard before them, *France*, and *England*, both fearing the Spanish greatnesse; and therefore, both concurring for their ayde; the remotenesse of their master from them; the change of religion falling out about the time of their revolt, and now the Marquise of *Brandenburgh*, a Protestant, like to become Duke of *Cleve*. The

discontentments of the *Low-Countries* did first appeare, soone after the going away of the kings of *Spaine*, while the Dutchesse of *Parma* governed; to suppresse which beginnings, the Duke of *Alva* being sent, inflamed them more, upon attempting to bring in the Inquisition and Spanish decimation, upon the beheading Count *Horne*, and Count *Egmont*, persecuting those of the religion, and undertaking to build cittadels upon all their townes, which hee effected at *Antwerpe*, but enterprising the like at *Flushing*, that towne revolted first and under it began the warre.

But the more generall revolt of the provinces happened after the death of *Don Lewis de Requiesens*, and upon the comming downe of *Don Iohn* of *Austria*, when all the provinces, excepting *Luxenburgh*, upon the sacke of *Antwerpe* and other insolencies, proclaimed the *Spaniards* rebels and enemies to the King; yet the abjuring of their obedience from the crowne of *Spaine* was not in a yeare or two after.

Holland and *Zealand*, upon their first standing out, offered the soveraigntie of themselves to the Queene, then the protection, both which shee neglected, and that while the *French* sent greater ayde, and more men of qualitie then wee; but after the civill warre began in *France*, that kept them busie at home, and then the Queene, seeing the necessitie of their being supported, upon the pawning of *Brill* and *Flushing*, sent money and men; and since that,

most part of the great exploits there have beene done by the *English*, who were commonly the third part of the armie, being foure regiments, besides eleven hundred in *Flushing*, and the *Ramekins*, and five hundred in the *Brill*. But of late the King of *France* appearing more for them then ours, and paying himselfe the *French* that are there, they give equall, if not more countenance to that nation. But upon these two Kings they make their whole dependancie, and though with more respect to him that is stronger, for the time, yet so as it may give no distaste unto the other.

For the manner of their government; they have upon occasion, an assembly of the generall States, like our Parliament, being composed of those which are sent from every province, upon summons; and what these enact stands for lawe. Then is there besides, a counsell of State, residing for the most part at the *Hage*, which attends daily occasions, being rather imployed upon affaires of State then of particular justice. The most potent in this counsell was BARNAVILL, by reason of his advocates of *Holland*. And besides both these, every province and great towne have particular counsells of their owne. To all which assemblies, as well of the generall States, as the rest, the gentrie is called for order sake, but the State indeed is democraticall, the merchant and the tradesman being predominant, the gentrie now but

few and poore; and even at the beginning the Prince of *Orange* saw it safer to relie upon the townes then them: neither are the gentrie so much engaged in the cause, the people having more advantages in a free state, they in a monarchy. Their care in government is very exact and particular, by reason that every one hath an immediate interest in the State; such is the equality of justice, that it renders every man satisfied; such the publike regularity, as a man may see their lawes were made to guide, not to entrappe; such their exactnesse in casting the expence of an armie, as that it shall bee equally farre from superfluity and want, and as much order and certaintie in their acts of warre, as in ours of peace, teaching it to bee both civill and rich. And they still retaine that signe of a common-wealth yet uncorrupted, *Private povertie and publike weale:* for no one private man there is exceeding rich, and few very poore, and no state more sumptuous in all publike things. But the question is; whether this, being a free State, will as well subsist in peace, as it hath done hitherto in warre, peace leaving every one to attend his particular wealth, when feare, while the warre lasts, makes them concurre for their common safety; and *Zealand,* upon the least securitie, hath ever beene envious at the predominancie of *Holland* and *Utrich,* ready to mutinie for religion: and besides, it is a doubt, whether the same care and sin-

ceritie would continue, if they were at there consistence, as appeares yet whiles they are but in rising. The revenew of this State ariseth chiefely from the earle of *Hollands* demaynes, and confiscated church livings, the rising and falling of money, which they use with much advantage, their fishing upon our coasts, and those of *Norway*, contribution out of the enemies countrie, taxes upon all things at home, and impositions upon all merchandizes from abroad. Their expences upon their ambassadours, their shippings, their ditches, their rampiers and munition, and commonly they have in pay by sea and land 60000. men.

For the strength; the nature of the countrie makes them able to defend themselves long by land, neither could any thing have endangered them so much as the last great frost, had not the treatie beene then on foot, because the enemy being then master of the field, that rendred their ditches, marshes, and rivers as firme ground.

There belongs to that State 20000. vessells of all sorts, so that if the *Spaniard* were entirely beaten out of those parts, the Kings of *France* and *England* would take as much paines to suppresse, as ever they did to raise them: for being our enemies, they are able to give us the law at sea, and eate us out of all trade, much more the *French*, having at this time three ships for our one, though none so good as our best.

Now that whereupon the most part of their revenew and strength depends, is their traffique, in which mysterie of state they are at this day the wisest; for all the commodities that this part of the world wants, and the *Indies* have, as spice, silke, jewells, gold, they are become the conveyers of them for the rest of Christendome, except us, as the *Venetians* were of old; and all those commodities that those Northerne countries abound with, and these Southerne stand in need of, they likewise convey thither, which was the auncient trade of the Easterlings: and this they doe, having little to export of their owne, by buying of their neighbour-countries the former, and selling them againe what they bring backe at their owne prises, and so consequently live upon the idlenesse of others. And to this purpose their scituation serves fitly; for rivers of the *Rhene*, the *Maze*, and *Skeld* end all in their dominions; and the *Baltike* sea lies not farre from them: all which affoord them what ever the great continent of *Germany*, *Russia*, and *Poland* yeelds; then they againe lying betweene *Germany* and the sea, doe furnish it backe with all commodities forraigne.

To remember some pieces of their discipline as patternes of the rest; the watches at night are never all of one nation, so that they can hardly concurre to give up any one towne. The commissaries are no where so strict upon musters, and where he findes a

company thither hee reduceth them, so that when an armie marcheth the list and the poll, are never farre disagreeing. Their army is ever well clothed, well armed, and had never yet occasion to mutinie for pay or victualls. The souldiers commit no where fewer insolencies upon the burgers, fewer robberies upon the countrie, nor the officers fewer deceipts upon the souldiers. And lastly, they provide well that their Generall shall have small meanes to invade their liberties: for first their army is composed of many nations, which have their severall commanders, and the commands are disposed by the States themselves, not by the Generall. And secondly he hath never an implicit commission left to discretion, but, by reason their countrie hath no great bounds, receives daily commands what to doe.

Their territory containes sixe entire provinces, *Holland, Zealand, Utrick, Groninghen, Overiscell,* and *Ariezland,* besides three parts of *Gelderland,* and certaine townes in *Brabant* and *Flanders;* the ground of which is for the most part fruitfull; the townes no where so equally beautifull, strong, and rich, which equality growes by reason that they appropriate some one staple commodity to every town of note; only *Amsterdam* not only passeth them all, but even *Sivill, Lisbone,* or any other mart towne in Christendome, and to it is appropriated the trade of the *East Indies,* where they maintaine commonly

forty ships, besides which there goe twice a yeare from it, and the adjoyning townes, a great fleete to the *Baltique* sea: upon the fall of *Antwerp*, that rose rather then *Middleborough*, though it stand at the same rivers mouth, and is their second mart towne, to which is appropriated our *English* cloth.

Concerning the people, they are neither much devout, nor much wicked, given all to drinke, and eminently to no other vice; hard in bargaining, but just, surly, and respectlesse, as in all democracies, thirstie, industrious and cleanly, dishartened upon the least ill successe, and insolent upon good; inventive in manufactures, cunning in traffique, and generally for matter of action, that naturall slownesse of theirs sutes better, by reason of the advisednesse and perseverance it brings with it, then the rashnesse and changeablenesse of the *French* and *Florentine* wits: and the equality of spirits which is among them and the *Swissers*, renders them so fit for a democracie, which kinde of government, nations of more stable wittes, being once come to a consistent greatnesse, have seldome long endured.

Observations upon the State of the Arch-Dukes Countrie, 1609.

BY SIR THO. OVERBURY.

AS soone as I entred into the Arch-Dukes countrie (which begins after *Lillow*) presently I beheld workes of a province, and those of a province distressed with warre; the people heartlesse, and rather repining against their governours, then revengefull against the enemies, the bravery of that gentrie which was left, and the industry of the merchant quite decayed; the husbandman labouring only to live, without desire to be rich to anothers use; the townes (whatsoever concerned not the strength of them) ruinous; and to conclude, the people here growing poore with lesse taxes, then they flourish with on the states side.

This warre hath kept the king of *Spaine* busie ever since it began (which some 38. yeares agoe) and spending all the money that the *Indies*, and all the men that *Spaine* and *Italy* could affoord, hath withdrawne him from persevering in any other enterprise; neither could he give over this, without forgoing the meanes to undertake any thing hereafter upon *France* or *England*, and consequently the hope

of the Westerne monarchy. For without that handle the mynes of *Peru*, had done little hurt in these parts, in comparison of what they have. The cause of the expensefulnes of it, is the remotenesse of those provinces from *Spaine*, by reason of which, every souldier of *Spain* or *Italy*, before he can arrive there, costs the king an hundred crownes, and not above one of ten that arrives prooves good; besides, by reason of the distance, a great part of the money is drunke up betwixt the officers that convey it and pay it. The cause of the continuance of it, is, not only the strength of the enemy, but partly by reason that the commanders themselves are content the war shall last, so to maintaine and render themselves necessaries, and partly because the people of those countries are not so eager to have the other reduced, as willing to be in the like state themselves.

The usuall revenew of those provinces which the Arch-Duke hath, amounts to 1200000. crownes a yeare, besides which, there come from *Spaine* every moneth to maintaine the war, 150000. crownes. It was at the first 300000. crownes a moneth, but it fell by fifties to this at the time when the treaty began: *Flanders* payes more toward the warre then all the rest, as *Holland* doth with the states. There is no *Spaniard* of the counsell of state, nor Governour of any province, but of the counsell of warre, which is only active; there they only are, and have in their

hands all the strong townes and castles of those provinces, of which the Governours have but only the title.

The nations of which their armie consists, are chiefly *Spaniards* and *Italians*, emulous one of another there, as on the other side the *French* and *English*, and of the country, chiefly *Burgundians* and *Wallons*. The Popes letters, and *Spinola's* inclination keepe the *Italians* there, almost in equality of command with the *Spaniard* himselfe.

The Governors for the King of *Spaine* there successively have bin the D. of *Alva*, *Don Lewis de Requiesens*, *Don Iohn d'Austria*, the Prince of *Parma*, the Arch-Duke *Ernestus*, the Cardinall *Andrew* of *Austrich*, and the Cardinall *Albert*, till he maried the *Infanta*.

Where the dominion of the Arch-Duke and the States part, there also changeth the nature of the country, that is, about *Antwerp*: for all below being flat, and betwixt medow and marsh, thence it begins to rise and become champion, and consequently the people are more quicke and spiritfull, as the *Brabanter*, *Flemming*, and *Wallon*.

The most remarkable place in that side is *Antwerp* (which rose upon the fall of *Bruges*) equally strong and beautifull, remaining yet so, upon the strength of its former greatnesse; twice spoyled by the *Spaniard*, and the like attempted by the *French*.

The citadell was built there by the D. of *Alva*, but renued by the Prince of *Parma* after his 18. moneths besieging it, the towne accepting a castle rather then a garrison to mingle among them. There are yet in the towne of citizens 30000. fighting men, 600. of which kept watch nightly, but they allowed neither cannon upon the rampier, nor megazins of powder. In the castle are 200. peeces of ordnance, and commonly seven or eight hundred souldiers. *Flanders* is the best of the seventeene provinces, but the havens thereof are naught.

Observations on the State of France, 1609. *under Henry the Fourth.*

BY SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

HAVING seene the forme of a commonwealth and a province, with the different effects of warres in them, I entred *France*, flourishing with peace, and of monarchies the most absolute, because the King there, not only makes peace and warres, calls and dissolves parliaments, pardoneth, naturalizeth, innobleth, names the value of money, presseth to the warre; but even makes lawes, and imposes taxes at his pleasure: and all this he doth alone: for as for that forme that his edicts must be authorized by the next court of

Parliament, that is, the next court of soveraigne justice; first the Presidents thereof are to be chosen by him, and to bee put out by him; and secondly, when they concurre not with the King, he passeth any thing without them, as he did the last edict for the protestants: and for the assembly of the three estates, it is growne now almost as extraordinary as a generall counsell; with the losse of which their liberty fell, and when occasion urgeth, it is possible for the King to procure, that all those that shall bee sent thither, shall be his instruments: for the Duke of *Guise* effected as much at the assembly of *Bloys*.

The occasion that first procured the King that supremacie, that his edicts should be lawes, was, the last invasion of the *English*, for at that time they possessing two parts of *France*, the three estates could not assemble, whereupon they did then grant that power unto *Charles* the Seventh during the warre; and that which made it easie for *Lewis* the Eleventh and his successors to continue the same, the occasion ceasing, was, that the clergie and gentrie did not runne the same fortune with the people there, as in *England;* for most of the taxes falling only upon the people, the clergie and gentrie being forborne, were easily induced to leave them to the Kings mercy. But the King having got strength upon the pesants, hath beene since the bolder to invade part of both their liberties.

For the succession of this monarchie, it hath subsisted without intermission these 1200. yeares, under three races of Kings. No nation hath heretofore done greater things abroad in *Palestine* and *Egipt*, besides all parts of *Europe;* but for these last 400. yeares, they have only made sallies into *Italie*, and often suffered at home.

Three hundred yeares the *English* afflicted them, making two firme invasions upon them, and taking their King prisoner; the second greatnesse of Christendome, next the Emperour, being then in competition betwixt us and them; and to secure themselves against us, rather then the house of *Austria*, as it then stood, they chose to marry the heire of *Bretaigne* before that of *Burgundy*. And for this last hundred yeares, the *Spaniard* undertaking them, hath eaten them out of all but *France*, and endangered that too. But for this present, *France* had never, as *France*, a more entire greatnesse, though it hath often beene richer. For since the warre the King is only got afore hand, the country is but yet in recovering, the war having lasted by spaces 32. yeares, and so generally, that no man but had an enemie within three miles, and so the countrey became frontier all over. Now that which hath made them, at this time, so largely great at home, is their adopting into themselves the lesser adjoyning nations, without destruction, or leaving any marke of strangenesse upon them, as the *Bretons*, *Gascoignes*, *Provincalls*, and

others which are not *French;* towards the which unions, their nature, which is easie and harborous to strangers, hath done more then any lawes could have effected, but with long time.

The King (as I said) enjoying what *Lewis* the II. did gaine, hath the entire soveraigntie in himselfe, because hee can make the Parliament doe what he please, or else doe what he please without them. For the other three estates; the church is there very rich, being estimated to enjoy the third part of the revenew of *France,* but otherwise nothing so potent as else-where, partly because the Inquisition is not admitted in *France,* but principally because the Popes ordinary power is much restrayned there, by the liberties which the *French* church claymeth; which liberties doe not so much enfranchize the church it selfe, as conferre the authoritie the Pope looseth upon the King, as first fruites, and the disposing of all spirituall preferments. And by reason of this neutralitie of authoritie, the church-men suffer more there, then either in *England,* where they wholly depend upon the King, or in *Spaine* and *Italie,* where they wholly subsist by the Pope; because the Pope is not able totally to support them, and the King takes occasion ever to suppresse them, as beeing not entirely his subjects: and to him they pay yearely both the tenth of all their tithe, and of all their temporall land.

The gentrie are the onely entire body there, which participate with the prerogatives of the crowne; for from it they receive priviledges above all other men, and a kinde of limited regality upon their tenants, besides reall supply to their estates, by governments and pensions, and freedome from tallies upon their owne lands; that is, upon their demaines, and whatsoever else they manure by their servants; but so much as they let to tenants is presently tallie-able, which causeth proportionable abatement in the rent; and in recompence of this, they owe to the King the *Ban* and the *Arriereban;* that is, to serve him and his Lieutenant three moneths within the land at their owne charges. And as in warre they undergoe the greatest part of the danger, so then is their power most perremptorie above the rest, whereas in time of peace, the King is ready to support inferiour persons against them, and is glad to see them to waste one another by contention in law, for feare they grow rich, because hee fore-sees, that as the nobilitie onely can doe him service, so they onely misapplyed can doe him harme.

The auntient gentrie of *France* was most of it consumed in the warres of *Godfrey* of *Bulloigne*, and some in those of Saint *Lewis*, because upon their setting out they pawned all their *Feifs* to the church, and few of them were after redeemed; by reason whereof the church possesseth at this day the third

part of the best *Feifs* in *France;* and that gentrie was after made up by advocates, financiers, and merchants innobled, which now are reputed auntient, and are dayly eaten out againe and repayred by the same kinde of men.

For the people; all those that have any kinde of profession or trade, live well; but for the meere peasants that labour the ground, they are onely spunges to the King, to the church and the nobilitie, having nothing to their owne, but to the use of them, and are scarce allowed (as beasts) enough to keepe them able to doe service; for besides their rent, they pay usually two thirds to the King.

The manner of government in *France*, is mixt, betwixt peace and warre, being composed as well of military discipline, as civill justice, because having open frontiers and strong neighbours, and therefore obnoxious to sodaine invasions, they cannot (as in *England*) joyne ever peace and security together.

For the military part, there is ever a Constable and a Marshall in being, troupes of horse and regiments of foot in pay, and in all provinces and places of strength, governours and garrisons distributed, all which are meanes for the preferment of the gentry; but those as they give security against the enemy, so when there is none they disturbe the enjoying of peace, by making the countries taste somewhat of a province. For the gentry finde a difference betwixt

the Governours favour and disfavour, and the souldiers commit often insolencies upon the people.

The governments there are so well disposed by the King, as no Governour hath meanes to give over a province into the enemies hand, the commands thereof are so scattered: for the Governour commands the country, and for the most part the chiefe towne; then is there a Lieutenant, to the King, not to him of the same, and betwixt these two there is ever jealousie nourished; then hath every towne and fortresse particular Governours, which are not subaltern to that of the province, but hold imediately from the Prince, and many times the towne hath one Governour and the castle another.

The advantages of Governours (besides their pay from the King) are presents from the country, dead payes, making their megazins of corne and powder more then they need at the Kings price, and where they stand upon the sea, overseeing of unlawfull goods: thus much in peace: in warre they are worth as much as they will exact. *Languedoc*, is the best, then *Bretaigne*. *Province* is worth by all these means to the D. of *Guise* 20000. crownes a yeare; but *Province* only he holds without a Lieutenant.

Concerning the civill justice there, it is no where more corrupt nor expencefull. The corruptnesse of it proceeds, first by reason that the King sells the places of justice at as high a rate as can bee honestly

made of them; so that all thriving is left to corruption, and the gaine the King hath that wayes, tempts him to make a multitude of officers, which is another burthen to the subject. Secondly, the presidents are not bound to judge according to the written law, but according to the equitie drawne out of it, which libertie doth not so much admit conscience, as leave wit without limits. The expencefulnesse of it ariseth from the multitude of lawes, and multiplicitie of formes of processes, the which two both beget doubt, and make them long in resolving. And all this *chiquanerey*, as they call it, is brought into *France* from *Rome*, upon the Popes comming to reside at *Avignion*.

For the strength of *France*, It is at this day the greatest united force of Christendome; the particulars in which it consists are these: the shape of the countrey, which beeing round, no one part is farre from succouring another; the multitude of good townes and places of strength therein are able to stay an army, if not to waste it, as *Metz* did the Emperours; the masse of treasure which the King hath in the *Bastile;* the number of arsenals distributed upon the frontiers, besides that of *Paris*, all which are full of good armes and artillerie: and for ready men, the 5. regiments bestowed up and down in garrisons, together with the 2000. of the Guard; the troupes of ordinary and light horse, all ever in

pay; besides their gentrie all bred souldiers, and of which they thinke there are at this present 50000, fit to beare armes: and to command all these, they have at this day the best Generalls of Christendome, which is the only commodity the civill wars did leave them.

The weaknesse of it are, first the want of a sufficient infantry, which proceeds from the ill distribution of their wealth; for the peysant, which containes the greatest part of the people, having no share allowed him, is heartlesse and feeble, and consequently unserviceable for all military uses, by reason of which, they are first forced to borrow ayde of the *Swissers* at a great charge, and secondly to compose their armies for the most part of gentlemen, which makes the losse of a battaile there almost irrecoverable. The second is the unproportionable part of the land which the church holds, all which is likewise dead to militarie uses. For, as they say there, *The church will loose nothing, nor defend nothing.* The third is the want of a competent number of ships and gallies, by reason of which defect, first the *Spaniard* overmasters them upon the Mediterranian, and the *English* and *Hollander* upon the ocean, and secondly it renders them poore in forraine trade, so that all the great actions of Christendome for these fifty yeares, having beene bent upon the *Indies,* they only have sate idle. The fourth is

the weaknesse of their frontiers, which is so much the more dangerous, because they are possessed, all but the ocean, by the *Spaniard:* for *Savoy* hath beene alwaies as his owne for all uses against *France.* The last is the difference of religion among themselves, which will ever yeeld matter of civill dissention, and consequently cause the weaker to stand in neede of forraigne succours. The ordinarie revenew of the King, is, as they say now, some 14. millions of crowns, which arise principally from the demaines of the crowne, the gabell of salt, tallies upon the countrie, customes upon the merchandize, sale of offices, the yearely tithe of all that belongs to the church, the rising and falling of money. Fines and confiscations cast upon him by the law; but as for wardships, they are only knowne in *Normandy.* His expence is chiefely ambassadours, munition, building, fortifying, and maintaining of gallies. As for ships when he needs them, he makes an embarque; in pay for souldiers, wages for officers, pentions at home and abroad, upon the entertaining his house, his state, and his private pleasures. And all the first, but the demaynes were granted, in the beginning, upon some urgent occasion, and after by Kings made perpetuall, the occasion ceasing; and the demaynes it selfe granted, because the King should live upon their owne without oppressing their subjects. But at this day, though the revenew bee thus great, and

the taxes unsupportable, yet doe they little more then serve for necessary publike uses. For the King of *Spains* greatnes and neighbourhood, forceth the King there to live continually upon his guard; and the treasure which the *Spaniard* receives from his *Indies*, constraines him to raise his revenew thus by taxes, so to be able in some proportion to beare up against him, for feare else he should be bought out of all his confederates and servants.

For the relation of this State to others, it is first to be considered, that this part of Christendome is ballanced betwixt the three Kings of *Spaine*, *France*, and *England*, as the other part betwixt the *Russian*, the Kings of *Poland*, *Sweden*, and *Denmarke*. For as for *Germany*, which if it were entirely subject to one monarchy, would be terrible to all the rest, so being devided betwixt so many Princes, and those of so equall power, it serves only to ballance it selfe, and entertaine easie warre with the *Turke*, while the *Persian* with-holds him in a greater. And every one of those first three, hath his particular strength, and his particular weakenesse: *Spaine* hath the advantage of both the rest in treasure, but is defective in men, his dominions are scattered, and the conveyance of his treasure from the *Indies* lyes obnoxious to the power of any nation that is stronger by sea. *France* abounds with men, lyes close together, and hath money sufficiently. *England* beeing an iland,

is hard to be invaded, abounds with men, but wants money to imploy them. For their particular weaknesse: *Spaine* is to be kept busie in the *Low-Countries: France* is to bee afflicted with Protestants, and *England* in *Ireland*. *England* is not able to subsist against any of the other hand to hand, but joyned with the *Lowe-Countries* it can give lawe to both by sea, and joyned with either of them two it is able to oppresse the third as *Henry* the Eight did.

Now the only entire body in Christendome that makes head against the *Spanish* monarchy, is *France;* and therefore they say in *France*, that the day of the ruine of *France*, is the eve of the ruine of *England:* and thereupon *England* hath ever since the *Spanish* greatnesse, enclined rather to maintaine *France* rather then to ruine it; as when King *Francis* was taken prisoner, the King of *England* lent money towards the payment of his ransome: and the late Queene (when the leagers, after the Duke of *Guise* his death, had a designe to cantonize *France*) though offered a part, would not consent. So then this reason of state, of mutuall preservation, conjoyning them, *England* may be accounted a sure confederate of *France*, and *Holland* by reason it partly subsists by it; the Protestant Princes of *Germany*, because they have countenance from it against the house of *Austria*, the Protestant *Swissers* for religion and money; the *Venetians* for protection against the

Spaniard in *Italy:* so that all their friends are either Protestants or enclyning, and whosoever is extreme Catholike, is their enemie, and factors for the *Spanish* monarchy, as the Pope, the Cardinalls for the most part, and totally the Jesuites, the Catholike Princes of *Germany*, and the Catholicks of *England* and *Ireland*. For the Jesuites, which are the ecclesiasticall strength of Christendome, *France*, notwithstanding the many late obligations, hath cause to despaire of them: for they intending, as one Pope, so one King, to suppresse the Protestants, and for the better support of Christendome against the *Turke*, and seeing *Spaine* the likelier to bring this to passe, they follow the neerer probability of effecting their end.

No addition could make *France* so dangerous to us, as that of our *Lowe-Countries:* for so it were worse then if the *Spaniard* himselfe had them entirely. As for their hopes of regaining *Italie*, it concernes the *Spaniard* immediatly rather then us.

Concerning the state of the Protestants in *France*, during peace they are protected by their edict: for their two agents at court defend the generall from wrong, and their *Chambres-impartyes* every particular person: and if troubles should arise, some scattered particulars might be in danger, but the maine body is safe, safe to defend themselves, though all *France* joyne against them, and if it breake out

into factions, the safest, because they are both ready and united.

The particulars of their strength are, first their townes of surety, two of which command the river of *Loyre.*

Secondly, their scituation, the greatest part of them lying neere together, as *Poictou, Zanningtonge,* high *Gascoigne, Languedoc,* and *Daulphin,* neere the sea, so consequently fit to receive succours from abroad, and remote from *Paris,* so that the qualitie of an armie is much wasted before it can approach them.

The third, is the sufficiency of their present Governours, *Bulloigne* and *Desdeguiers,* and other second commanders. And for the Princes of the blood, whom the rest may, in shew, without emulation obey, when they come once to open action, those which want a party will quickly seeke them.

The last, is the ayde they are sure of from forraine Princes: for whosoever are friends to *France* in generall, are more particularly their friends.

And besides, the Protestant partie being growne stronger of late, as the *Low-Countries,* and more united, as *England* and *Scotland,* part of that strength reflects upon them; and even the King of *Spaine* himselfe, which is enemie to *France* in generall, would rather give them succour, then see them utterly extirpated: and yet no forraine Prince can

ever make further use of them, then to disturbe *France*, not to invade it himselfe. For as soone as they get an edict with better conditions, they turne head against him that now succoured them, as they did against us, at *New-haven*.

Concerning the proportion of their number, they are not above the seventeene or eighteenth part of the people, but of the gentlemen there are 6000. of the religion; but since the peace they have increased in people, as principally in *Paris*, *Normandy*, and *Daulphin*, but lost in the gentrie, which losse commeth to passe, by reason that the King when he findes any gent. that will but hearken, tempts him with preferment, and those he findes utterly obstinate, suppresseth: and by such meanes hee hath done them more harme in peace, then both his predecessors in warre. For in all their assemblies hee corrupts some of their ministers to betray their counsell in hand; and of the 100 and 6000. crowns a yeare, which he paies the Protestants to entertaine their ministers, and pay their garrisons, hee hath gotten the bestowing of 16000. of them upon what gentleman of the religion he pleaseth, when by that meanes he moderates, if not gaines: and besides, they were wont to impose upon him their two deputies which are to stay at court, but now he makes them propose sixe, out of which he chuseth the two, and by that obligeth those; and yet notwithstanding

all this, in some occasions hee makes good use of them too. For as towards *England* he placeth none in any place of strength but firme Catholikes; so towards *Spaine* and *Savoy* he often gives charge to Protestants, as to *la Force* in *Bearne, Desdeguiers* and *Boisse* in *Bresse.*

Concerning the King himselfe, hee is a person wonderfull both in war and peace: for his acts in warre, hee hath manumized *France* from the *Spaniard,* and subdued the league, being the most dangerous plot that hath bin layd, weakening it by armes, but utterly dissolving it by wit, that is, by letting the Duke of *Guise* out of prison, and capitulating with the heads of it every one apart, by which meanes hee hath yet left a continuall hatred among them, because every one sought, by preventing other, to make his conditions the better; so that now there remaines little connexion of it amongst the gentrie, onely there continues some dregges still among the priests, and consequently the people, especially when they are angred with the increase and prosperitie of the Protestants.

For his acts of peace, hee hath enriched *France* with a greater proportion of wooll, and silke, erected goodly buildings, cut passages betwixt river and river, and is about to doe the same bewixt sea and sea, redeemed much of the mortgaged demaynes of the crowne, better husbanded the money, which was

wont to bee drunke uppe two parts of it in the officers hands, got aforehand in treasure, armes and munition, increased the infantrie, and supprest the unproportionable cavalry, and left nothing undone but the building of a navie.

And all this may bee attributed to himselfe onely, because in a monarchy, officers are accordingly active or carelesse, as the Prince is able to judge and distinguish of their labours, and withall to participate of them somewhat himselfe.

Sure it is that the peace of *France*, and somewhat that of Christendome it selfe, is secured by this Princes life: for all titles and discontents, all factions of religion there suppresse themselves till his death; but what will ensue after; what the rest of the house of *Bourbon* will enterprise upon the Kings children, what the house of *Guise* upon the house of *Bourbon*, what the league, what the Protestants, what the Kings of *Spaine*, and *England*, if they see a breach made by civill dissention, I chuse rather to expect then conjecture, because God hath so many wayes to turne aside from humaine fore-sight, as hee gave us a testimony upon the death of our late Queene.

The countrey of *France*, considering the quantitie, is the fairest and richest of all Christendome, and containes in it most of the countries adjoyning. For *Picardie*, *Normandie*, and *Bretaigne*, resemble *England*; *Languedoc*, *Spaine*, *Province*, *Italie*, and the rest is *France*.

Besides, all the rivers that passe through it, end in it. It abounds with corne, wine, and salt, and hath a competency of silke; but is defective in wooll, leather, mettals, and horses; and hath but few very good havens, especially on the north side.

Concerning the people; their children at first sight seeme men, and their men children; but who so, in negotiating, presumes upon appearance, shall bee deceived, compassionate towards their owne nation and countrey; loving to the Prince, and so they may have liberty in ceremony, and free accesse to him, they will be the better content that hee shall be absolute in matter of substance; impatient of peace any longer then whiles they are in recovering the ruines of warre; the presentnesse of danger inflames their courage, but any expectation makes it languish; for the most, they are all imagination, and no judgement, but those that prove solid, excell; their gentlemen are all good outward men, good courtiers, good souldiers, and knowing enough in men and businesse, but meerly ignorant in matters of letters, because at fifteene they quit bookes, and begin to live in the world, when indeed a mediocritie betwixt their forme of education and ours would doe better then either. No men stand more punctually upon their honours in matter of valour, and which is strange, in nothing else; for otherwise in their conversation, the custome and shifting and overspeaking, hath quite overcome the shame of it.

CRUMMS FAL'N FROM

KING JAMES'S TABLE.

OR HIS TABLE TALK,

PRINCIPALLY RELATING TO RELIGION,

EMBASSYES, STATE-POLICY &c.

TAKEN BY

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY,

The Originall being his own

hand writing.

CRUMMS FAL'N FROM KING JAMES'S TABLE.

GOD made one part of man of earth, the basest element, to teach him humility. His soule proceeded from the bosome of himselfe, to teach him goodness, and that if he cast his eyes downwards nothing is viler, but if he look up to heaven, he is of a matter more excellent than the angells: the former part was a type of Adam, the second of Christ, which gives life to that which was dead in it selfe.

2. Words are not the difference of good men and bad, for every man speakes honestly; therefore how noble a thing is vertue, when the worst men dare not profess any thing but that: very wise men and very fooles do little harm: it is the mediocrity of wisdome that troubleth all the world.

3. Some men never spake a wise word, yet doe wisely; some on the other side do never a wise deed, and yet speake wisely.

4. Charles the Fifth Emperor, is said to be a wise Prince, because he seldome spake in his affaires words but of a double construction: but I think such speech becomes a King noe more than glide-eyes does his face, when I think he looks on me, he sees me not. It is the intention makes the lye not the words.

5. Vertue is easier than vice, for the essentiall difference betwixt vertue and vice is truth and falshood; and 'tis easier and less pains to tell truth, then a lye: and for vices of the sences, custome is all in all; for to one that hath lived honestly, 'tis as much pain to committ sinn, as for another to abstaine from it.

6. Knowledge is a great stepp to goodness. There is noe wisdome without honesty, all else is but art and cunning, which only makes good the present, but lookes to the farthest end. Truth hath but one way and one face.

7. A nobleman of Scotland coming to him, making a petition in the behalfe of a poore servant of his in that country for a protection: My Lord, said he, I came not to the crown of Scotland by conquest, to give it what laws I list, but by descent, and if I do not governe it accordingly, I should be a tyrant. I found noe such thing there as a protection, and surely I will grant none; I would to God there had never been any in England alsoe, and therefore I

will do what I can to take them away here, where they have been too frequent rather than to grant them where they never were used.

8. It may be I will love God more than I speake of, but I will be sure never to love him less, neither will I add sinn to sinn, by cloaking the first.

9. I will never beleive that man whose honesty relyes only upon oathes, nor that religion which depends only upon miracles.

10. You cannot name any example in any heathen author but I will better it in Scripture.

11. I love not one that will never be angry, for as he who is with sorrow, is without gladness, so he that is without anger, is without love; give me the heart of a man, and out of that all other his actions shall be acceptable.

12. The way to make vices less than they are, is to make punishments for them, greater than they deserve, for so the laws grow to contempt and to be neglected. Many words makes me distrust the matter, for I my selfe when I cannot do a man good, then give I many words to sattisfie, but when I can doe good, I use but few.

13. A learned Papist, and an ignorant, is of two religions.

14. The Papists religion, is like Homers Ilyades of the Seige of Troy, or Virgills Æniades of the beginning of Rome; both of them had a foundation of

truth: so had the Papists the Byble, but they have added so much, that the first truth is almost lost. The preservation of the Bible is miraculous, that it should remain pure and intire after it had passed the hands of so many infidells which sought to destroy it, and of so many hereticks that sought to pervert it to their own advantage.

15. The devill when he cannot have the whole, seeks ever to get one part of the soule, either the will, or the understanding, which he may easiest come by; as in Protestants, the will; in Papists the understanding. I do not think the greatest clarks are nearest heaven; much of their knowledge is superfluous, for Bellarmyne makes four hundred questions of faith, not ten of which toucheth our salvation to understand: we are not departed further from the church of Rome than they are from their first selves; the end of the law is to punish sinn, when it is committed; [but to keep it from being committed it cannot;] as the Pope, who thinks by allowing fornication, to avoid adultery.

16. Noe indifferent gesture is so seldome done without sinn as laughing, for 'tis comonly raised, upon things to be pittyed, and therefore man only can laugh, and he only can sinn. There are degrees of men in respect of one another; in respect of God all are equall, all are to use like reverence to him, all are like beggers at Gods doore.

17. The Count of Gondemore the day he tooke his leave of the King at Greenwich, to go home for Spaine, upon the occasion of the match, his last words were to leave an impression of the advantages that would arise from that happy conjunction to both Kingdomes in his ma[ties] breast, and therefore told what great things Spaine had done in Christendome, in the time of Phillip the Second, who in his latter dayes, being an infirm Prince, had at once to doe with the greatest Christian Princes, and how he of himselfe only, maintained wars in France, Germany, the Low Countryes, Hungary, and against the Turks, what a navy he sent into England, and after into Ireland, intending the totall conquest of them both, and yet he lost nothing of his own territories in all his life; so that England and Spaine being joyned by this match, might by the union of their powers give lawes to whole Christendome besides. The King made answer with a sober countenance, My Lord, it is true which you say, but it is a thing I have ever observed in every nation, each [have] their proper inclinations. Observe a Frenchman, and be he never so wise in his greatest affaires, within a short time he will fetch a slight frisk and be casting capriolls to shew himselfe a right Frenchman; and consider a Spanyard, be he never so wise, grave, and temperate in his treaties, before he leaves he will shew some odd rodomontado or other; and I take it, Sir, (said the

King) you are of Galatia. The Embassador comes to him and caught him in his armes transported with excess of laughing, and sware, per dies, he wold never forget that true and ingenious reply, and it should be the first thing he would aquaint the King his master with.

18. I should think it a signe that God loved me not, if I killed a man by chance.

19. I will not call those women whores that paint, I'le boldly say 'tis the badge of a whore.

20. There are two things that keep a woman chast, conscience and honour; the one within, the other without.

21. Men in arguing are often carryed by the force of words farther asunder than their questions was at first; like two ships going out of the same haven, their landing is many times whole countryes distant.

22. All that ever wrote of Christ, said he was an honest man, they had so much naturall sight as to see his civill goodness, but they wanted the super naturall gift to see his Godhead.

23. Any sinn done in jest, is a greater offence than when it is done in earnest.

24. King Henry the Eighth was an ill natur'd Prince to execute so many whome he had so highly favour'd: I can never hate the person I have once placed my affection upon; I may hate some vices of his, which may lessen my favour, but never bend my heart

against him, nor undoe him, unless he undoe himselfe.

25. God's decrees goes alwayes before his knowledge, for else would his knowledge exceed his power, but with man it is otherwyse; he must first know, and after decree; the reason is, that which man knows is without him, and that which he doth is within himselfe, and is part of his own nature.

26. God hath called many from heresies to be teachers in the church, but never any of a bad life, but only to a particular salvation; for that is more against nature. Who denyes a thing he even now spake, is like him that looks in my face and picks my pocket.

27. In my conversation, there is two things which I ever took care of, I never in my life transgressed, to scandall a man's valour or honesty, nor a woman's chastity, unless I knew that by common fame.

28. To make women learned, and foxes tame, hath the same operation, which teacheth them to steale more cuningly, but the possibility is not equall, for when it doth one good, it doth twenty harme.

29. I remember well the matter of a book, seldome the page; the first is the memory of the rationall, the latter of the sensative soule.

30. I wonder not so much that women paint themselves, as that when they are painted, men can love them.

31. In clothes, I would have the fashion choose the man, and not a man the fashion.

32. The art of phisitians is very imperfect, for I doubt not but for every disease there is in nature a severall symple, if they could find it out, so that their compounds do rather shew their ignorance than knowledge.

33. He that writeth an history and giveth credit to all outward reports, the author may be wise, but the work shall be foolish.

34. Not only the deliverance of the Jewes 'till they came to the Land of Promise, but even their dayly preservation was miraculous, for there was never any noted plague in Jerusalem, though it stood in an hott clymate, which, had it been, it would have endangered the whole nation, it being to assemble thither thrice every yeare of necessity.

35. God accepts the intent before the deed, for if I doe justice because I would be counted a just King, and not for God's glory, not because I stand answerable to God if I doe otherwise, or if I doe punnish a man rightly, but withall sattisfie my own malice, these are an abbomination. If I give almes only for my reputations safe, these are wicked deeds, because there is *nullum medium,* whatsoever is without faith is sinn.

36. I never knew that Puritane that spake well of any man behind his back, or took delight to doe good to any, being naturally covetous of his purse, and liberall of his tongue, so that he is alwayes an ill neighbour, and a false freind.

37. I would most unwillingly do that ill, which lay not in my power to mend.

38. God hath distributed his benefits so equally, that there is noe country which excelleth not all other in some things or other, so as it borrows, it lends; likewise in men there is noe one so excelleth in one thing, but hath need of anothers witt in some other, and from these two proceed all trafick and society.

39. God never failes of his word, but where he threatens ill to man, as in punnishing Ninevye; but alwayes performes where he promisseth good, that or better, as he promissed to Abraham and his seed, temporall, earthly blessedness, and instead of that gives them everlasting and heavenly benediction.

40. Most heresies have proceeded from mingling philosophy with religion, from that and policy have all the Papists errors risen; and Christ tells them that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdome of heaven.

41. Noe man shall do evill that thinks before he undertakes what the end will be, not what his passions would have it to be.

42. I have been often deceived, yet will I never leave to trust, neither shall the falshood of some make me think none honest.

43. Wisdome is moderation, and the goodness of things is the mean, a man may be overwise and overgodly.

44. The wisedome of a King is cheifly seen in the election of his officers, as in places which require a peculiar sufficiency, not to choose them that he affects most, but to use every one according to his proper fitness.

45. Noe country can be called rich wherein there is warrs, as in the Low Countryes: although there be much money, the soldiers have it in pay from the governors, the boors have it for victuals, the governors from them againe in taxes, so there is noe center, nor noe certain owner.

46. Time is the essence of many laws, so that a King may doe well at divers times, both in making and abrogating the same law, the present occasion is the reason of the law.

47. The Queen was angry with me for receiving many men whome she had discountenanced, when indeed all their fault was, love to me: if I had done otherwise, I had done dishonestly; yea if I had been her subject, I might have done as much.

48. At his ma^ts^ coming into England, an English Nobleman presented himselfe to him, protesting what a faithfull servant he had been to Queen Elizabeth, his dead mistress, who used to permitt him (having the liberty as he called it of a free man [in her court]) to frequent all companyes, and when he could learn any thing which he thought fitt to informe her ma^ty^ of, she was pleased to accept his intelligence, and so was desirous to make the like offer to his ma^ty^

to doe the same service, if his pleasure was to imploy him. The King replyed (My Lord) I never had use of any such service to betray my subjects, and therefore you may save that labour; that which is mine is my owne, that which is my subjects, theirs, my prerogative cannot alter.

49. We alwayes choose to imitate the worst, which shews our naturall corruption; as let two nations meet, either will change with other their worst fashions, but never mingle in the best.

50. I would strive to be like the Papists in things they did well, for unity sake.

51. Parents may forbid their children an unfitt marriage, but they may not force their consciences to a fitt.

52. 'Tis easier to reclaime a man from any heresie then to convert an atheist to the truth; for to beleive is the first degree common to all religions, and an atheist is to be brought so far before he come to choosing.

53. A travelling preacher, and a travelling woman never comes to any good at all.

54. It is a great mercy of God, that in all the Papists heresies, the Trinity hath been preserved pure.

55. The Church of Rome fell at first from her purity to infirmities, then to corruptions, then into errors, then into heresies, and lastly into abbominations, God still punishing sinn with sinn.

56. Types are the images of the mind, which God allowed the Jews to keep them from images of the sence, and to shew them that his worship was in spirit and truth.

57. I desire not to multiply my articles of faith beyond necessity, but rather let them be few and firme.

58. There are two kind of types, some of which are of the foundation of faith, others of anologie of faith: the first are rules of faith, the latter doth illustrate faith received, and are but in the manner of allegories.

59. Whensoever I make such a warr, as the King of France doth, wherein there is such tyranny used to his own subjects, as well of the Protestants of the one side, as of his own soldiers drawn to such slaughter on the other side, surely I will put my selfe in a monastry all my dayes after, and repent me of my sinns, that have brought my subjects to such misery.

60. A King ought to be a preserver of his people, as well of their fortunes as lives, and not a distroyer of his subjects: 'tis true when he commands they must obey; yea and if it be in an ill quarrell, he must answer that to God alone, and is not accountable to any; but shame befall that King that warrs wrongfully.

61. I am so carefull of injuring any of my subjects, that in my progress, if any complaine of hurt done

them by any of my court, I see either punishment executed on the offenders or satisfaction made to the wronged.

62. All God's miracles are above nature, but never against it, for that were to distroy his own work, which he cannot do, but he may excell it; therefore the miracle of the Papists' transubstantiation being against nature is false.

63. Tis one of God's blessings that we cannot foreknow the hour of our death, for a time fixed, even beyond the possibility of living, would trouble us more than this uncertainty doth.

64. I'll never trust any of my subjects of England or Scotland, that out of discontent will goe and serve the King of Spaine.

65. Any sinn which is only an offence against my selfe, I may be induced to pardon, but those sinns which imediatly touch the honour of God, as witch craft, and such like, I dare not yet take upon me to forgive it, but yet if I knew there were any that had fal'n that way, and hath since repented and turned from that wickedness, I should rather choose not to take notice, than to acquitt them.

66. We cannot conceive eternity but by faith, we cannot know what God is, and of that ignorance cometh all sinn; for sure if we knew him well we should not offend him: a man which understands well may speake, not eloquently, but never darkly.

67. A Jesuite may die among the Indians, meerly for Christ crucified, before he come to any point of controversy, and be a martyr.

68. At what time the Gospell did flourish, all kind of learning did also abound, and upon the decay thereof, there came alwayes a vaile of darkness upon the face of the earth; the reason is, knowledge is a part of religion, but error and superstition is the safer by ignorance.

69. I never noted the relations of the devils and witches talking together, but about foolish things.

70. A father cannot injure a sonn, or a King his subjects, so that they may shake off their naturall obedience, or to be their revengers: if any thing be amiss, all they can do is *præcibus et lacrimis, non vi et armis.* Cowardize is the mother of cruelty, 'twas only feare made tyrants put so many to death to secure themselves.

71. The fashion among the Romans for killing themselves was falsly called fortitude; for 'twas only to prevent the power of fortune, when indeed vertue lies within quite out of her reach, nor can any man be overthrown but of himselfe, and so most truly were they subdued when they fled to death for a refuge against death.

72. Colonell William Stuart in Scotland, came to the King in great earnest (the King being asleep in his bed) and suddenly awaked him, desireing him in all

hast, to provide for danger, for that the old Earle of Angus, was up in arms, and with great forces was upon the way to surprize the court and him. The King without any disturbance at all laid himselfe againe to sleep, saying, If it be true, I am sorry for the old man that he will thus undoe himselfe, I would faine he should doe well, but I see it will not be; this rumor was presently after confirmed by the Earle of Orkney, and yet notwithstanding he went a hunting according to his former purpose, and played at tennis after; at length the report proved false, and all was nothing.

73. A wise King ruleth not by rumor, but pursues his own way without distraction.

74. Those Princes that seeke to secure themselves by blood, shall find, the more they kill, the more they shall need to kill.

75. He that is vaine and foolish of himselfe, becomes more so, by the addition of learning. Men of the high understanding, as they do many things above the common straine, so they often fall into greater errors than those of meaner capacity, which in all their actions will rather do nothing faulty then any thing extraordinary, being of a better temper than the former.

76. A lye of error is a fault of credulity, not of falshood, but a presumptuous lye is that which a man makes as God made the world, of nothing.

77. Of all the number of men slaine in the warrs, not the tenth man hath been killed fighting, but flying.

78. The persons of all men are to be alike equall to us, and our hate or love should goe according to their vertues, or vices. The bonds of kindred should only command us in all civill dutyes, but not our judgement, and particular injuries should only make us hate the particuler deeds, but not the doer in generall.

79. 'Tis better enjoy civility with multitude of pride (which are corruptions commonly following it) than barbarisme without these, for tho' the fruit of the former be worse, yet the thing it selfe is better.

80. The French Embassador, Count de Tilliers, coming unto the King upon the rumour of Count Mansfields entring into France, and the Duke of Bouloignes joyning with his forces to attempt the aid of the Protestants against the French King. Tilliers said, he wondered much why the Duke would enter into such a dangerous attempt by warr, as those troubles would bring him unto, being now seaventy-five years old, when wise men would end their dayes in peace and safety, rather than to choose the hazard of death, and the infamy of a traytor.

81. The King replyed, that he saw no reason why the Duke de Bouloigne might not as well take arms for the maintenance of the true religion at the age of seaventy-five, as the new constable Desdigniers to

change his religion at eighty-four, and to fight against his conscience for a constableship.

82. All extremities come round to one end, the simple obedience of the Papist, or the non obedience of the Puritane; the one breeds confusion, the other ignorance and security.

83. If I were of the age of old Desdigniers is of, though I thought then I was of the false religion, I would not change it; for I might justly think that age might weaken my judgement, and I might doubt my selfe if extreame age would councell me; against that religion which I maintained when I was in the strength of my judgement and understanding, and therefore I had little reason, or none at all, to alter my manly opinion to a decrepid.

84. That which we call witt, consists much in quickness and tricks, and is so full of lightness, that it seldome goes with judgement and solidity; but when they doe meet 'tis commonly in an honest man.

85. We seldome see a man excellent in the mathematicks, languages, or heraldry, or any of those little arts, but he is as defective in greater matters.

86. Men as often fall out upon small things as upon great, because after the first contradiction they maintain themselves, and not the argument.

87. Astronomie was first taught by God, for noe man could have discovered it, and therefor the first must needs have been the excellentest in that.

88. At his first coming into England, an Embassador was sent hither from the then Emperor Rodalph, desiring the King to maintain three thousand men in his warrs, against the Turks: his ma^{ty} asked him, why he did not solicite Spaine, and France, seeing their countries lay nearer, and so might doe more good, or receive more hurt, and therefore fitter for that assistance: the Embassador said, 'twas true, but his ma^{ties} example, being a more remote Prince, would more effectually work upon them, than his own reason. The King replyed, he loved not to anger Princes, and that proportion demanded would do no more hurt to the Turk, than fleas to mens skinns; but if other Princes would go soundly to work to attempt the subvertion of the whole Turkish empire by some brave and thorough enterprize, he would with all his heart bear them company; for great attempts may do good, by a distruction, but poore ones doe but stir up anger and hurt themselves.

89. No man gains by warr, but he that hath not wherewith to live in peace.

90. The people still desire warr till they have it, and they desire it presupposing good success, but one overthrow, an ill journy, or taxes imposed to maintain it, they require peace as much. In giveing pardons, I doe allwayes suppose my selfe in the offender, and then judge how far the like occasion might have tempted me.

91. There is in essentiall things a certain truth, and imutability in things indifferent, neither good nor ill, but as the Church, or State, creates it.

92. Being desired by a nobelman to grant a dispensation to one of his ma^{ties} most eminent chaplaines to hold two benefices without distance, his ma^{ty} denyed it, saying, I must answer it to God, if the people be not fed by their Pastour, and therefore I will never grant a dispensation in that kind; but the Nobleman replyed and said, his ma^{ty} had done it to other men. If I did, God forgive me, he was a knave that misinformed me, and I a foole for not better enquiring.

93. Preachers are like to whores, that may be said to say and doe any thing for their advantage.

94. There are noe people which turn their religion so soon as Puritans and Jesuites; for zeale transports them more than knowledge, and having but a glimering of the same, when they come to be better taught, they are ready to make religion turn the way of their apprehensions, and so upon fancy are subject to alteration.

95. All corruption is nothing but dissolution, and the last dissolution of every thing is into the earth, which shews that from thence we began.

96. When I hear musick, first I am sattisfied with the sound of it, but after I have heard it a while, I then looke what the meaning of it is, what it signifies, and 'tis but aire. Many men are wise in a narrow

compass, which are not so in a larger, 'tis dealing in many affaires which tries a man.

97. All governments in their constitutions, and in their practice tend to monarchy, and where ever the better sort of people bear rule, there is alwayes some one that resembles a King amongst them; yea, though in their State of Venice, their Duke is as it were a dead name, yet were it impossible that their own wealth should long withold it selfe without him.

98. Good lawes must be made by a few men and reasonable, and not by a multitude.

99. That a theife shall be punished is God's law; but after what manner, is left to the government of every State.

100. Sir Henry Wotton sending a letter to his ma^{ty} from Venice, related how the Prince of Conde sued for the title of Altess from the Synode of Venice, which was refused; the King answered, that the Prince had good reason to sue for the same, and the Seigniory had done ill to deny it him, considering all the world knew how he deserved it; it being his custome to raise himselfe upon every man's tayle he could get upon; and by that custome he hoped to see himselfe elevated by the just justice of God, to as high a dignity as the gallows at last.

101. There is noe good fancy in long speeches, for in speaking much it is impossible to shun little errors, therefore short and pithy is the best forme for business.

102. Wheresoever Kings have many people, they have many friends.

103. My Lord of Bucklew said the border men were not valiant at the first onsett, but after, they proved good men; the King replyed, 'Tis true, borderers fight to live, and not to dye.

104. A man would have thought the invention of guns would have ruined mankind, but God hath made it a meanes to save mens lives, for since that time men have retired themselves within walls, and few sett battailes have been fought.

105. A knowing man is hott in arguing for truths sake; an ignorant man for opinion sake.

106. The Church is to be believed in the interpretation of the Scriptures, but not directly against it, for when it differs from that, 'tis noe longer the church.

107. If a man have committed a publick scandalous sinn, he ought not only to satisfie his conscience with repenting it, but withall to repaire the scandell by professing it.

108. The same sentence with divers relations may be both holy and devilish.

109. Incest is so odious, because there are a few forbidden thee; and all the world beside open for thee.

110. Outward civility, and inward heresie, is harder to be converted to a better religion than an Indian.

111. Before Christ came, it was enough for the Patriarchs to believe only. Since his coming, we must not only believe, but understand.

112. In disputeing with a Papist, one must maintaine the grounds of Divinity, and seeke to destroy the building upon it; but against Puritans, one must destroy the grounds and maintaine the building; that is to say, the major position is false in the Puritans, and the mynor in the Papists.

113. If God gave not the kingdome of Israel to Saul and his posterity, what tooke he from him upon his offence, for he enjoyed it all his life?

114. The Chancellor Metelyn of Scotland, was suspected by the King to be in conspiracy against him; the King one day called him unto him, telling him how just grounds he had to suspect him, and bad him be more dutyfull hereafter. His answer was, that to his knowledge those attempts intended to be made were nothing but fitt and necessary to be done. The King replyed, if those words you have spoken were uttered by a foole, they were to be laughen at, but being spoken by him, thought a wise man, were worthy of hanging. The Chancellor submitted himselfe hereupon, and dyed within a very few dayes after.

115. There are three kinds of wisdome usual in Kings, a sanctified wisdome, a pollitick wisdome, (which often straines itselfe to a less evill to avoid a

greater) and a wisdome of falshood. The first is both lawfull and necessary, the second is lawfull but not necessary, the third is neither.

116. Colonel Gray coming to him out of Germany in a garb of a soldier, buckl'd up in a buff jerkin, a great belt and a huge sword, and a case of pistolls; the King said, that this towne was so well fortifyed, that if it were well victualled, it seem'd impregnable.

117. My ends are still constant, howsoever my wayes to them may seem to differ according to occasion.

118. There are many things which my selfe would not doe, and yet, in my judgement, think lawfull to be done; but where there is a broadway besides, what need I tread nere the borders of vice.

119. I will not reward any man in matter of justice, for that is not mine, but God's and the people's.

120. The art of governing is a deep mistery, and noe man can judge who is fitt to be a King, till he see him one.

121. The people do never esteem truly of the present state, for some thing in it they must mislike whilst it is at present; and yet such and such men either to be good or bad, their censure is almost infalliable.

122. I desire to live no longer than I am accounted

an honest and reasonable man, of honest and reasonable men; nor longer to be a King, than I use my power to maintain reason, and not to overthrow it.

123. I will never offer to bring a new custome upon the people without the peoples consent, but only like a good phisitian tell them what is a-miss; and after, if they will not concur to amend it, yet I have discharged my part.

124. At Oking, being shewed a gentleman's house, a great part whereof was burn't by the Queens servants when she was entertain'd there, for which the Queen never gave him satisfaction; one said, that if it had been done by a common person, he had been bound to sattisfaction by law. The King said, whatsoever a private man ought to doe, by law, a King is bound to doe by conscience.

NOTES.

Page 7, line 5; D. T.]

PROBABLY the same person who wrote *Essaies Politicke and Morall*, Lond. 1608, 12mo. His name is unknown.

Page 8, line 31; C. B.] Christopher Brooke, the author of *Eglogues; dedicated to his much loved Friend Mr. Will. Brown, of the Inner Temple*, Lond. 1614, 8vo. &c.

Page 10, line 23; *A cleane contrary way*]. This expression seems to have been proverbial.

" Come heare, lady muses, and help mee to sing,
Come love mee where as I lay;
Of a duke that deserves to be made a king,
The cleane contrary way,
O the cleane contrary way."

Sloane MS. No. 826.

" 'Tis you must perfect this great work,
And all malignants slay,
You must bring back the king again
The cleane contrary way."

A. Brome's *Songs and Poems*, 1664, p. 162.

Many other instances might be quoted.

Page 10, line 30; *Weston*]. One of the persons executed for the murder of Overbury. See *Life*.

Page 11, line 14; W. S.] According to a MS. note of T. Park's, these initials stand for William Shipton.

Page 13, line 12; W. B. *Int. temp.*] William Browne, the celebrated author of *Britannia's Pastorals.* He was a student of the Temple at the same time with Overbury.

Page 13, line 25; B. G. *Medii Temp.*] Probably Bernard Griffin, the author of a collection of sonnets, entitled *Fidessa, more Chaste then Kinde*, Lond. 1596. The latter has an address, "To the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court," which strengthens the supposition.

Page 14, line 23; *Cap. Tho. Gainsford*]. The name of this writer occurs to some verses in Add. MS. 15, 227, in the British Museum. See also Collier's *Poetical Decameron.*

Page 16, line 8; Io. Fo.] Undoubtedly John Ford, the celebrated dramatist. He became a member of the Middle Temple November 16, 1602, and was in all likelihood well acquainted with Overbury, who was of the same Society.

Page 16, line 23; R. Ca.] In a copy of Overbury's *Characters*, formerly belonging to Octavius Gilchrist, that Gentleman has filled up these initials, R[ichard] Ca[rew], the author of *The Survey of Cornwall.*

Page 18, line 15; E. G.] Query, Edmund Gayton?

Page 20, line 31; I. F.] John Fletcher, the celebrated dramatist? Le Neve, speaking of the Elegies prefixed to Overbury's *Wife*, says, "Amongst which, two, from the initials, and the general satire on the sex, appear to be by *Fletcher*." *Cursory Remarks on the English Poets*, p. 28.

Page 24, line 25; W. Stra.] According to Park's MS. note, William Stradling.

Page 25, line 1; Of the Choyce of a Wife]. This little poem is always quoted as Overbury's; but Mr.

Collier considers it "an unclaimed poem." See the *Bridgewater Catalogue*, p. 223.

Page 33, line 12; A WIFE]. This poem is printed in Capell's interesting volume entitled *Prolusions; or Select Pieces of Antient Poetry*, 1760, 8vo. A collation of the first, fourth, and ninth editions is there given. The differences are so trifling, that it was not thought worth while to transfer them to these pages.

Page 46, line 1; THE AUTHOUR'S EPITAPH]. In the rare "Portraiture of Sir Thomas Overbury," engraved by R. Elstracke, these lines are given upon a scroll, which the unfortunate knight is in the act of penning. This portrait is of such rarity, that at General Dowdeswell's sale, Sir Mark M. Sykes purchased an impression for fifty pounds. On the dispersion of the Sykes' Collection, it realized the large sum of seventy-four guineas!

Page 49, line 5; *the voider*]. *i. e.* "a basket or tray, into which the relics of a dinner or other meal, the trenchers, &c. were swept from the table with a wooden knife."—DYCE.

Page 49, line 14; *the Knight of the Sun*]. A well-known hero of romance.

Page 50, line 7; *napery*]. *i. e.* linen of any kind, but chiefly table linen; from *nappe*, French.

Page 50, line 14; *Her next part*]. *i. e.* Her marriage state.

Page 50, line 16; *her wrie little finger bewraies carving*, &c.] The passage in the text sufficiently shows that *carving* was a sign of intelligence made with the little finger, as the glass was raised to the mouth. See the prefatory Letter prefixed to Mr. R. G. White's *Shakespeare's Scholar*, 8vo. New York, 1854, p. xxxiii. Mr. Hunter (*New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, i. 215), Mr. Dyce (*A few Notes on Shakespeare*,

1853, p. 18), and Mr. Mitford (*Cursory Notes on Beaumont and Fletcher*, &c. 1856, p. 40), were unacquainted with this valuable illustration of a Shakespearian word given by Overbury.

Page 53, line 19; *a picke-tooth in his hat*]. The use of toothpicks was formerly regarded as an affectation of gentility. It was an Italian invention introduced here about the year 1600. Lucio, in Fletcher's *Woman Hater*, 1607, says, "Sir, but that I do presume upon your secrecy, I would not have appeared to you thus ignorantly attired, without a *toothpick* in a ribband, or a ring in my bandstring." Act v. sc. 1.—Dyce's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, i. 78.

Page 55, line 21; *dares not salute a man in old clothes*, or out of fashion]. "It is also but opinion that a proud coxcombe in the fashion, wearing taffata, and an ill-favored locke on his shoulder, thinkes all that weare cloth, and are out of fashion, to be clownes, base, and unworthie his acquaintance."—Peacham's *Truth of our Times*, 1638, p. 57.

Page 55, line 25; *a whifler*]. The derivation of this word is from *whiffle*, to disperse as by a puff of wind, to scatter. A *whiffler*, in its original signification, evidently meant a staff-bearer, and not a *fifer*, as is generally supposed. See several communications on this subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1851.

Page 55, line 25; *a torche-bearer*]. Torch-bearers appear to have been the constant attendants upon our old masks. "He is just like a *torche-bearer* to maskers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing."—*Westward Hoe*, 1607.

Page 56, line 21; *weares the Bible in the streetes*]. *i. e.* attached to the girdle; by no means uncommon at the period when Overbury wrote. Again, in his character of "A Button-Maker of Amsterdam," our

author says, "his zeal consists much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button."

Page 57, line 10; *the tune of fortune*]. *i. e. Fortune my foe*, one of the most celebrated ballad tunes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Its history may be read in Mr. W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 162.

Page 57, line 17; *musk comfects*]. *i. e.* sweetmeats.

Page 59, line 10; *bought in S. Martines*]. *i. e.* St. Martin's-le-Grand, a famous place for lace and jewellery of an inferior kind, in the seventeenth century. Webster, Massinger, and other of the old dramatists, allude to it. Butler has the following passage:—

> "'Tis not those paltry counterfeits
> French stones, which in our eyes you set,
> But our right diamonds, that inspire
> And set your am'rous hearts on fire;
> Nor can those false *St. Martin's beads*,
> Which on our lips you place for reds,
> And make us wear like Indian dames,
> Add fuel to your scorching flames."
>
> *Hudibras*, ii. 367, ed. Nash.

Page 64, line 4; *Pomanders*]. A kind of perfume, generally made in the form of a ball, and worn about the person. See Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*, 636.

Page 64, line 25; *Cut-purse*]. The purse was formerly worn, suspended by a silken or leather strap, outside the garment. Hence the miscreant, whom we now denominate a pickpocket, was then properly a cut-purse.

Page 65, line 1; *yellow stockings*]. Much worn in the first half of the seventeenth century. Shakespeare says, "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings."—*Twelfth Night*, Act ii. sc. 5.

Page 65, line 3; *pantofles*]. *i. e.* slippers or pattens. "A wooden pantofle or patin."—Florio.

Page 65, line 8; *Make a leg*]. A *leg* here signifies a *bow*. Decker says, "A jewe never weares his cap threadbare with putting it off; never bends i' th' hammes with *casting away a leg*, &c."—*Gull's Hornebooke*, p. 11.

Page 65, line 14; *Dor*]. A drone-bee.

Page 65, line 19; *Booke of good manners*]. Perhaps an allusion to *The Book of Good Manners*, translated out of the French of Jaques le Graunt, and printed by Caxton in 1487. Similar works were issued at a later date.

Page 65, line 26; *speaks Euphues*]. "An affected style of speaking and writing introduced at the close of the sixteenth century by Lilly, who set the fashion in works entitled *Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit*, and *Euphues and his England*, which are replete with absurd jargon and bombast. These books were completely the fashion for the time, and their immortality vainly predicted by the author's contemporaries."—Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*, p. 341.

Page 66, line 2; *Birchin-lane*]. Inhabited in our author's time, by "the fripperers or upholders, that sold old apparel and household stuff." See Stow's *Survey of London*, Thoms's ed. p. 75.

Page 66, line 9; *the boares head*]. Anciently the first dish on Christmas-day, and was ushered in with its peculiar and appropriate Carol. Hollinshed says that in the year 1170, upon the day of the young Prince's coronation, King Henry the First "served his sonne at the table as sewer, bringing up the *bore's head* with trumpets before it, according to the manner."—*Chronicles*, iii. 76.

Page 66, line 13; *galliard*]. A popular old dance, the music of which consisted of two, and sometimes of three strains. It derived its name from *Gallia*, the country from whence it came. C. Simpson says,

"This (according to its name) is of a lofty and frolick movement; the measure of it, always a *tripla*, of three *minims* to a time."—*A Compendium of Practical Musick*, 3rd edit. 1678, p. 117.

Page 67, line 13; *partlets*]. A partlet is usually defined to be "a ruff or band worn by women." Baret says "a neckerchief or partlet."—*Triple Dictionarie*, 1573. But according to the authorities cited by Sir Frederick Madden (*Privy Expenses of the Princess Mary*, note p. 255), "the partlet evidently appears to have been the corset, or habit-shirt, worn at the period, and which so commonly occurs in the portraits of the time, generally made of velvet, and ornamented with precious stones."

Page 77, line 26; *ammell*]. An old form of the word *enamel*.

Page 78, line 16; *Amadis de Gaule, nor the Knight of the Sunne*]. Heroes of romance very often coupled. Snarl, in Shadwell's Comedy of *The Virtuoso* (Act i.) speaks of "rhiming plays, with scurvy heros, worse than the *Knight of the Sun*, or *Amadis de Gaul*."

Page 78, line 20; *the Spanish pike*]. Needles, introduced here from Spain, were so called.

Page 78, line 24; *the long bill*]. "A kind of pike or halbert, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen. Soldiers armed with bills were sometimes called *bills*. A bill-hook is still called a *bill* in some parts of the country."—Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*, p. 176. Of course our author puns upon the word.

Page 79, line 8; *cast down into hell*]. A *tailor's hell* means the place where a tailor deposits the cloth, stuff, or silk, which he purloins from his employers.

"By metaphor
All know the cellarage under the shop-board
He calls his hell," &c.—Dyce's *Middleton*, v. 172.

Page 80, line 17; *March beere*]. *i. e.* beer brew March. Gascoigne, in his *Delicate diet for d mouthde droonkards*, 1576, says, "The Almaine their small Renish wine are contented; or rathe faile, a cup of beere may entreate them to stoupe we must have *March beere*, dooble beere, Dagg Bragget, Renish wine, White wine, French Gascoyne wine, Sack," &c.

Page 81, line 7; *A paire of Organs*]. *i. e.* an with *more pipes than one*. Jonson, Heywood other of our older poets, always use the term *p* the sense of an aggregate, and as synonymous *set:* thus we have "a *pair* of chessmen," "a *p* beads," "a *pair* of cards," "a *pair* of organs When speaking of a *flight* of stairs, we often *pair* of stairs. Therefore, this ancient form c pression, although obsolete in most cases, is still at the present day. See Hopkins and Rimbau *The History and Construction of the Organ*, 8vo. p. 40.

Page 82, line 24; *An eyesse*]. A young hav cently taken out of the nest.

Page 82, line 24; *a ramage*]. "(Fr.) Bo branches, or any thing that belongs thereto. I a *ramage hawk*, or falcoun, is such a one as hath long among the boughs and branches, preyin himself, a *hagard*."—Blount's *Glossographia*, 1656.

Page 82, line 25; *an intermewer*]. The name to a hawk from the first change of her coat ti turn white.

Page 83, line 8; *haggard*]. A wild hawk; on has preyed for herself before being taken.

Page 83, line 13; *bussard*]. A great drin Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

Page 84, line 14; *Barragouin*]. *i. e.* "*Ba*

Barotour (French), who sets men at defiance."—*Coles' Dictionary*, 1717. "In law, a common wrangler."—Blount's *Glossographia.*

Page 85, line 1; *pickadels*]. Written also *pickadil*, *peccadillo*, and *pickardil.* "*Pickadilles*, the severall divisions or peeces fastened together about the brimme of the collar of a doublet, &c."—Cotgrave's *Dict.* "A kinde of stiffe collar, made in fashion of a band."—Blount's *Glossographia*, ed. 1656. Gifford says, "the term is simply a diminutive of *picca* (*Span.* and *Ital.*) a spear-head, and was given to this article of foppery, from a fancied resemblance of its stiffened plaits to the bristled points of those weapons."—Jonson's *Works*, v. 55.

Page 85, line 2; *ruff*]. A kind of frill, formerly much worn by both sexes. Its antiquity, according to Taylor, the Water Poet, does not extend further back than Henry VIII.

"Ruffs only at the first were in request
With such as of ability were best;
But now the plain, the stich'd, the lac'd, and shag,
Are at all prices worn by tag and rag."

Taylor's *Works*, part 2, p. 167.

Page 85, line 22; *Merlin's prophesies*]. Merlin was a Welsh magician, who lived about the year 500. Spenser says,

"It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell."

Merlin's *Prophecies* was, until very recently, a popular chap-book.

Page 85, line 23; *Crosse-row*]. "The alphabet was called the Christ-cross row, some say because a cross was prefixed to the alphabet in the old primers; but as probably from a superstitious custom of writing the alphabet in the form of a cross, by way of charm."—NARES.

Page 86, line 11; *heaven and hell*]. "Heaven and Hell were two mean ale-houses, abutting on Westminster Hall. Whalley says that they were standing in his remembrance. They are mentioned, together with a third house called Purgatory, in a grant which I have read, dated in the first year of Henry VII."—Gifford's *Jonson*, iv. 174. See also Cunningham's *Hand-Book of London*, p. 224, edit. 1850.

Page 88, line 28; *Erra Pater*]. The reader will recollect Butler's lines:—

> "In Mathematics he was greater
> Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*."
>
> *Hudibras*, pt. i. canto 1.

Page 89, line 1; *Rodulphus Agricola*]. A learned priest, born in the year 1442, at Bafflen, a village in Friesland. He is said to have been a prodigy in literature and science. He died at Heidelberg in 1485.

Page 89, line 3; *Systema's logicke doth excell Keckerman's*]. Bartholomew Keckerman was born at Dantzic, in Prussia, 1571, and educated under Fabricius. He was eminently distinguished for his abilities, and wrote upon logic, rhetoric, ethics, politics, physics, metaphysics, geography, astronomy, &c. He died, literally worn out with scholastic drudgery, at the early age of 38.

Page 89, line 16; A Tinker]. The author of this, and the following characters, was a Mr. J. Cocke. In an address prefixed to John Stephens' *New Essayes and Characters*, &c. Lond. 1631, this worthy says, "I am heere enforced to claime three characters following the Wife; viz. the *Tinker*, the *Apparatour*, and *Almanack-maker*, that I may signify the ridiculous and bold dealing of an unknowne botcher," &c. These characters were first added to the sixth edition of Overbury's *Wife* in 1615.

Page 90, line 1; *alwaies furnisht with a song*]. Samuel Harsnet, in his *Declaration of Egregious Impostors*, 1604, thus speaks of the musical qualifications of tinkers:—"Lustie Jolly Jenkin, by his name should seeme to be foreman of the motley morrice: he had under him, saith himselfe, forty assistants; or rather (if I mistake not) he had beene by some old exercist allowed for the *master setter of Catches or Roundes used to be sung by Tinkers*, as they sit by the fire, with a pot of good ale between their legges: *Hey, jolly, Jenken, I see a knave drinking*, &c." A number of tinkers' songs are still in existence; for instance, "Joan's Ale 's new, or the Jovial Tinker;" "Tom Tinker;" "The Tinker of Turvey;" "Clout the cauldron," &c. See more on this subject in Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of England.*

Page 90, line 7; *since the terrible statute*, &c.] A curious Account of the Gypsies in England occurs in *The Art of Juggling or Legerdemaine*, by S. R. [Samuel Rid] Lond. 1612, 4to. The writer says, "This kind of people, about a hundred years ago, beganne to gather a head, as the first heere, about the Southerne parts. And this, as I am informed, and can gather, was their beginning:—Certain Egyptians banished their country (belike not for their good conditions) arrived heere in England, who for quaint tricks and devices, not known heere at that time among us, were esteemed and had in great admiration, insomuch that many of our English *loyterers* joined them, and in time learned their craftie cosening. The speech which they used was the right Egyptian language, with whom our Englishmen conversing at last learned their language. These people continuing about the country, and practising their cosening art, purchased themselves great credit among the country people, and got much by palmistry and telling of for-

tunes, insomuch they pitifully cosezend poor country girls, both of money, silver spoons, and the best of their apparelle, or any goods they could make." Rid farther states they had a leader of the name of Giles Hather, who was termed their King; and a woman of the name of Calot, was called Queen: "these riding through the country on horseback and in strange attire, had a prettie traine after them." According to the same writer, the gypsies arrived here about 1512, or ten years before the statute 22 Henry VIII. c. 10, was passed. This statute commanded them to leave the country in sixteen days from the date thereof, and forbad any person bringing them back to England.

Page 91, line 2; *if he scape Tyburn and Banbury*]. From Bishop Corbet's *Iter Boreale*, the town of Banbury appears to have been inhabited chiefly by Puritans. It was also celebrated for its *tinkers;* but I do not understand the allusion in the text.

Page 91, line 4; *An Apparatour*]. "A Sergeant, beadle, or sumner; but most commonly used for an inferior officer that summons in delinquents to the spiritual Court."—Blount's *Glossographia.*

Page 91, line 19; *There went but a paire of sheeres betweene him*, &c.] This means that there was little difference betwixt the two. Marston and other writers of his time use the expression. Mr. Halliwell has given an apposite quotation from Stephens' *Essayes*, 1615. See his edition of Marston's *Dramatic Works*, ii. 302.

Page 93, line 3; *Ticho Bracke*]. The illustrious astronomer, Tycho Brahe, was originally of Sweden, but settled in Denmark, and had an observatory and laboratory bestowed on him in the island of Huen, in the Sound, where he maintained ten or twelve young men, who assisted him in his observations.

Page 93, line 22; *many ride poast to chandlers and tobacco shops in folio*].

——————————" Did I for this
Consume my quarters in meditations, vows,
And woo'd her in *Heroical Epistles?*
Did I expound *The Owl?*
And undertook, with labour and expense,
The re-collection of those thousand pieces,
Consum'd in cellars and tobacco-shops,
Of that our honour'd Englishman, Nich. Breton."
—Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady. Works*, ed. Dyce, iii. 28.

Page 96, line 16; *fardle*]. A burden; also a verb, to pack up. This word is used by Shakespeare, Drayton, Herrick, and other old writers. Nares says, "Fardellus, low Latin; from which, probably, the Italian *fardello*, the French *fardeau*, and the Dutch *fardeel*."

Page 98, line 5; *like a sea-god in a pageant*, &c.] Constructed of laths, or light wicker-work, the machinery being concealed by painted cloths. See the curious wood-cuts in Mr. Fairholt's *Lord Mayors' Pageants* (Part 1), printed by the Percy Society, 1843.

Page 99, line 9; *Time is, Time was*, &c.] See "The famous Historie of Fryer Bacon, containing the wonderful Things that he did in his Life; also the manner of his Death; with the Lives and Deaths of the two Conjurors Bungye and Vandermast." Lond. 4to. This popular Tract is reprinted entire in the *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, 1816; and in Thoms's *Early Prose Romances*, 1828. See also Greene's *Works*, by Dyce, i. 215.

Page 101, line 13; *She reads Greenes works*, &c.] "Greene," says Wood, "was author of several things which were pleasing to men and women of his time.

They made much sport, and were valued among scholars, but since they have been mostly sold on ballad-mongers' stalls."—*Fasti Oxon.* Part 1, p. 245, ed. Bliss. Greene's Works were bought up with eagerness, and read with admiration by all classes. This not only appears from Nash, but even from the testimony of his coward adversary, Gabriel Harvey. After saying that not only the fine comedies of the daintiest Attic wit were become stale, he proceeds; "even Guicciardini's silver historie, and Ariosto's golden cantoes grow out of request, and the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia* is not *greene* enough for queasie stomackes, but they must have *Greene's Arcadia*, and I believe most eagerly longed for *Greene's Faerie Queen*."—*Four Letters*, &c. 1592.

Page 101, line 14; *the Mirror of Knighthood*]. "The celebrated *Espeio de Caballerias*, one of the romances condemned by the curate in *Don Quixote* to the flames. The first part, consisting of two books, and written by Diego Ortunez, was printed in 1562. A second part, also divided into two books, by Pedro de la Sierra, was published in 1580. The third and fourth parts, each consisting of two books, were written by Marcos Martinez. The whole work was translated into English in nine parts, the last printed in 1602, with the title of *The Mirrour of Knighthood*, &c."—WEBER.

Page 101, line 19; *sumner*]. A popular contraction of *summoner; i. e.* the officer now called an apparitor.

Page 103, line 11; *Robert Wisdomes Psalms*]. For an account of *Robert Wisdom*, one of the metrical translators of the Psalms, see Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, vol. 1. Fasti, p. 57. Some of his versions are ridiculed in *The Remains of Samuel Butler*, edit. 1754, p. 41:—

"Thence, with short meal and tedious grace,
In a loud tone and public place,
Sings *Wisdom's Hymns*, that trot and pace
As if Goliah scann'd 'em."

"Robert Wisdome's Delight," is alluded to in Phillips's *Satyr against Hypocrites*, 1661, 4to. p. 6.

Page 103, line 19; *without boote*]. The word *boot* is here used in the sense of profit or advantage.

Page 103, line 22; *a paire of silke stockings and a beaver hat*]. The fashionable stockings of this period consisted either of woven silk, or were cut out by the taylor "from silke, velvet, damaske, or other precious stuffe." Decker, in his *Gull's Hornbook*, advises the gallant to "strive to fashion his legs to his *silk* stockings, and his proud gate to his broad garters." His *hat* too must be of silk, velvet, taffeta, or *beaver*, the last being the most expensive. In *Verses upon the order for making Knights of such persons who had £40 per annum in King James I. time* (MS. Addit. 5832, *Brit. Mus.*), we learn the price of a beaver hat of this period:—

"Shepherds leave singing your pastorall sonnetts,
And to learne complements shew your endeavours:
Cast off for ever your twoe shillinge bonnetts,
Cover your coxcombs with *three pound* beavers."

Dugdale, in his Diary, April 13th, 1661, minutes "payd for a bever hatt, 4*l.* 10*s.*;" the fashion of it may be seen in Hollar's portrait of that distinguished antiquary.

Page 104, line 18; *taffata cloakes in the summer*]. "It is also but opinion that a proud coxcombe in the fashion, wearing *taffata*, and an ill-favoured locke on his shoulder, thinkes all that weare cloth, and are out of fashion, to be clownes, base, and unworthie his acquaintance."—*The Truth of our Times, by Henry Peacham*, 12mo. 1638, p. 57.

Page 105, line 1; *A meere fellow of an house*], *i. e.* of a College.

Page 105, line 4; *If he hath read Tacitus*]. Bishop Earle, in his *Microcosmography*, 1628, speaking of "A pretender to learning," says, "He has sentences for company, some scatterings of Seneca and *Tacitus*, which are good upon all occasions."

Page 105, line 5; *Guicchardine*]. Guicciardini, the famous historian, and friend of Machiavel. See a list of his works in Haym's *Bib. Ital.* 1803.

Page 105, line 5; *Gallo-Belgicus*]. "*Gallo-Belgicus* was written in the Latin language, and had the following title:—MERCURII GALLO BELGICI: *sive, rerum in Gallia, et Belgio potissimum: Hispania quoque, Italia, Anglia, Germania, Polonia, Vicinisque locis ab anno* 1588, *ad Martium anni* 1594, *gestarum, Nuncii.* The first compiler of *Gallo-Belgicus* was M. Jansen, a Frisian; and the first volume in 8vo. containing six hundred and fifty pages, was printed at Cologne in 1598. It was ornamented with a wooden cut, representing Mercury standing on a globe, with his usual attributes."—*Life of Ruddiman*, pp. 103, 4. The author of *Whimzies; or, a New Cast of Characters*, 1631, in his description of "A Corranto Coiner" (p. 15), says, "hee never yet understood so much Latine as to construe *Gallo-Belgicus.*"

Page 109, line 9; *counting at noddy*]. A game at cards, frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. It was played in various ways. See Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*, p. 579.

Page 109, line 10; *camisado*]. "(From the Spanish *camisa, i. e.* a shirt), a sudden assaulting or surprisal of the enemy, so tearmed because the souldiers that execute it, most commonly wear shirts over their armour, or take their enemies in their shirts." *Cotgr.* —Blount's *Glossographia*, 12mo. 1656.

Page 111, line 11; *die on this side Wapping*]. The usual place of execution for pirates was at "Wapping in the Wose" (*i.e.* Wapping in the wash or drain). —Stow by Howes, ed. 1631, p. 697.

Page 112, line 23; *The Lord Mayors triumph*]. A *triumph* meant a public show or exhibition; such as a masque, pageant, procession. It is satisfactorily explained in the Duke of Anjou's *Entertainment at Antwerp*, 1581: "Yet notwithstanding, their triumphs [those of the Romans] have so borne the bell above all the rest, that the word *triumphing*, which cometh thereof, hath beene applied to all high, great, and statelie doings."

Page 114, line 22; *gards*], *i.e.* facings or trimmings. "Garded or purfled garments."—Hollyband's *Dictionaire*, 1593.

Page 114, line 24; *crosse-gartered gentleman-usher*]. Cross gartering, so as to represent the varied colours of the Scotch plaid, was very common at this period.

Page 117, line 3; *French taylor*]. "Now this thing we call the *Fashion*, so much hunted and pursued after (like a thiefe with an hue and cry) that our taylors dog it into France, even to the very doore. It reignes commonly like an epidemicall disease, first infecting the Court, then the city, after the countrey." —*The Truth of our Times, by Henry Peacham*, 12mo. 1638, p. 63.

Page 117, line 4; *estridge*]. An ostrich.

Page 117, line 11; *with a wrie necke*, &c.] Shakespeare speaks of "the *wry-neck'd* fife" (*Merchant of Venice*, act ii. sc. 5). So Barnaby Rich, in the Aphorismes at the end of his *Irish Hubbub*, 1618: "a fife is a *wry-neckt* musician, for he always looks away from his instrument." The fife does not mean the instrument, but the person who played on it.—See Boswell's note in the *Variorum Shakespeare*, v. 54.

Page 118, line 1; *A faire and happy Milke-mayd*]. This character has been justly considered one of the best of Overbury's delineations. Quaint old Izaak Walton says, "I now see it was not without cause, that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a Milke-maid all the month of *May*, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and without doubt honest, innocent, pretty *Maudlin* does so. I'll bestow Sir *Thomas Overbury's* Milk-maid's wish upon her, that she may die in the spring; and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet."—*The Complete Angler*, chap. iv.

Page 119, line 22; *store of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheet*].

"Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter'd flow'r, and endive blue."

GAY.

Gough, in the Introduction to the second volume of his *Sepulchral Monuments*, p. 5, says, "The ancients used to crown the deceased with flowers, in token of the shortness of life; and the practice is still retained in some places in regard to young women and children. The Roman ritual recommends it in regard of those who die soon after baptism, in token of purity and virginity. It still obtains in Holland and parts of Germany. The primitive Christians buried young women with flowers, and martyrs with the instruments of their martyrdom. I have seen fresh flowers put into the coffins of children and young girls."

Page 121, line 12; *the paving of Smithfield*]. "And this sommer, 1615, the citty of London reduced the rude vast place of Smithfield into a faire and comely order, which formerly was never held possible to be done, and *paved it all over*, and made divers sewers to convey the water from the new channels which were

made by reason of the new pavement: they also made strong rayles round about Smithfield, and sequestred the middle part of the said Smithfield into a very faire and civill walk, and rayled it round about with strong rayles to defend the place from annoyance and danger, as well from carts as all manner of cattell, because it was intended hereafter, that in time it might prove a faire and peaceable market-place, by reason that Newgate Market, Cheapside, Leadenhall, and Gracechurche street, were unmeasurably pestred with the unimaginable increase and multiplicity of market-folkes. And this field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many yeares called 'Ruffian's Hall,' by reason it was the usual place of frayes and common fighting during the time that sword and bucklers were in use. But the ensuing deadly fight of rapier and dagger suddenly suppressed the fighting with sword and buckler."—*Stow's Chronicle by Howes*, ed. 1631, p. 1023.

Page 121, line 14; *A Roaring Boy*]. The cant name for the roysters of Overbury's time, who took delight in annoying quiet people. The allusions to them in our early dramas are innumerable. For an elaborate picture of a "roarer" see *A Fair Quarel*, *Middleton's Works*, ed. Dyce, vol. iii.

Page 122, line 7; *prentices on Shrove-Tuesday*]. The apprentices of London from time immemorial claimed, or at least exercised, the right of attacking and demolishing houses of ill-fame on Shrove Tuesday. In *Pasquil's Palinodia*, 1634, we read:—

"It was the day, of all days in the year,
That unto Bacchus hath his dedication,
When mad-brain'd 'prentices, that no men feare,
O'erthrew the dens of bawdy recreation."

Page 122, line 27; *deterre men from taking tobacco*]. Pennant, speaking of Captain Myddelton, (the brother

of the more celebrated Sir Hugh) adds, "It is that he, with Captain *Thomas Price* of *Plâsyoll* one Captain *Koet*, were the first who smoked, they called it) drank tobacco publickly in *Londo* that the Londoners flocked from all parts them. Pipes were not then invented, so the the twisted leaves or *segars*. The invention is u ascribed to Sir *Walter* Raleigh. It may be s he was too good a courtier to smoke in public, cially in the reign of *James*, who even condes to write a book against the practice, under t of *The Counter-blast to Tobacco*."—*Tours in* ii. 151, ed. 1810. The prejudices against tob England were very strong for a long time a introduction. "A good vomit," says the qua Burton, "I confesse, a vertuous herbe, if it b qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally but as it is most commonly used by most men, take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mis a violent purger of goods, lands, health, helli vilsh, damn'd tobacco, the ruin and overthrow o and soule."—*Anatomy of Meluncholy*.

Page 123, line 7; *the brew-houses in S. Cathe* The king's brewery was in the olden time at S tharine's, near the Tower. See the *Diary of Machin*, printed by the Camden Society, und date Oct. 9th, 1551.

Page 124, line 3; *the decay of timber in En* "The 8 of August (1611) the King by procla very straightly commanded that there should more encrease of buildings within London suburbs, and twenty miles thereof, and to b uniforme of bricke and stone, *for the preserva timber, whereof there was plaine appearance of ea want, except by Providence prevented*, as also t sudden encreasing of people in London and

minster was the decay and depopulating of many townes and hamlets in divers shires, for the more speedy and assured redresse whereof, and other such like enormities, the king made an other proclamation the 10 of September following."—Howes' *Abridgement of the English Chronicle*, &c. 1618, p. 530.

Page 125, line 3; *to know if his suite may passe for currant*]. Ben Jonson in his admirable play *The Devil is an Ass*, acted in 1616, has a touch at the young gallants who frequented the theatre to display their fine cloathes. Fitzdottrell (addressing his wife) says:—

" Here is a cloak cost fifty pounds, wife,
Which I can sell for thirty, when I have seen
All London in it, and London has seen me.
To-day I go to the Blackfriars playhouse,
Sit in the view, salute all my acquaintance,
Rise up between the acts, let fall my cloak,
Publish a handsome man, and a rich suit;
And that's a special end why we go thither,
All that pretend to stand for't on the stage:
The ladies ask, who's that? for they do come
To see us, love, as we do to see them."

Page 125, line 14; *Cornelius*]. Probably Cornelius Agrippa, author of *The Vanitie and Uncertaintie of Artes and Sciences*, Englished by " Ja. San. Gent," and printed by Bynneman in 1575. This popular work went through many editions.

Page 125, line 20; *A Button-maker of Amsterdam.*] " Wee must make a difference betweene our stricter people in England, whom your prophaner sort call precisians, and these who are super-intendants over a few *button-makers* and weavers at *Amsterdam*."—Peacham's *Truth of our Times*, 1638, p. 153.

Page 127, line 9; *coistrell*]. Halliwell explains *coistrel*, " an inferior groom." (*Arch. Dict.* in v.)

Kastrel or *hastrel*, from which this word seems to have been derived, was a bastard hawk.

Page 128, line 16; *satiniscо*]; *i. e.* an inferior kind of satin.

Page 130, line 18; *a Brownist*]. Robert Brown of Rutlandshire, temp. Elizabeth, was the founder of a sect violently opposed to the Church of England. His followers were termed Brownists.

Page 131, line 15; *Hee prayes dayly for more inclosures*]. "Mary for these inclosures doe undoe us all, for they make us to pay dearer for our land that we occupy, and causes that we can have no lande in manner for our money to put to tyllage, all is taken up for pasture: for pasture eyther for sheepe, or for grasing of cattell, in so much that I have knowne of late a dozen ploughs within lesse compasse than six myles about mee, layde downe within this seven yeares."—Stafford's *Briefe Conceipte of English Policye*, 1581.

Page 131, line 21; *the setting up of the Stilyard*]. Steleyard, or Stilliard, in Upper Thames Street, in the ward of Dowgate (facing the river), where a brick building called the *Steelyard* still denotes its site. "The Steelyard, a place for the merchants of Almaine, that used to bring hither as well wheat, rye, and other grain, as cables, ropes, masts, pitch, tar, flax, hemp, linen cloth, wainscots, wax, steel, and other profitable merchandises."—*Stow*, p. 87. The merchants of the Steelyard were expelled the kingdom in 1597-8. See Cunningham's *Hand-Book of London*, p. 471, ed. 1850.

Page 132, line 6; *a motion*]. *i. e.* a puppet-show.

Page 133, line 25; *subsidie*]. "Aid or assistance; a tax or tribute assessed by parliament, and granted by the Commons to be levied of every subject, ac-

cording to the value of his land or goods," &c.—Blount's *Glossographia*, 12mo. 1656.

Page 135, line 15; *the first man*]. A common exclamation of the old watermen, similar to "next oars." A catch or ballad "on the London Watermen," printed in the second book of Playford's *Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1687, 4to. affords some illustration of the subject:—

"Will you go by water, sir?
I'm the next sculler;
Go with my fare up westward, sir,
My boat shall be no fuller.

"Next oars, sir, next oars!
Whither is't you go?
To Foxhall, or Westminster,
Or through bridge. Ho!"

Page 136, line 7; *the playhouses only keep him sober*]. In 1613 the watermen of London presented a petition to James I., praying that the players might not be permitted to have a theatre in London or Middlesex, within four miles of the Thames, in order that the inhabitants might be induced, as formerly, to visit the playhouses in Southwark in boats.

Page 136, line 9; *London-bridge is the most terrible eye-sore to him that can be*]. "Some of the arches were too narrow for the passage of boats of any kind. The widest was only 36 feet, and the resistance caused to so large a body of water by this contraction of its channel produced a fall or rapid under the bridge, so that it was necessary to 'ship oars' *to shoot the bridge*, as it was called,—an undertaking, to amateur watermen especially, not unattended with danger. I may add that with the flood-tide it was impossible, and with the ebb-tide dangerous to pass through or shoot the arches of the bridge; in the latter case, prudent passengers landed above bridge, generally at

the *Old Swan-stairs*, and walked to some wharf, generally *Billingsgate*, below it."—Cunningham's *Hand-Book of London*, p. 297, edit. 1850.

Page 141, line 14; *carduus-water*]. Perhaps a specific discovered by Jerom Cardan, the eminent Italian physician?

Page 142, line 16; *a juggler with urinals*]. Richard Whitlock, whose *Zootomia* was printed (after his death) in 1654, has left us a curious passage concerning these empirics. "If the *waterologer* take his degree in a congregation of sober and rationall physitians, the title of it will be this in summe, *a dangerous foole;* and his habit we wil borrow out of that Jewish apothecarie's shop *Langius* speaketh of in his Epistles. He had the picture of a foole at the entrance (doing as wise men do) laughing on an urinall in his hand; and the apothecary being asked by a physitian (then there with laughing) what it meant, he answered he had heard from his father and grand-father, physitians both, that such physitians as would undertake to know and pronounce concerning diseases, from the deceitfull informations of urines were fools, in derision of whom he had made this image his sign."

Page 142, line 19; *scouring Moore-ditch*]. "This field [Moorefields] untill the third year of King James [1606-7] was a most noysome and offensive place, being a generall laystall, a rotten morish ground whereof it first tooke the name. This fielde for many yeares was burrowed and crossed with deep stinking ditches and noysome common shewers, and was of former times held impossible to be reformed."—*Howes*, ed. 1631, p. 1021.

Page 142, line 20; *A Canting Rogue*]. *i. e.* a vagabond; one who speaks the canting language.

Page 142, line 22; *intelligencer*]. A spy.

Page 143, line 16; *the statute against the excesse of*

apparell]. Statutes against excess of apparel were frequently passed. The earliest "Act of Apparel" seems to have been passed in 3 & 4 Edw. IV.

Page 144, line 1; *A French Cooke*]. French cookery was at this time very fashionable. Massinger, in his *City Madam* (act i. sc. 1), says in the character of Lady Frugal,—

—— "I'll have none
Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur,
But Frenchmen and Italians; they wear satin,
And dish no meat but in silver."

Page 150, line 5; *the country lasses dance in the church-yard after even-song*]. "For when shal the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon the Sundayes and Holidayes, seeing they must apply their labour, and winne their living in all working dayes? * * And as for our good peoples lawfull recreation, our pleasure likewise is, that after the end of Divine Service, our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawfull recreation; such as dauncing, either men or women, archerie for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmlesse recreation, nor from having of May-games, Whitson ales, and Morris-dances, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports therewith used, so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of Divine Service."—*The King's Majesties Declaration to his Subjects concerning Lawful Sports to be used*, 1618.

Page 150, line 6; *Rocke Munday*]. Dr. Whitaker thinks that St. Roche, or Rockes Day (Aug. 16) was celebrated as a general harvest-home. Warner (*Albion's England*, ed. 1597, p. 121) speaks of "*Rock* and Plow Monday."

Page 150, line 6; *the Wake*]. "The Wake day is the day on which the parish church was dedicated,

of the chief articles provided for the table. It fell at the close of wheat-sowing, in October. Tusser says,

"Wife, sometime this week, if the weather hold clear,
An end of wheat-sowing we make for this yeere:
Remember thou therefore, though I do it not,
The *Seed-cake*, the pastries, and furmenty pot."
Tusser Redivivus, p. 147.

Warner has the following couplet:—

"I'le duly keepe for thy delight Rock Monday and the wake,
Have shrovings, Christmas gambols, with the hokie [and *seed-cake*."
Albion's England, ed. 1602, p. 407.

Page 152, line 7; *He never spends candle but at Christmas, when he has them for new yeeres gifts*]. "Christmas," says Blount, "was called the Feast of Lights in the Western or Latin Church, because they used many lights or candles at the feast, or rather because Christ, the light of all lights, that true light, then came into the world. Hence the Christmas candle, and what was, perhaps, only a succedaneum, the yule block, or clog, before candles were in general use."—Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, i. 471, edit. 1849. "Christmas candles" are still presented by the chandlers and grocers to their customers, the origin of which may, perhaps, be traced to the Feast of Lights.

Page 153, line 23; *his pocket combe*]. "Combing the peruke at the time when men of fashion wore large wigs, was even at public places an act of gallantry. The combs for this purpose were of a very large size, of ivory or tortoise-shell, curiously chased and ornamented, and were carried in the pocket as constantly as the snuff-box. At court, on the Mall, and in the boxes, gentlemen conversed and combed their perukes."—Hawkins's *History of Music*, vol. iv. p. 447.

Page 153, line 25; *muchato*]. *i. e.* moustachio.

Page 154, line 11; *If he have but twelve-pence in's purse, he will give it for the best room in a playhouse*]. Dekker, in his *Gull's Horn-book*, 1609, also thus directs his hero:—"At a new play you take up the *twelve-penny room* next the stage, because the lords and you may seem to be hail fellow well met." See Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, iii. 348.

Page 155, line 6; *Lord have mercy upon us*]. "When a house became infected, the officers impowered for that purpose immediately placed a guard before it, which continued there night and day, to prevent any person going from thence, untill the expiration of forty days. At the same time *red crosses of a foot long* were painted upon the doors and windows, with the words, LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US! in great letters written over them, to caution all passengers to avoid infected places."—Dodsley's *Old Plays, by Collier*, vol. xi. p. 544.

Page 155, line 8; *the walks in Moore-fields*]. Moorfields was a general promenade for the citizens of London during the summer months. Richard Johnson, the well-known ballad writer, published in 1607, *The Pleasant Walkes of Moorfields; being the guift of two Sisters, now beautified, to the continuing fame of this worthy Citty*, 4to. "Bedlam" was only separated from these "pleasant walks" by a deep ditch. Hence the allusion in the text to the "madmen" being so near.

Page 155, line 25; *Lachrymæ*]. This tune is very frequently mentioned by the dramatists of James's reign. It was composed by John Dowland, the celebrated lutanist, and printed in his work called *Lachrymæ; or Seven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans*, &c. An interesting copy of the air, arranged for four voices, is given in *D. R. Camphuysens Stichtelycke Rymen*, 4to. Amsterdam, 1647.

Page 158, line 26; *statute lace*]; *i. e.* lace prescribed by the statute or "Act of Apparel," before mentioned.

Page 158, line 27; *durance*]. A kind of durable stuff, made with thread or silk, so called. It is frequently alluded to, often with a play upon the word, as in the text.

Page 158, line 27; *full of long paines*]. Breeches formed of stripes, with small *panes* or squares of silk or velvet.

Page 159, line 24; *Hee that walkes from six to six in Pauls*]. "It was the fashion of those times [James I.] and did so continue till these [the interregnum], for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanicks, to meet in *St. Paul's* church by eleven, and walk in the middle isle till twelve, and after dinner, from three to six; during which time some discoursed of business, others of news."—Osborne's *Traditional Memoires*, &c. 12mo. 1658.

Page 159, line 25; *but a quoites cast*, &c.] The game of quoits seems to have derived its origin from the ancient *discus*. See a description of it in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 76, ed. Hone.

Page 161, line 9; *he sets up a tenters*]. A Tenter is "a stretcher or trier of cloth used by dyers and clothiers, &c."—Jacob.

Page 161, line 19; *like Tamberlaine, with his blacke and bloudy flag*]. An allusion to the cruel and bombastical character of the hero of Marlow's play of *Tamburlaine the Greate*, printed in 1590, but acted anterior to 1587. Middleton alludes to this character in *Father Hubburds Tales*, 1604, "the ordnance playing like so many *Tamburlaines*."—Dyce's *Middleton*, v. 588.

Page 162, line 6; *a Psalme of Mercy*]. It was formerly the practice to sing a psalm or hymn at the

execution of criminals. Tom Brown, in "*An Elegy on that most orthodox and Pains-taking Divine, Mr. Samuel Smith, Ordinary of Newgate*, &c. 1698, has the following lines:—

"While Newgate is a mansion for good fellows,
And Sternhold's rhimes are murder' d at the gallows."

Page 163, line 4; *Paris Garden*]. On Bankside, Southwark; commonly called the Bear Garden. It was originally the site of a house and grounds belonging to Robert de Paris, in the time of Richard II. This place of vulgar resort was of an hexagonal shape, built with stone and brick, and roofed with rushes; the locality is still pointed out by a court bearing the name of "Bear-Garden Court."

Page 163, line 21; *up Holeborne and so to Tyburne*]. Holborn was the old road from Newgate and the Tower to the gallows at Tyburn. See the curious quotations given in Mr. Cunningham's *Hand-Book of London*, p. 230, ed. 1850. "Holeburne" seems to have been the original name of this locality, and not "Oldborne," as generally stated. See an article upon this subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1856, p. 486.

Page 167, line 10; *the lawes of the Duello*]. An allusion to Selden's pamphlet, entitled *The Duello, or Single Combat*, &c., first printed in quarto, 1610; reprinted in his works.

Page 169, line 5; *descant on any plaine song*]. "To run division, or variety with the voice, upon a musical ground, [or plain song] in true measure. Transferred by metaphor to paraphrasing ingeniously upon any affective subject."—Blount's *Glossographia*.

Page 171, line 1; NEWES FROM ANY WHENCE]. The idea of these little sketches was taken from the "news pamphlets," which were much in vogue before

the establishment of regular newspapers. Thus we have *Newes from the North*, 1579; *Newes from Spain and Holland*, 1593; *Newes from Gravesend*, 1604; *Newes out of Germany*, 1612; *Good Newes from Florence*, 1614, &c.

Page 175, line 28; SIR T. R.] Sir Thomas Roe. He obtained great reputation as a traveller to Turkey, Persia, and other parts of the east, whither he had been sent in the capacity of Ambassador, and on his return published accounts of what he had observed. He represented Oxford in parliament in 1640, and Charles I. soon afterwards created him a privy councillor and Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. He died in 1644.

Page 176, line 20; *Christmasse Lords*]. The Lords of Misrule, or Masters of the revels at Christmas time. "These lordes, beginning their rule on Alhollen eve, continued the same till the morrow after the feast of the Purification, commonly called Candlemas day. In all which space there were fine and subtile disguisings, maskes, and mummeries."—Stow's *London*.

Page 177, line 24; J. D.] These are the initials of the celebrated Dr. John Donne. The "Newes from the verie countrie" is printed in his *Poems*, ed. 1669, p. 395.

Page 178, line 9; *dance the matachine*]. The *matachin* seems to be a remnant of the *pyrrhica saltatio* of the ancients. Douce says, "It was well known in France and Italy by the name of the dance of fools or *matachins*, who were habited in short jackets, with gilt-paper helmets, long streamers tied to their shoulders, and bells to their legs. They carried in their hands a sword and buckler, with which they made a clashing noise, and performed various quick and sprightly evolutions."—*Illustrations of Shakespeare*,

ii. 435. See also Nares's *Glossary*. Jean Tabourot, in his curious work on dancing, entitled *Orchesographie*, 1589, 4to. p. 97, gives a description of the postures of this dance, and also a specimen of the music.

Page 182, line 11; W. S.] Wye Saltonstall?

Page 183, line 1; FORREN NEWES OF THE YEERE 1616]. This date is changed with each edition, but the news remains the same in all.

Page 188, line 2; *a hang'd chamber*]; *i. e.* a chamber hung with tapestry. In *The Mirrour of Madnes*, 1576, the house of the opulent man is described as "hanged wyth clothe of tyssue, arrace, and golde." The reader will recollect the description of Imogen's chamber in *Cymbeline*:—

"Her bed-chamber was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman."

Page 188, line 7; *chambering*]. Wantonness, intriguing.

Page 188, line 8; *playing at tables*]. "The old name for backgammon; so called also in French, and in Latin, *tabularum lusus*."—NARES.

Page 188, line 23; B. R.] Benjamin Rudyerd. He was of the Middle Temple, and probably well acquainted with Overbury. His poems, in conjunction with those of the Earl of Pembroke, were printed in 1660.

Page 191, line 6; *a foole at the upper end of the table*, &c.] To sit at the table above or below the salt was a mark of distinction in opulent families. The salt was contained in a massive silver utensil, called a *saler*, now corrupted into *cellar*, which was placed in the middle of the table; persons of distinction sat nearest the head of the table, or above the salt, and inferior relations or dependants below it.

Page 193, line 1; NEWES FROM THE CHURCH]. In the sixth edition this is subscribed "Jo. Ruddiard." Perhaps John Rudyerd, the elder brother of Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, the lawyer and poet? He matriculated at Oxford, in 1587.

Page 227, line 17; *the last great frost*]. "It was owing to a severe frost that the French obtained easy access into Holland, which led to its subsequent subjugation, and present annexation to France."—PARK.

Page 258, line 8; *The Count of Gondemore*]. Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, created Count Gondomar by Philip III. He was despatched to England as Ambassador in 1613, and resided five years in this country. A curious account of his early life may be found in the *Nobiliario genealogico de los Reyes y Titulos de España* of Lopez de Haro, folio, Madrid, 1622, vol. i. pp. 236-238. He died in 1625 at Bommel in Guelderland; sent, as was supposed, to propose the surrender of the Palatine, and conciliate matters; and bring on a peace between his master and our pacific Court.

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